

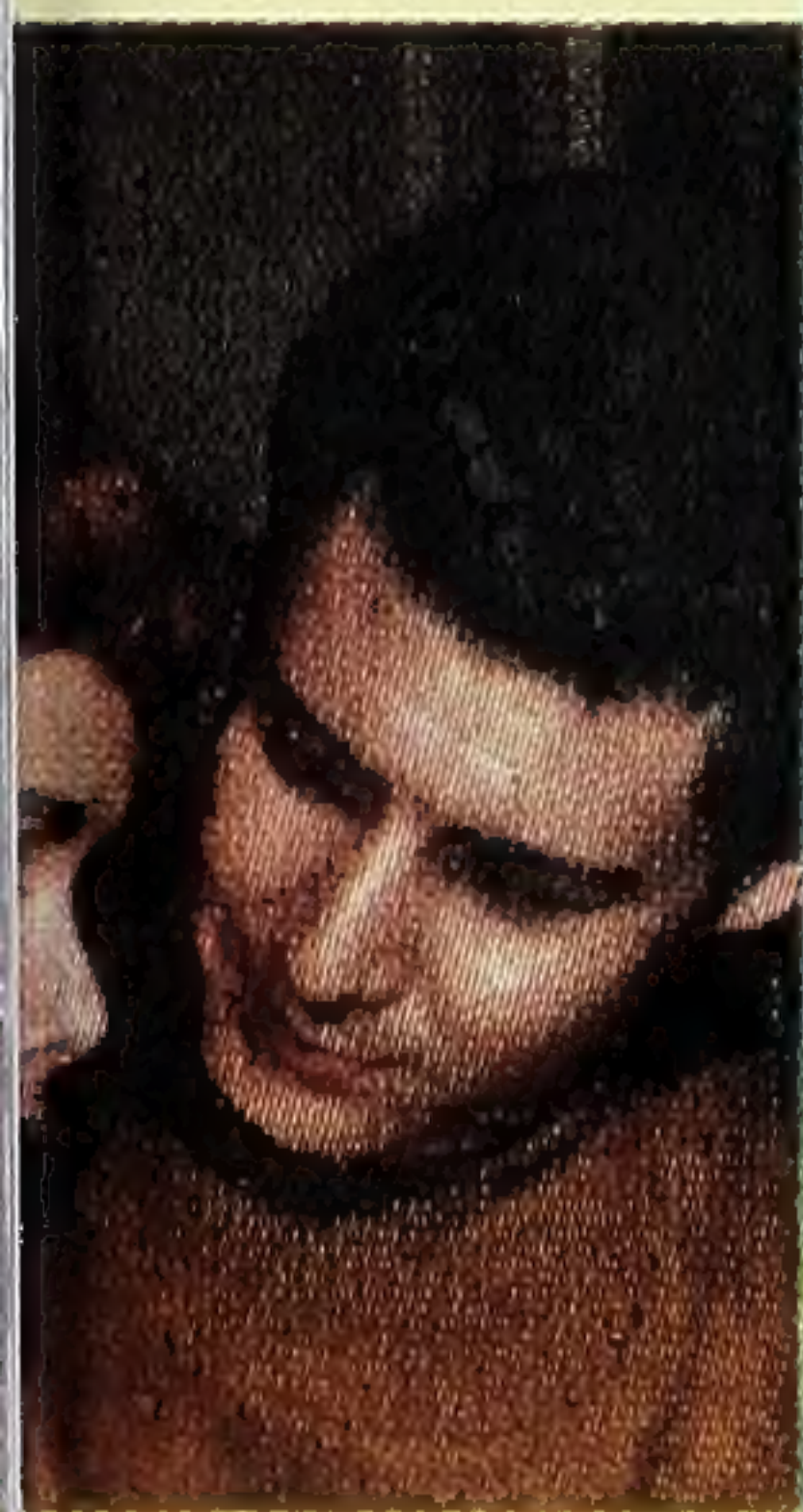
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June 1956

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JUNE 1956

VOL. 49, No. 6



PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices at Chicago and San Francisco.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions. Canada \$2.50 one year. \$4.00 one year all other countries.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-improved address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.
FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice-President.
Re-entered as Second Class Matter May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1956 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent office. Printed in U. S. A. by Color Printing Company.

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CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

ALEXANDER THE GREAT—U.A. Directed by Robert Rossen: *Alexander the Great*, Richard Widmark; *Philip of Macedonia*, Fredric March; *Barsine*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Olympias*, Danielle Darrieux; *Darius*, Robert Taylor; *Attalus*, Stanley Baker; *Parmenion*, MacGinnis; *Memnon*, Peter Cushing; *Demos*, Michael Hordern; *Aristotle*, Barry Jones; *Eurydice*, Marisa De Leza; *Cleitus*, Gustavo Rojo; *Ptolemy*, Ruben Rojo; *Aeschines*, William Squire; *Nectanebus*, Helmut Dantine; *Antipater*, Friedrich Schöndorfer; *Pausanias*, Peter Wyngarde; *Ptolemy*, Virgil Wills; *Roxane*, Teresa Del Rio; *Arsites*, Julio Goyena; *Spithridates*, Jose Nieto; *Nearchus*, Carlos Lopez; *Perdiccas*, Larry Taylor; *Harpalus*, Jose Luis Rodriguez; *Hephaestion*, Ricardo Valle; *Stateira*, Carmelita; *Aristander*, Jesus Luque; *Drunken*, Ramsey Ames; *Messenger*, Mario De Barros; *Ellen Rossen*; *Orchas*, Carlos Acevedo.

BIRDS AND THE BEES, THE—Paramount. Directed by Norman Taurog: *George Hamilton*, Gobel; *Jean Harris*, Mitzi Gaynor; *Colonel*, David Niven; *Gerald*, Reginald Gardiner; *Hamilton*, Fred Clark; *Marty Kennedy*, Harry Ver; *Duc Jaques De Montaigne*, Hans Conried; *Hamilton*, Margery Maude; *Purser*, Clinton Berg; *Mrs. Burnside*, Mary Treen; *Hamilton's assistant*, Milton Frome; *Burrows*—Hans Butler, Rex Evans; *Waiter*, King Donovan; *Hamilton's Bartender*, Charles Lane; *Guest*, Lett Robinson; *Guest*, Douglas Evans; *Guest*, Bernard; *Guest*, Kathryn Card.

DAY OF FURY, A—U.I. Directed by H. Jones: *Jagade*, Dale Robertson; *Shannon*, Corday; *Burnett*, Jock Mahoney; *McLean*, Carlton Reid; *Billy Brand*, Jan Merlin; *Preacher*, John Dehner; *Mayor Alston*, Dayton Lummis; *Mans*, Sydney Mason; *Miss Timmons*, Dee C. Marie; *Sheila Bromley*, Charlie, Harry Tyler; *McLean*, Helen Kleebe.

FORBIDDEN PLANET—M-G-M. Directed by McLeod Wilcox; *Dr. Morbius*, Walter Pidgeon; *Taira Morbius*, Anne Francis; *Commander*, Leslie Nielsen; *Lt. "Doc" Ostrow*, Warren St. Lt. Farman, Jack Kelly; *Chief Quinn*, Richardson; *Cook*, Earl Holliman; *Bosun*, George W. *Crewmen*: Grey, Bob Dix; *Youngerford*, Thompson; *Strong*, James Drury; *Randall*, Harvey, Jr.; *Lindstrom*, Roger McGee; *Moran*, Miller; *Nichols*, Morgan Jones; *Silvers*, R. Grant; *Robby*, The Robot.

GABY—M-G-M. Directed by Curtis Bern Gaby, Leslie Caron; *Gregory Y. Wendell*, John Mr. Carrington, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Elsa*, Elg; *Mrs. Carrington*, Margalo Gillmore; *Jan*, Marlowe; *Registrar*, Ian Wolfe; *Allen*, Joe Di Pete, Joseph Corey; *Jim*, James Best; *Claire*, Montell; *Denise*, Ruta Lee; *Olga*, Marda Bottle Club Singer, Gloria Wood.

GOOD-BYE, MY LADY—Warners. Directed by William A. Wellman: *Uncle Jesse*, Walter Brennan; *Cash*, Phil Harris; *Skeeter*, Brandon de Wilde; *Sidney Poitier*; *Grover*, William Hopper; *Dew*, Louise Beavers; *Wife*, Vivian Vance; *Hu*, William Frawley.

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING—RKO. Directed by Jacques Tourneur: *Ann Elaine*, Virginia Owen Pentecost; *Robert Stack*; *Boston Grant*, Roman; *Stephen Kirby*, Alex Nicol; *Jumbo*, Raymond Burr; *Zeff Masterson*, Leo Gordon; *Rayford*, Donald McDonald; *Father Murphy*, Toomey; *Phil the Cannibal*, Peter Whitney; *R*, Dar White.

HARDER THEY FALL, THE—Columbia. Directed by Mark Robson: *Eddie Willis*, Hun Bogart; *Nick Benko*, Rod Steiger; *Beth Willi*, Sterling; *Toro Moreno*, Mike Lane; *Buddy Br*, Max Baer; *George*, Jersey Joe Walcott; *Jim V*, hause, Edward Andrews; *Art Leavitt*, Har Stone; *Luis Arandi*, Carlos Montalban; *Leo miah Persoff*; *Vince Fawcett*, Felice Orlandi; *Herbie Faye*; *Danny McKeogh*, Rusty Lane; *Jack Albertson*; *Frank*, Val Avery; *Tommy*, T Herman; *Joey*, Vinnie DeCarlo; *Gus Dundee*, Comiskey; *Sailor Rigazzo*, Matt Murphy; *Firebird*, Abel Fernandez; *Alice*, Marion Carr.

JUBAL—Columbia. Directed by Delmar Dave bal Troop, Glenn Ford; *Shep Horgan*, Ernest nine; *Pinky*, Rod Steiger; *Mae Horgan*, V French; *Naomi Hoktor*, Felicia Farr; *Shem H*, Basil Ruysdael; *Sam*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *Reb Ha*, Charles Bronson; *Carson*, John Dierkes; *M*, Jack Elam; *Dr. Grant*, Robert Burton; *Jake S*, Robert Knapp; *Charity Hoktor*, Juney Ellis Tolliver, Don C. Harvey; *Cookie*, Guy Wilk Bayne, Larry Hudson; *Tolliver Boy*, Mike Law Tolliver Boy, Robert "Buzz" Henry.

LOVERS AND LOLLIPOPS—Trans-Lux. Directed by Morris Engel and Ruth Orkin: *Ann*, Lori M Larry, Gerald O'Loughlin; *Peggy*, Cathy I Peter, William Ward.

MADAME BUTTERFLY—I.F.E. Directed by mine Gallone: The players and singers: *Cio Cio*, Kaoru Yachigusa; *Orietta Moscucci*; *Suzuki*, M Tanaka, Anna Maria Canali; *Pinkerton*, Nicola curidi, Giuseppe Campora; *Sharpless*, Ferdin Lidonni; *Goro*, Kiyoshi Takagi, Paolo Caroli madori, Satoshi Nakamura, Adelio Zagonara; (Continued on page 6)

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DAY

in
ALFRED
HITCHCOCK'S

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LITTLE
KNOWLEDGE
CAN BE
A DEADLY
THING!



"THE
MAN
WHO
KNEW
TOO
MUCH"

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continued

Bonze, Yoshio Kosugi, Plinio Clabassi; the Takarazuka Kabuki Dance Troupe.

MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT, THE—20th. Directed by Nunnally Johnson: *Tom Rath*, Gregory Peck; *Betsy*, Jennifer Jones; *Hopkins*, Fredric March; *Maria*, Marisa Pavan; *Judge Bernstein*, Lee J. Cobb; *Mrs. Hopkins*, Ann Harding; *Caesar Gardella*, Keenan Wynn; *Hawthorne*, Gene Lockhart; *Susan Hopkins*, Gigi Perreau; *Janie*, Portland Mason; *Walker*, Arthur O'Connell; *Bill Ogden*, Henry Daniell; *Mrs. Manter*, Connie Gilchrist; *Edward Schultz*, Joseph Sweeney; *Barbara*, Sandy Descher; *Pete*, Mickey Maga; *Mahoney*, Kenneth Tobey; *Florence*, Ruth Clifford; *Miriam*, Geraldine Wall.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF SPACE—20th. Directed by Robert D. Webb: *Capt. Jim Hollenbeck*, Guy Madison; *Pat Lange*, Virginia Leith; *Major Ward Thomas*, John Hodiak; *Dr. Hugh Thornton*, Dean Jagger; *Capt. Mike Bentley*, Warren Stevens; *Lt. Morton Glenn*, Martin Milner; *Lee Welch*, King Calder; *Lt. Col. Masters*, Walter Coy; *Sgt. Ike Forbes*, Ken Clark; *Sgt. Zack Deming*, Donald Murphy; *Communications Officer*, Barry Coe; *Medic*, Richard Grant; *Paramedic Officer*, Donald Freed; *Taxi Driver*, Ben Wright; *George Atkins*, Carlyle Mitchell; *Dawson*, Robert Cornthwaite; *Secretary*, Jo Gilbert; *Nurse*, Juanita Close; *Mrs. Lange*, Helen Bennett.

PRICE OF FEAR, THE—U-I. Directed by Abner Biberman: *Jessica Warren*, Merle Oberon; *Dave Barrett*, Lex Barker; *Pete Carroll*, Charles Drake; *Nina Ferranti*, Gia Scala; *Frankie Adair*, Warren Stevens; *Mrs. McNab*, Mary Field; *Lou Belden*, Tim Sullivan; *Vince Brady*, Phil Pine; *Lt. Walsh*, Dan Riff; *Johnny McNab*, Stafford Repp; *Bolasny*, Konstantin Shayne.

RACK, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Arnold Laven: *Capt. Edward W. Hall, Jr.*, Paul Newman; *Maj. Sam Moulton*, Wendell Corey; *Col. Edward W. Hall, Sr.*, Walter Pidgeon; *Lt. Col. Frank Wasnick*, Edmond O'Brien; *Aggie Hall*, Anne Francis; *Capt. John R. Miller*, Lee Marvin; *Caroline*, Cloris Leachman; *Col. Ira Hansen*, Robert Burton; *Law Officer*, Robert Simon; *Court President*, Trevor Bardette; *Sgt. Otto Pahnke*, Adam Williams; *Millard Chilson Cassidy*, James Best; *Col. Dudley Smith*, Fay Roope; *Maj. Byron Phillips*, Barry Atwater.

ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: *Bill Haley & His Comets*, Themselves; *The Platters*, Themselves; *Tony Martinez & His Band*, Themselves; *Freddie Bell & His Bellboys*, Themselves; *Alan Freed*, Himself; *Steve Hollis*, Johnny Johnston; *Corinne Talbot*, Alix Talton; *Lisa Johns*, Lisa Gaye; *Mike Dennis*, John Archer; *Corny LaSalle*, Henry Slate; *Jimmy Johns*, Earl Barton.

SEARCHERS, THE—Warners. Directed by John Ford: *Ethan Edwards*, John Wayne; *Martin Pawley*, Jeffrey Hunter; *Laurie Jorgensen*, Vera Miles; *Capt. Rev. S. Clayton*, Ward Bond; *Debbie Edwards #2*, Natalie Wood; *Lars Jorgensen*, John Qualen; *Mrs. Jorgensen*, Olive Carey; *Chief Scar*, Henry Brandon; *Charlie McCorry*, Ken Curtis; *Brad Jorgensen*, Harry Carey, Jr.; *Emilio Figueroa*, Antonio Moreno; *Mose Harper*, Hank Worden; *Debbie Edwards #1*, Lana Wood; *Aaron Edwards*, Walter Coy; *Martha Edwards*, Dorothy Jordan; *Lucy Edwards*, Pippa Scott; *Lt. Greenhill*, Pat Wayne; *Look*, Beulah Archuletta.

STRANGER AT MY DOOR—Republic. Directed by William Witney: *Hollis Jarret*, Macdonald Carey; *Peg Jarret*, Patricia Medina; *Clay Anderson*, Skip Homeier; *Dodie*, Stephen Wootton; *John Tatum*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Doc Parks*, Howard Wright; *Ben Silas*, Slim Pickens; *Mr. Winslow*, Fred Sherman; *Rev. Hastings*, Malcolm Atterbury.

SWAN, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Vidor: *Princess Alexandra*, Grace Kelly; *Prince Albert*, Alec Guinness; *Dr. Nicholas Agi*, Louis Jourdan; *Queen Maria Dominika*, Agnes Moorehead; *Princess Beatrix*, Jessie Royce Landis; *Father Hyacinth*, Brian Aherne; *Caesar*, Leo G. Carroll; *Symphorosa*, Estelle Winwood; *George*, Van Dyke Parks; *Arsene*, Christopher Cook; *Capt. Wunderlich*, Robert Coote; *Countess Sibenstoyne*, Doris Lloyd; *Beatrix's Maid*, Edith Barrett.

23 PACES TO BAKER STREET—20th. Directed by Henry Hathaway: *Phillip Hannon*, Van Johnson; *Jean Lennox*, Vera Miles; *Matthews*, Cecil Parker; *Miss MacDonald*, Patricia Laffan; *Inspector Grovening*, Maurice Denham; *The Barmaid*, Estelle Winwood; *Mr. Murch*, Liam Redmond; *Lady Syrett*, Isobel Elsom; *Pilling*, Martin Benson; *Janet Murch*, Natalie Norwick; *Sergeant Luce*, Terence de Marney; *Miss Schuyler*, Queenie Leonard; *Policeman*, Charles Keane; *Miss Marston*, Lucie Lancaster; *Pin Ball Player*, A. Cameron Grant; *Lift Operator*, Ashley Cowan; *English Cop*, Les Sketchly; *Hotel Porter*, Ben Wright; *Bespectacled Man*, Reginald Sheffield; *Mrs. De Mester*, Phyllis Montifiere; *Mr. De Mester*, Arthur Gomez; *Invalid Child*, Janice Kane; *Police Inspector*, Robert Raglan; *Doorman*, Howard Lang; *Demonstrator*, Margaret McGrath; *Shop Assistant*, Walter Horsborough; *Taxi Driver*, Fred Griffith; *Photographer*, Charles Stanley; *Bell Boy*, Robin Alalouf; *Cabby*, Yorke Sherwood.

he
had to
find
her...

he had
to find
her...



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THE STORY THAT SWEEPS
FROM THE GREAT SOUTHWEST
TO THE CANADIAN BORDER IN

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MOTION PICTURE HIGH FIDELITY
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PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.



Your letters answered by

SPRING BYINGTON



WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Spring Byington stars in *December Bride*,
seen on CBS-TV, Mondays at 9 P.M. EDT.

Q I am an average girl of fifteen, and I have many girlfriends and boyfriends (I don't mean sweethearts, but just good friends). We all run around together; in all there are about twenty-six of us. To be honest, our crowd is the most popular in our school. The boys usually won't date girls not in our crowd, and the girls seldom date outside boys either.

There are three or four girls that are trying their best to *push* their way into our crowd. Before this, most of us liked these girls and, when we have had hen parties, they have been included. But as they don't date it is hard to invite them to mixed parties, and when they aren't asked, they act hurt or mean.

We don't want to snub these girls or hurt their feelings, so it is hard to explain to them that boys don't like them. The boys say that they won't dance with them, that they are cubes. I've tried to tell two of the boys that they might be surprised at how much fun these girls can be if they would give them a chance, but you know how superior boys can be.

Do you know any tactful way to explain to these girls that they are fine at girl parties, and welcome, but that there is something wrong with the way they act around boys?

THERESA E.

A If you and your group are genuinely sincere in wanting to give the outside girls an opportunity to become "insiders" there is a very easy way in which you can make the effort.

There is no more fascinating subject for a "hen party" than a frank exchange among the guests on the subject of how to appeal to boys. The topic is easy to introduce and the ramifications are endless. Does a boy like a girl who is effervescent? Does he notice her clothing? Is he impressed by the sweetness of soap and water care?

In the course of the conversation it should be easy and considerate to mention some

of the problems of the unpopular girls—without, of course, establishing the relationship between a particular girl and a specific mistake—and to suggest corrective measures.

If your school has some sort of a course in beginning psychology, it might be wise for one of you girls to talk to the instructor, mentioning the outstanding problem of each of the girls you are trying to help (without naming names), and asking for a clue to the possible thought processes behind the problem. For instance, an overly noisy girl usually has little belief in herself, just as an overly shy girl often has the same difficulty.

And, Miss E., I'm sure that the satisfaction you girls will derive from improving the social I.Q. of even one girl will more than repay your efforts.

Q I am nineteen years old and have been going with a fellow for five months. During that time we got to like each other very much, and when I asked him how I stood with him, he said he didn't even bother with other girls, so I took it for granted that we were going steady. He used to call at least twice a week and drop by to see me two or three times.

Things were fine with us until Thanksgiving, when he took me to his home to meet his family. Well, they seemed to like me; in fact, they told me not to be a stranger and drop in again.

After this visit I didn't hear anything from this boy for over two weeks. I saw a mutual friend at church who said he understood my friend had been in the hospital. I called to find out about this, but my boyfriend said this fellow had just been kidding me. He asked for a date that evening, but he acted very strange and mentioned nothing about not having called me or come to see me, or anything about Thanksgiving.

Since then I have seen him only once; he

drove by our house slowly one Sunday afternoon, but when I came out on the porch he speeded up and drove away.

Could you tell me what you think might have gone wrong, and how I can change things back to the way they used to be?

BEVERLY C.

A First of all, Miss C., when you said that you had asked this boy how you stood with him, I winced a little, knowing that you had usurped one of the permanent rights of the male.

It is an innate male right to pursue; it is an innate female right to be pursued. Cross them up and all manner of confusions result. Now, don't misunderstand me. In a way, it is possible for a woman to be the pursuer, but the pursuit must be like the power of the magnet, which attracts, instead of the power of the tigress who goes hunting.

Here is another thought: I assume that this boy is about the same age as you. His family, watching the two of you together, may have concluded that you were deeply interested in marrying their son as quickly as possible. They may feel that he shouldn't assume the responsibility of a husband, and a potential family, until he has prepared himself for a trade or a profession.

They may like you as a person and as a charming, light-hearted friend for their son, but they may have warned their son that you were taking him too seriously, all circumstances considered.

It may be that if you make no attempt to see this boy, if you refrain from telephoning him or asking his friends for news about him, he may decide to return on a non-exclusive basis.

If not, be comforted by this old, established fact which somehow never really wears out: Although some girls, at nineteen, are able to select a lifetime mate, it is more often true that two or four years later the average girl's tastes will have changed considerably.

Continued

This new golden richer shampoo
makes your hair obey... Makes it instantly
easy to manage...because Pamper
can't dry your hair. You see—
Pamper is so very, very gentle...

SO MUCH RICHER,
SO MUCH THICKER...
YOU CAN FEEL
THE DIFFERENCE



Gentle as a Lamb



What's New in Colgate Dental Cream

that's **MISSING-
MISSING-MISSING**
in every other leading
toothpaste*?

It's GARDOL!
And Colgate's with Gardol gives
up to **7 TIMES LONGER PROTECTION**
AGAINST TOOTH DECAY and a **CLEANER,**
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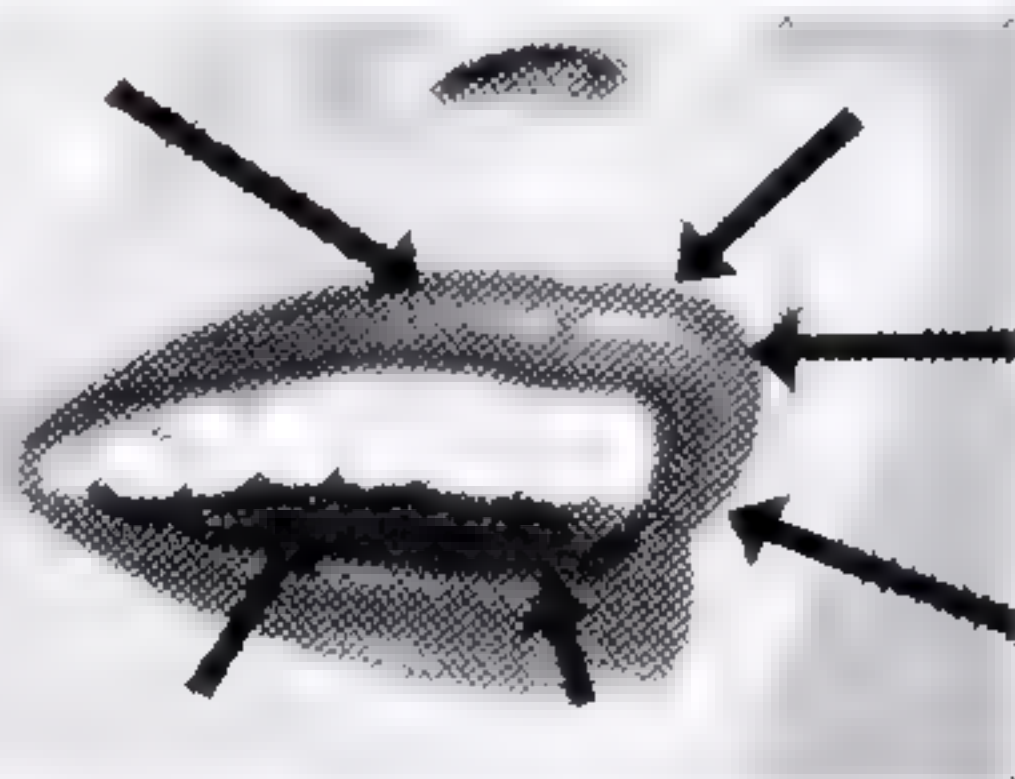


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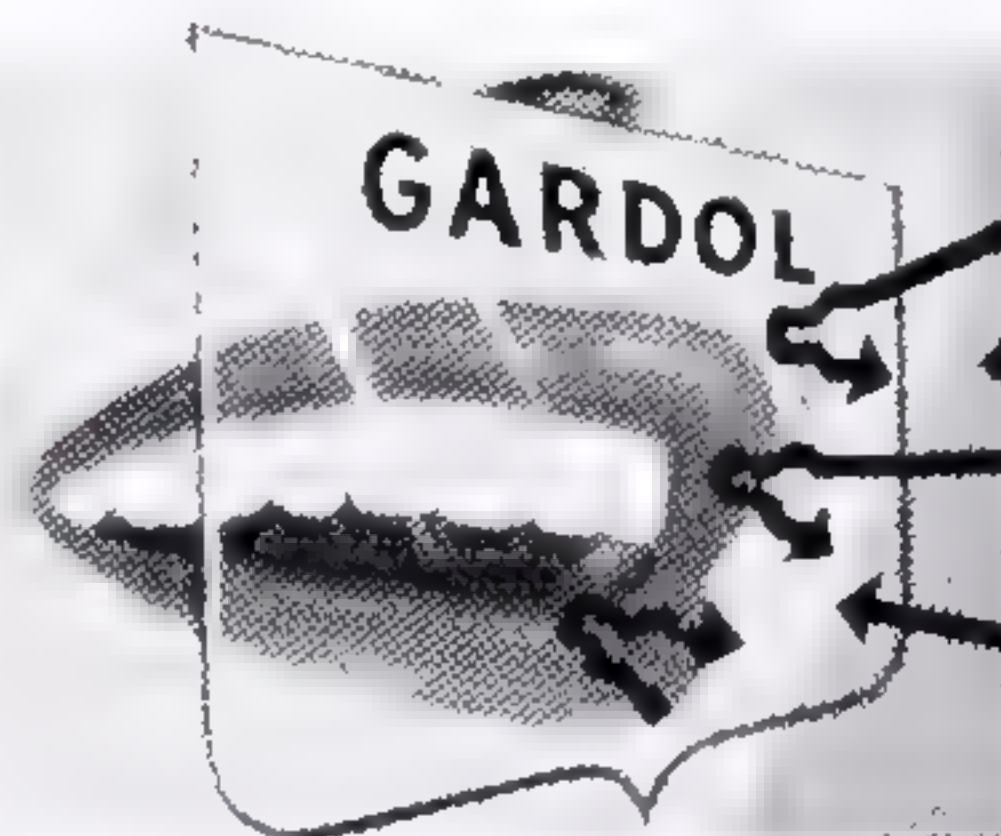
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WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Q I have always wanted to be an actress, so of course I am one of your great admirers.

Throughout my school years I have taken dancing, piano, and singing lessons. I have appeared in school plays, community theatre plays, at the state drama festival, and even spent a short time with a stock company.

I will graduate from high school in June, and I want to spend the next few years of my time as profitably as possible. I am getting two different types of advice as to my next best step. One is that I go to college and study dramatics—but it seems to me that I would have to spend my time on languages, sciences and other standard courses instead of concentrating on subjects that would help more to advance me professionally.

The other advice is that I enroll at Pasadena Community or at the Neighborhood School of the Theatre in New York City, which appeals to me.

I certainly would appreciate a word from you as to what you would consider the wisest plan for a girl who has been given enormous encouragement by all her instructors thus far.

JANET S.

A Of course, Janet, I am always in sympathy with anyone who wants to be an actress, and through the years I have been associated with some young hopefuls who seemed to have every advantage and some who seemed to have not even one. Sometimes the "lucky" ones failed, and conversely, sometimes the "unlucky" ones succeeded.

What you as a person can contribute to any art is uniquely individual. Now and then the greatest art—whether it's music, drama or painting—is perfected by an artist who does before he knows what he is doing. What I am trying to say is that your own conviction about the type of training you should undertake must determine what your plan will be.

Personally, I feel that a person can't have too much broad, general education. One's work is inclined to be small, petty, restricted, and without depth, if one's training has not provided great scope.

There are many good schools which specialize in one or another of the art forms, a fact which provides a wide field of choice. However, there is one unfortunate possibility against which you should be warned: It is possible to associate with art "talkers" or art "dalliers" who never really come to productive grips with the formidable problems of an art form. Be careful to ally yourself with the doers and not with the discussers.

Q I was married when I was sixteen, even though my parents said I was too young to know my own heart. That was seven years ago, and I am discovering now that my parents knew me better than I knew myself, but I wouldn't listen to them when I should.

I married a really good, kind man who is as steady as a rock. He has a good job, budgets our finances carefully, doesn't drink, smoke, or slip out, and he really loves our four-year-old daughter. But he is a spook in some ways; he never holds my hand or kisses me unexpectedly. When there is a holiday coming, like Christmas, Easter, my birthday, or our anniversary, he says, "Take ten dollars and buy yourself something you really want." When I ask

continued

him if he loves me, he looks surprised and says something like, "Sure. We're married. This is it."

In order to help pay for our new house, I began to leave our baby with my mother each day (Mother simply adores her and tells people she is Joy's mother instead of grandmother!), and I took a job, half-days, in a large company where I have met a boy who is a lot of fun. For Valentine's Day this year, he gave me a red plastic salt and pepper set with a note saying it was to use on the apple I usually eat on my afternoon break. For Easter he gave me a little yellow chicken in the form of a vase for small flowers. One day there was a single yellow rose in a water glass on my desk, and another day there was a hyacinth plant. He calls me "Gamsy" because he says I have better legs than Marlene Dietrich, and several of the people in the office have taken it up.

I could fall in love with him, but I have held back. I have refused his dinner invitations because I notice that he kids with all the girls, even though he doesn't give presents to anyone but me. It's odd in a way: He's exactly what I think I want in a husband, but I wonder at the same time if he would be reliable.

Do you think I am being foolish in the way I feel?

MALIA F.

A Well, Mrs. F., I'll tell you this: Every woman and every man experiences, in some degree at some time in life, the dilemma you have described. Basically, your difficulty is based upon the eternal controversy between security and adventure. It's the old story of the choice between the warm fire in the snug cottage, or the airplane flight directly over the erupting volcano.

In your own case, however, I must say (with a smile) that the behavior of your new admirer would have rated very high—in a Victorian novel. If that sort of thing really has captured your interest, what a cheap conquest for him. He has invested ten minutes and a modest sum in a dime store spice set; he has invested another ten minutes and a similar sum in a ceramic chicken; he has bought an occasional flower and noticed and commented on your pretty legs.

Meanwhile, your husband has paid the rent, provided food, clothing, medical care, and his steady companionship—in brief, he has devoted all his hours and all his powers to capably taking care of you and your daughter.

In your fancy, you have measured a man who is giving you his life against one who—probably through mischief as much as anything—is supplying the brief surprise of his active imagination. From where I sit, your husband casts a long, long shadow upon the silver yardstick of genuine worth. The other man's shadow seems to be a small and darting object upon the yardstick, much like the shadow cast by a hummingbird speeding from flower to flower.

Q I love you as *December Bride*, and I guess the thing I love best about you is your "gift of gab." You never seem to be at a loss for words or for something pleasant and gay to say.

What I would like to know is how to be an interesting person to talk to. My husband can rattle on for hours and everyone seems to enjoy it. Truth to admit, I have

Continued



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WHAT SHOULD I DO?

continued

listened to a lot of blabber and most of the time it seems to me that it is just so much wasted sound. You know, the weather—is it hot or cold or wet or dry, as any fool can plainly see. So what?

I would like to talk about current events and what they mean, but nine times out of ten, if I ask someone what he or she thought about some action of Congress the previous day, the person I'm trying to talk to hasn't read about anything except the current murder.

I think my husband is ashamed of me because my tongue isn't hung in the middle, and he says people think I'm grumpy. Maybe I'm in a very good mood, but I can't think of a way to introduce a topic that will interest people I meet for the first time and may never see again. We meet lots of that type because of my husband's business.

I've got to get gabby, but just *how* do I go about it?

REPLA M.

A Thank you so much for the welcome compliment, Mrs. M., and I must admit that I have a fundamental understanding of your problem. The "gift of gab" that seems to flow so freely from my lips, emanates from my memory and not from my personal reservoir of conversation. Mr. Parke Levy, who writes *December Bride*, can always find an amusing way to talk about anything at all, including the weather.

It's true that some people do have a gift of the spoken word, but most people are successful conversationalists because they associate with one group of friends and soon talk is as easy as it is within one's own family. Those whose social or business life often place them in familiar groups learn a trick or two. One of the best is to remain silent but closely attentive to everything said about a person. There is such a thing, you know, as being a dynamic listener.

Without a listener, there often is no conversation, so the silent one contributes as much to an exchange of ideas as rails contribute to the movement of a train. The rails aren't going anywhere, but the train wouldn't go anywhere either without the rails.

Another good trick is to listen until one has caught the mood of a group, and then to make just one pertinent statement. Reputations for wit and wisdom are sometimes founded on the expression of one opinion or statement made during an entire evening.

It may be that you should seek a special group, when you are able; one interested in the specific fields which fascinate you. Anyone is able to speak on a subject in which he is mentally or emotionally involved, and with this drive for self-expression satisfied, there is no feeling of shortcoming or embarrassment when one is silent in another group.

Do you have a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the advice of Spring Byington? If so, address your letters to her, in care of Box 3101, Beverly Hills, California. If your problem is of general interest, Miss Byington will consider answering it in this column. All names will be held confidential.

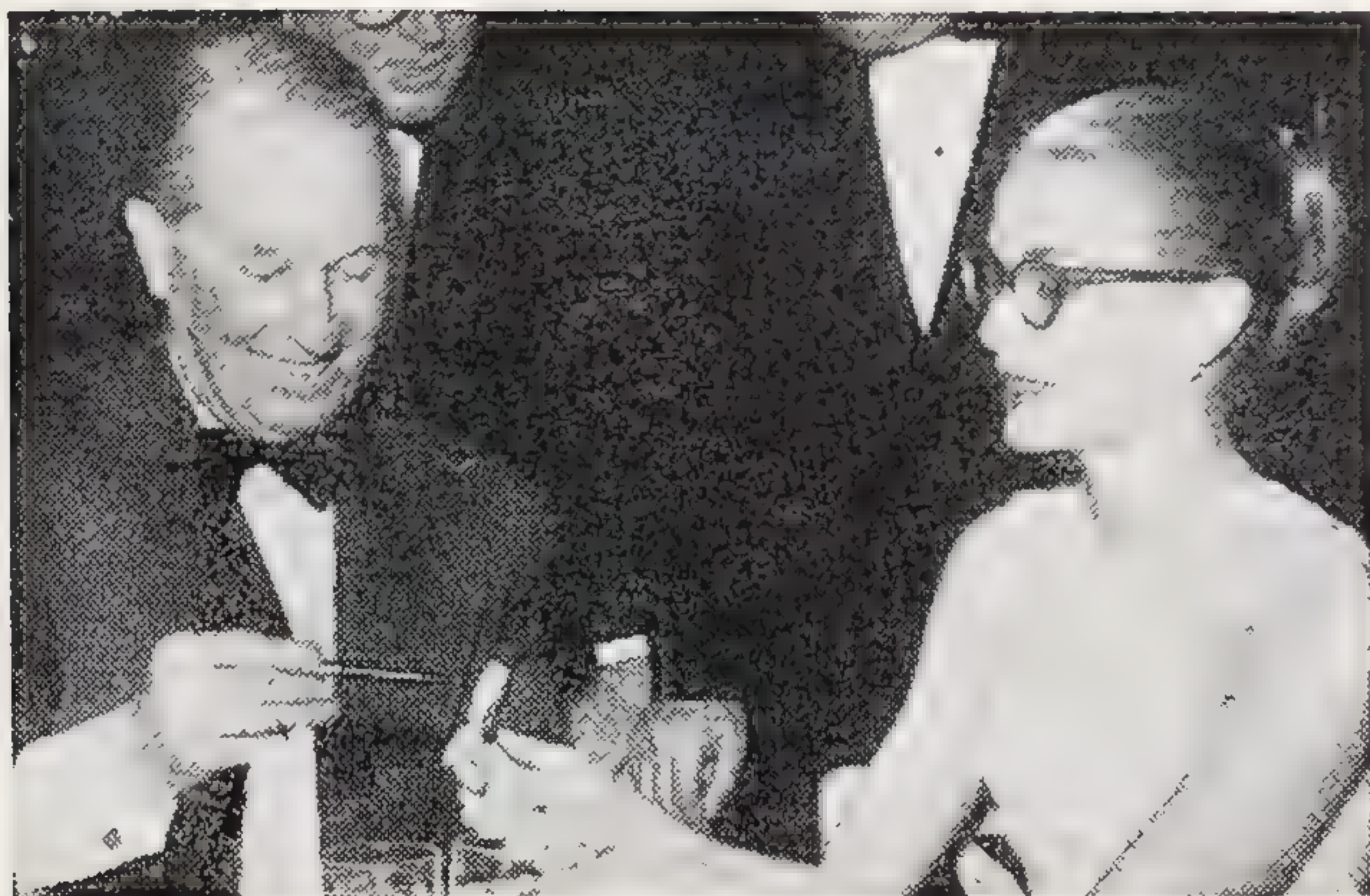
INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's

Gossip of Hollywood



Marisa Pavan, now Mrs. Jean Pierre Aumont, thinks age difference is "ideal"



Maurice Chevalier and Grace Kelly at Awards party. The Kelly poise was shaken by reception from fans



Kim Novak and Mac Krim. Their meeting at the station looked like anything but a cooled romance!

Love And Marriage: Marisa Pavan has rings on her fingers and stars in her eyes. The first ring, from Jean Pierre Aumont, is for friendship. The second signifies her engagement to the handsome Frenchman—and the third is a wedding band, which she has radiantly worn since March. The twenty-four-year-old beauty believes it's "ideal" to have married a man nearly twice her age, and Jean Pierre is doubly thrilled because his little daughter Maria Christina (her mother was the late Maria Montez) and Marisa are already deeply devoted. . . . Robert Wagner's frequent trips to La Jolla were inspired by his devotion to his parents—and Anita Reynald. It hasn't been printed that Bob and Anita met while she was visiting friends in La Jolla and that Bob

flipped his talented wig for the beautiful debutante. That was Anita who accompanied Bob to the airport when he took off for Honolulu to make "The Day the Century Ended." They managed to avoid photographers and, when Bob tried to persuade Anita to go along for the ride, the lady said, "Not *this* time!" Now what do you suppose she meant by *that*?

Oscar Highlights: Ecstatic award winner Ernest Borgnine, who began his working life as a vegetable truck driver, was the second person to arrive at the Pantages Theatre, award-giving night. . . . Backstage, sweet Marisa Pavan was drenched in her own tears, and *not* because she lost the best supporting actress award to Jo Van Fleet. After

accepting for award-winning Anna Magnani, she said, "If *only* Anna could have had this moment!" . . . Said best supporting actor Jack Lemmon, who wasn't nervous—except that he backed into fresh paint: "I'm just fine—but where am I?" . . . Jo Van Fleet kept mumbling: "I'm numb, I'm numb!" Emcee Jerry Lewis: "They got me because they couldn't find Bob Hope—he was *home*!" . . . The father of James Dean, the forgotten man, was in the audience to accept the posthumous award that didn't come. . . . Audrey Hepburn, as enchanting as ever, quietly watched the proceedings—even the commercials—on a backstage monitor. . . . Grace Kelly, looking poised, polite and wistful in her fragile gown, was almost destroyed by the milling mob.

Continued



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INSIDE STUFF

continued

Exclaimed Grace: "For the first time realize I'm going away from—Hollywood!"

Romantic Viewpoints: Handsome George Nader and pretty Mara Corday are playing it safe. "This is a publicity stunt," they humorously announce. "We're not in love and don't intend to get married." . . . Looks like love is last for enchanting Debra Paget. "Am I one special you want invited to your party?" her mother asked. "Laraine (Bud) Pennell," Debbie dimpled and blushed. . . . Anita Ekberg, wearing the most plunging neckline, sat in a dark corner of the Beverly Luau and kissed British actor Anthony Steele on the cheek. Asked if they were engaged, the Swedish siren replied, "Such a question is very *embarrassing!*" But late in March, it was very *true!* . . . It's a made-to-order romance for Richard Egan and Dorothy Malone. Both a Catholic and neither has been married before. They're the right age for each other, they've been working in RKO's "Tension at Table Rock" by day and dating by night.

Wedding Belle Blues: The one person who wasn't enthused about "the" wedding was Jimmy Stewart. He has it in his contract that Grace Kelly plays opposite him in "Designing Woman," and her name on a theatre marquee means money at the box office. If the Prince doesn't permit his Princess to return to Hollywood, Jimmy, who gets a percentage of the profits, may not make the movie!

Hook, Line and Love: Who says the honeymoon is over when a wife selects

Continued



In Rome, a jubilant Anna Magnani heads she's won Oscar for "The Rose Tattoo"

Richard Hudnut 3-month test proves

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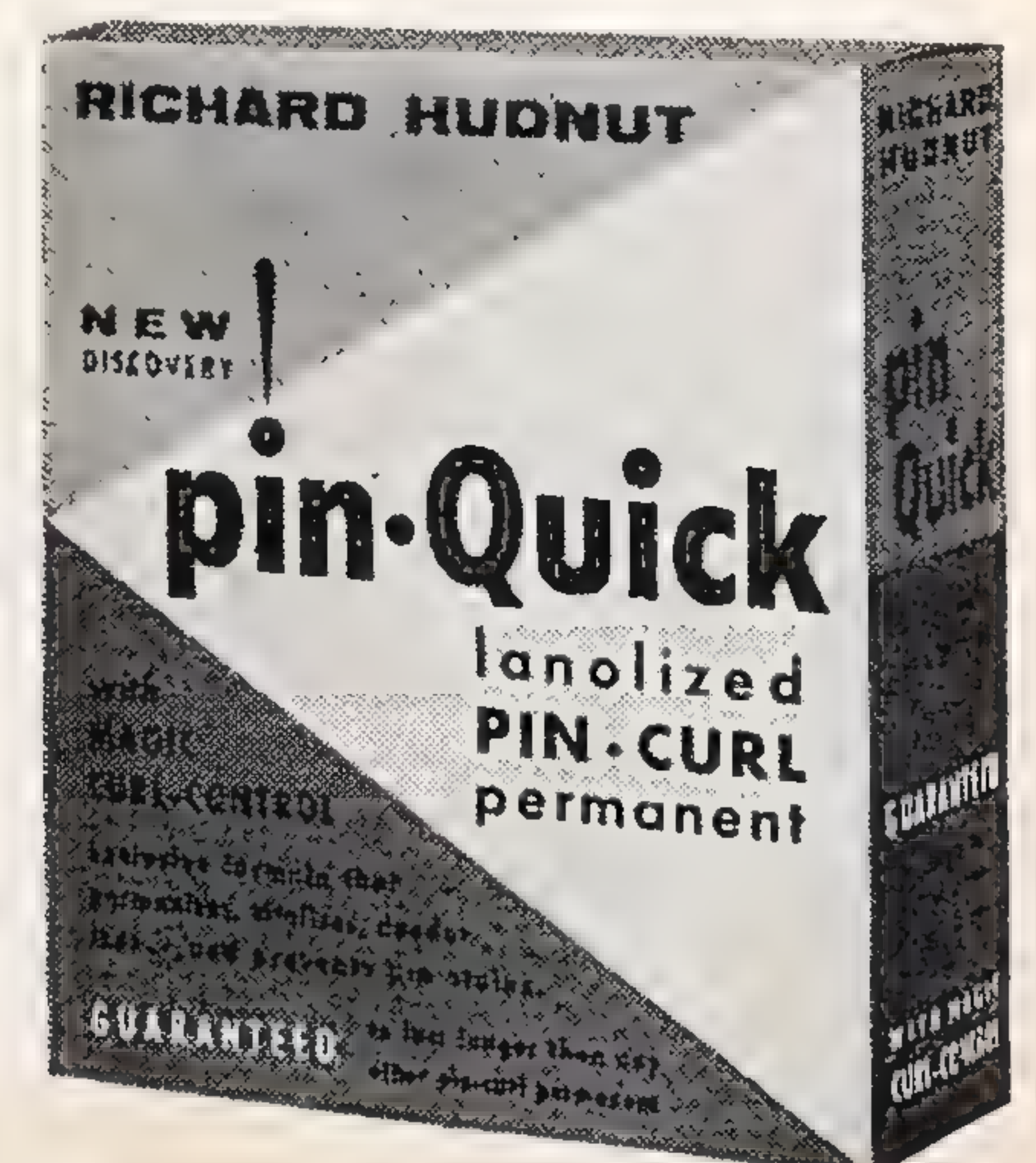
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HOW WOULD YOU RATE ON A DATE WITH—Scott Brady • Ben Cooper • Richard Egan • Rock Hudson • Jeff Hunter • Perry Lopez • Dewey Martin • Kerwin Mathews • Hugh O'Brien • Oreste • Jeff Richards • Cliff Rob-



ertson • Dale Robertson • Gordon Scott • John Smith • Robert Stack • Russ Tamblyn • Tom Tryon • Robert Wagner • Pat Wayne. Try this fun quiz and see how you'd rate with the heavenly bait listed here.

SONGSTERS OF THE YEAR—Vivian Blaine • Frank Sinatra • Peggy Lee • Shirley Jones • Gordon MacRae • Kathryn Grayson • Oreste • Doris Day • Howard Keel • Judy Garland • Vic Damone • Ella Fitzgerald.

HAPPILY EVER AFTER—Pictures and stories about these Hollywood couples: Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis • Pier Angeli and Vic Damone • Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger • Sue and Alan Ladd • Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield • Jane Powell and Pat Nerney • Ann Blyth and Dr. Jim McNulty • Brenda Marshall and William Holden • Rory and Lita Calhoun • Pam and Audie Murphy • June Allyson and Dick Powell • Norma and Burt Lancaster • Pamela and James Mason.

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INSIDE STUFF

continued

her husband's clothes? Not Russ Tamblyn, who insisted that Venetia he him buy a new suit. "I fell for a snap chalk-striped number," he grins, "but when we walked out of the store, I was wearing navy blue!" When Venetia gave Russ one of those do-it-yourself tool kits, he made her a coffee table for their new Hollywood apartment.

True Blue: It was a good try, but those "interested" parties didn't break up Kim Novak's romance with Mac Krim while she was away publicizing "Picnic." Mac was there waiting when the train pulled into the station, and the fell into each other's arms. Kim's three years at the Hollywood Studio Club (the allotted time for individual residence) expire in October. "I'm not worried about finding a place to live," says the beautiful blonde, and we think we know why. As Mrs. Mac Krim, she won't have to worry!



Marilyn Monroe, making "Bus Stop," started a new rumor!

Clip Joint: Everyone now knows that Marilyn Monroe's personally produced pictures will be released by Warner Bros. Consequently, her appearance on the M-G-M lot caused riotous rumors. And here's the big laugh: Marilyn is making "Bus Stop" for 20th Century Fox, but she happens to think that M-G-M's Sidney Guilaroff is the greatest hair stylist in the business. Marilyn loves that famous tousled effect, which only Sidney can create to her satisfaction. Thus, she was getting a haircut and *not* signing a big deal, as printed.

Names In The News: Pier Angeli, suffering from exhaustion, a high fever and an inflamed throat, was rushed to the hospital by Vic Damone (rumored

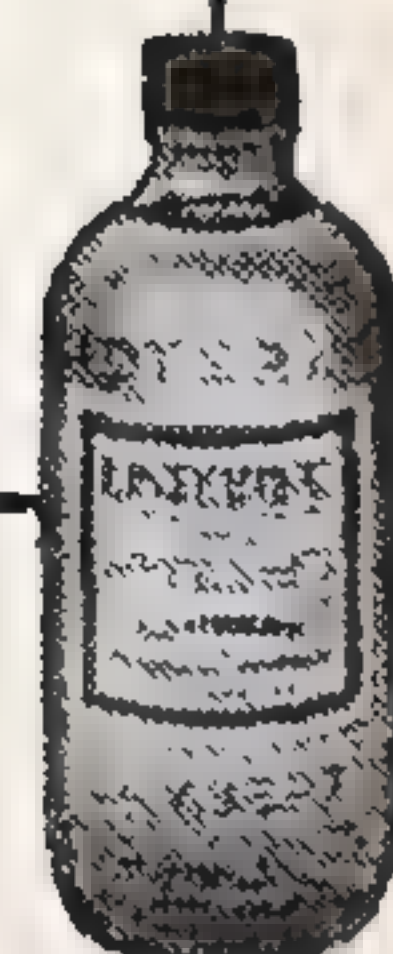
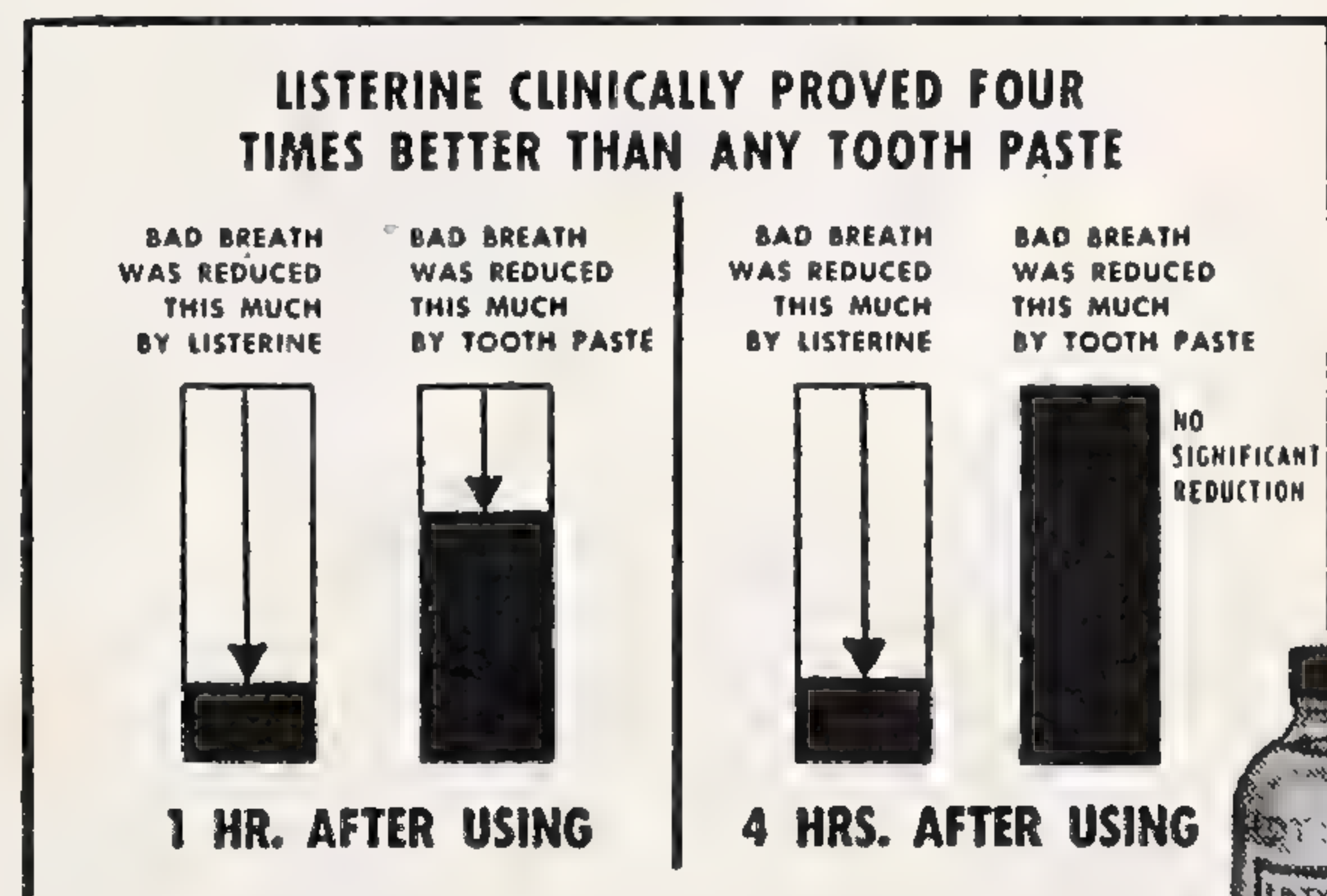
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INSIDE STUFF *continued*

to be leaving M-G-M). Vic insists that his wife take a long rest before she works again. . . . Following serious major chest surgery, a long rest was also prescribed for Humphrey Bogart. This time, Bogey's taking orders, not giving 'em! . . . Dean Martin's answer to are-they-or-aren't-they reconciled: "Just say that Jeanne and I are going steady!" . . . More movie magic in the fabulous life of Frank Sinatra. Returning to Columbia for "Pal Joey," he'll earn at least ten times more than the \$10,000 paid him for "From Here to Eternity." . . . A deep bow to Dick Powell and June Allyson, co-chairmen of the Suzan Ball Memorial Fund, and to all those devoting their hearts and efforts toward raising funds for the fight against cancer.



New twosome Dick Egan and Dorothy Malone have lot in common, says Cal

Mistaken Identity: It must have been a couple of other fellows. That's all we can say regarding the report that Steve Allen's wife, Jayne Meadows, visited the set of U-I's "The Benny Goodman Story" last summer and sat around all one afternoon watching Steve do love scenes with Donna Reed. There was nothing wrong with the story, really, except that it never happened. Jayne's friends report that, being a professional actress, she wouldn't think of embarrassing Steve by watching him on the set, especially during love scenes. However, Jayne did visit Universal one day, to have lunch with U-I president, Milton Rachmil.

Welcome Mat: The other day, when Cal answered his doorbell, there stood Rock Hudson. "I was looking at a house nearby," the big fellow grinned, "so I just thought I'd drop in." Rock still looked thin after losing ten pounds in Mexico. "But I never felt better in my life," he said, kicking off his moccasins and stretching out comfortably. "However, you may be hearing that I'm hard

to handle and ungrateful. I hope no but I'm going to hold out for better stories at U-I. Then I'm forming my own company with Henry Ginsberg, who produced 'Giant.' I've been very lucky," Rock added, "but actors must appear in good pictures today if they want to survive. I certainly do—and how!"

Spirit World: Bill Holden is the best sport in town. He gave up days and nights to cooperate with a national magazine doing a profile story on him. He posed for family pictures and even asked his friends to contribute material. Typical of Bill, he said, "I don't mind what you print about me as long as you tell the truth." He admitted he drinks, but the article made him sound like a lush. Letters from religious cranks berated him; others offered to save his soul. Bill was terribly embarrassed, but he didn't get mad. "It's the chance one takes in this business," he says, "but I'm deeply sorry if anyone was unnecessarily disillusioned."

Peeks At Production: Natalie Wood's little sister Lana made such a hit with "The Searchers," Warners wants her for a term deal. However, big sister Nat believes it's a bit too soon for the ten-year-old to sign on the dotted line. . . . Some gagster on the set of "The Opposite Sex" pinned miniature boxing gloves on June Allyson's and Joan Blondell's dressing-room doors. When a let-down he got when Dick Powell's past and present wives hit it off like sorority sisters! . . . Between scenes of "Somebody Up There Likes Me," Sam Mineo studied in the same M-G-M classroom where Lana Turner, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney studied. Time marches on!

School Daze: Scott Brady's developing a mind to match that strong body by studying philosophy at UCLA, while Vincent Price is taking a special Spanish course there now. . . . And handsome Jack Sernas is softening his accent with private lessons. He loves Hollywood and hopes to stay and make many movies. . . . Ever-thoughtful Tab Hunter gave his mother an appropriate gift for her birthday. She's completing her education at Long Beach State College, and Tab gave her a lapel pin in the shape of a red apple! Tab, incidentally, was bitten by the rock 'n' roll bug when he appeared on Jimi Durante's TV show, and fans bombarded him with go-man-go letters. Now Tab wants to make a musical. Warner would be wise to cash in on this, as they may do just that—to get Tab and their necks!

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Greg Peck and wife Veronique. Strangers who visit him at work are happily surprised

People still call him "Marty." Oscar winner Ernest Borgnine, right, with wife and Sidney

Anita Ekberg (with Bob Fellows) is hoping people will notice her — acting talent



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I understand Rock Hudson liked the play, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"—but not enough to say, "You can use my full name in the title." . . . Shirley Jones looks as if she was invented for Rodgers and Hammerstein musicals. . . . Whenever I see Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher together, Eddie always looks as if he is amused by what Debbie says or does. . . . Mitzi Gaynor usually rushes home, even from the movies, to catch the late-late movie on TV. She sits on the couch with husband Jack Bean. "It's so romantic," says Mitzi. "It reminds us of how our romance started." . . . I miss Marlon Brando around town; even if it was only to come into Schwab's to get a check cashed. . . . You'd never pick Leslie Caron for a movie star, would you? Be honest! . . . Ernest Borgnine is still amazed by his success but pleasantly admits he loves it. "People all over, strangers," says Borgnine, "approach me and say 'Hello Marty.'" . . . Bob Wagner doesn't object if you know he sleeps in the raw and in a big bed. "It has to be big because I roll."

Mario Lanza has been described as "an over-age brat". . . . Lana Turner looks different every time I see her, but I manage to recognize her. . . . The real name is Shirley MacLaine Beaty. . . .

Jean Simmons told me she frequently misplaces objects such as keys and pocket-books. As Jean said it: "They misplace me." . . . While Tony Martin is singing I like to watch Cyd Charisse dancing. They make a great combo. . . . Liberace has been a showman enough to play up the piano as well as play it. . . . Tom Jenks says the fellow who thinks "evening" means the same thing as "night" should note the effect it has on a gown.

I believe Grace Kelly's marriage to Prince Rainier will last, but I'm not so sure about Monaco. . . . I have seen Tab Hunter become excited at a party or a premiere when he sees a movie star he admires. "So far," grins Tab, "I guess I behave more like a movie fan than a movie actor." Tab hasn't seen the play "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" . . . If you're collecting odd facts: Charlton Heston can claim to be the first actor discovered on TV to become a movie star. And what's more, on TV he was a villain; the movies changed him into a hero. . . . George Nader is considered a good date by actresses and starlets. George "listens and acts like a gentleman." . . . I know that next to having won the Oscar, Jack Lemmon, who also writes songs, would like nothing better

than to write a song hit. . . . Tony Curtis is becoming a good businessman. . . . Doris Day proves she is an actress. "The Man Who Knew Too Much."

Rod Steiger picks good roles and good looking dolls for himself. . . . Cute Rita Moreno told me that she doesn't favor any particular type man. "When I see him I'll know it. He'll bowl me over." . . . Burt Lancaster is a good businessman. His independent firm (Hecht-Lancaster) is busier than some major studios. . . . Jane Russell says she saw this sign in an executive's office: "Hollywood you have no enemies, just business friends."

I've the impression Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra really like and admire each other. . . . Gregory Peck is pleasant on the set. I've seen him surprise visitors by walking over and introducing himself. . . . John Wayne explains why he called Duke: "When I was a youngster I had a dog named Duke. People who didn't know my name, knew the dog. They called me Duke." . . . Anita Ekberg now hopes people will recognize her acting talent as well as her figure. . . . At a party, Marie Wilson, discussing prominent actor she had met, said: "I wouldn't even call him phony. He's an imitation phony." That's Hollywood for you.



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



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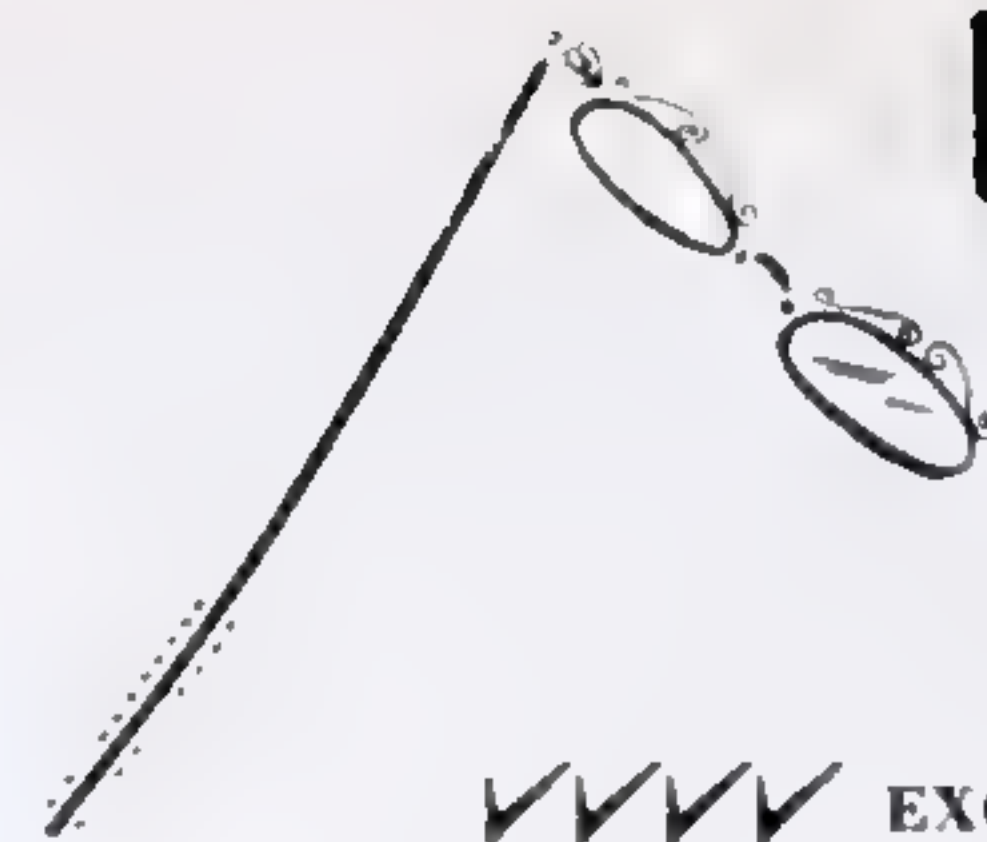
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woodbury powder is also blended with special make-up base for satin-smoothness, longer cling — for "at home" use and your loose powder compact. \$1.00 size, special 59c. Also 30c & 15c. (Prices plus tax)

BRIEF



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the month indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 25.

✓✓✓ ANYTHING GOES—Paramount; Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Amiable musical dependent on star-power. Stage partners Bing Crosby and Donald O'Connor are at odds because one wants Mitzi Gaynor for their leading lady, while the other roots for Jeanne Crain. (F) May

✓✓✓ BACKLASH—U-I, Technicolor: Adult Western, well acted. Richard Widmark and Donna Reed take to the trail to solve a mystery following an Apache massacre. Bill Campbell and John McIntire supply menace. (F) May

✓✓✓ BOLD AND THE BRAVE, THE—RKO: Movingly personal story of GI's in Italy, with a remarkable performance by Mickey Rooney. Wendell Corey and Don Taylor also score, Don as a self-righteous soldier in love with a tarnished Italian girl (Nicole Maurey). (A) May

✓✓✓✓ CAROUSEL—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: With enchanting songs and dances, lovely Maine backgrounds, a satisfying romance teams Gordon MacRae, as a swaggering barker, and Shirley Jones, as his loyal beloved. Cameron Mitchell, Barbara Ruick add interest. (A) May

✓✓✓ COCKLESHELL HEROES, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: British film based on a real World War II exploit combines action and humor. Jose Ferrer, over Trevor Howard's opposition, leads a canoe-borne raid on Nazi shipping. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ COME NEXT SPRING—Republic, Tru-color: Thoroughly winning story of American farm people. Ann Sheridan's splendid as a wife whose runaway husband (Steve Cochran) returns to ask a second chance. (F) April

✓✓✓ CONQUEROR, THE—RKO; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Epic of ancient wars, full of spectacle and violence. John Wayne's a Mongol chieftain, to be known as Genghis Khan, and Susan Hayward's a fiery princess. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ COURT JESTER, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Danny Kaye kids the medieval swashbuckler, as a timid soul who turns secret agent to dethrone a tyrant and win Glynis Johns. Lots of laughs, music. (F) March

✓✓✓ DOCTOR AT SEA—Rank, Republic; Technicolor: In an easygoing British comedy, Dirk Bogarde plays a ship's doctor, with James Robertson Justice as the hot-tempered captain, Brigitte Bardot as a passenger. (F) April

✓✓✓ I'LL CRY TOMORROW—M-G-M: Susan Hayward does an arresting job in the true story of Lillian Roth, singer who became an alcoholic. Jo Van Fleet and Richard Conte help make clinical details convincing. (A) January

✓✓✓ MAN WHO NEVER WAS, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Fantastic but true incident provides exciting suspense fare. As a Royal Navy officer, Clifton Webb creates a fictitious British major to give the Nazis wrong information about a coming invasion. (F) May

✓✓✓ MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Gay musical fling. As a charming ballerina, Cyd Charisse wavers between her career and her love for Dan Dailey, a rancher fond of gambling. (F) April

✓✓✓ MIRACLE IN THE RAIN—Warners: Tender wartime romance of a New York spinster (Jane Wyman) and a GI (Van Johnson), with Eileen Heckart as a devoted friend. (F) April

REVIEWS

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

✓✓ NEVER SAY GOODBYE—U-I, Technicolor: Problem drama traces the efforts of Rock Hudson and his German wife (Cornell Borchers) to mend their broken marriage. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ OKLAHOMA!—Magna; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Wonderful music, fresh outdoor zest. As frontier lovers, Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones are menaced by Rod Steiger. Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson supply comedy. (F) January

✓✓ OUR MISS BROOKS—Warners: Eve Arden's likable TV-radio schoolmarm draws laughs on film, as she pursues bachelor Robert Rockwell and copes with principal Gale Gordon. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ PATTERNS—U.A.: Compelling drama of big business. Van Heflin discovers that boss Everett Sloane has hired him to replace old-timer Ed Begley, who's being forced out. As Van's wife, Beatrice Straight keeps up with the fast acting pace set by the three men. (A) May

✓✓✓✓ RICHARD III—London, Lopert; Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Dazzling movie version of Shakespeare's play. Laurence Olivier's work as the villain who murders his way to the throne is brilliant, surprisingly humorous. Claire Bloom is his unhappy bride; John Gielgud, his brother; Ralph Richardson, a confederate. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ ROSE TATTOO, THE—Paramount: In a striking comedy-drama, Anna Magnani's magnificent as a restless, warm-hearted widow, opposing daughter Marisa Pavan's love for Ben Cooper, until Burt Lancaster intervenes. (A) January

✓✓✓ SERENADE—Warners, Warnercolor: Mario Lanza makes a comeback in the highly emotional story of an opera singer nearly ruined by his patroness (Joan Fontaine), but saved by a Mexican girl (Sarita Montiel). (A) May

✓✓ SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD—Stanley Warner Cinerama; Cinerama, Technicolor: Narrated by Lowell Thomas, the third super-wide-screen travelogue ranges from the Taj Mahal to St. Peter's, from Japan to the Alps. Some slow spots, but plenty of spectacle. (F) May

✓✓ STEEL JUNGLE, THE—Warners: Perry Lopez is sympathetic as a street-bred young convict, clinging to the crooks' code against the persuasions of wife Beverly Garland, warden Walter Abel, psychiatrist Kenneth Tobey. (A) May

✓✓ THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—U-I: Familiar domestic problems of likable people. Fred MacMurray, neglected husband of Joan Bennett, is drawn to careerist Barbara Stanwyck. (F) March

✓✓✓ TOUCH AND GO—Rank, U-I; Technicolor: Gentle British comedy of family life. About to seek a new career in Australia, Jack Hawkins has trouble with his wife (Margaret Johnston) and his teen-aged daughter (June Thorburn), who's just found her true love. (F) May

✓✓✓ TRIBUTE TO A BAD MAN—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: James Cagney's vigorous acting sparks a big Western. He's a rancher whose ruthlessness and distrust keep his sweetheart (Irene Papas) from happiness. As a tenderfoot, Don Dubbins plays narrator. (A) May

✓✓ WORLD IN MY CORNER—U-I: Prize-ring story relies heavily on Audie Murphy's personality and honest acting. Eager to get rich quick and wed heiress Barbara Rush, he dickers with gamblers. (F) April

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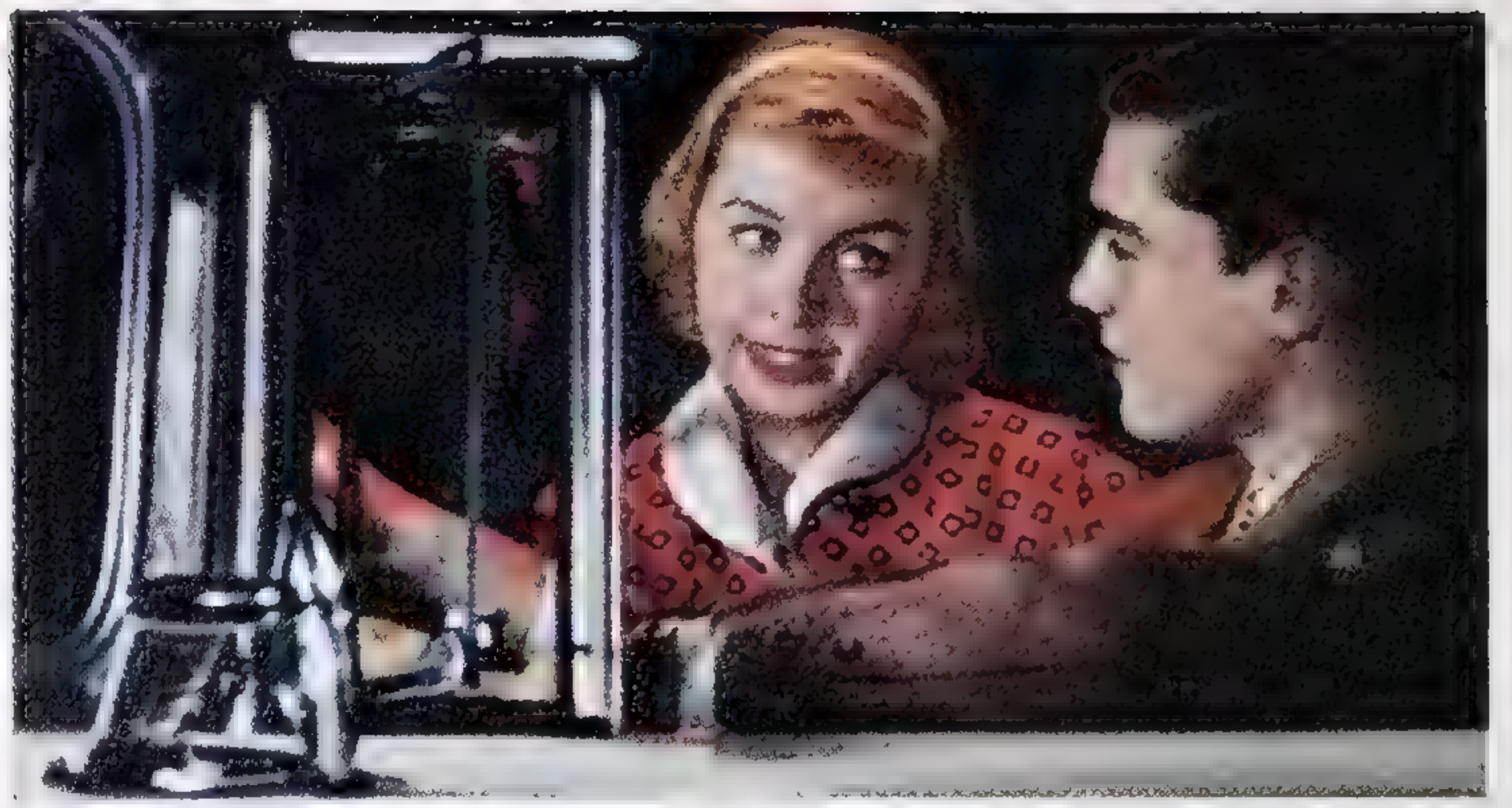
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Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!





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HE: "I think you're wonderful—just as you are!"

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as a movie star*

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. . . to protect its *cosmetic* lather, dazzling whiteness, wonderful fragrance. Only new Lux gives you both *cosmetic* lather and new Reynolds gold foil protection. Today you don't have to be a movie star to have a movie star's complexion—that's the beauty of new Lux in Gold Foil!



Debbie Reynolds

co-starring in MGM's

"THE CATERED AFFAIR"

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES



BEST ACTING: PAUL NEWMAN

As Paul awaits the verdict of his court-martial, his sister-in-law (Anne Francis) and his father (Walter Pidgeon) share the vigil

The Rack

M-G-M

23 Paces to Baker Street

20TH;

CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ With a performance by Paul Newman, that matches the emotional impact of the story, this outstanding drama looks deeply into two vital problems. How could a young Army officer, strong and intelligent, heroic in combat, turn collaborationist in a Korean prison camp? As Paul is court-martialed on this shocking charge, the second theme unfolds. His relationship with his unbending, career-officer father (portrayed with true feeling by Walter Pidgeon) has shaped Paul's character, determining his behavior under stress. Other excellent acting jobs keep the tension at a rising pitch throughout: Anne Francis as the widow of Paul's brother, who was killed in combat; Edmond O'Brien as the shrewd, sympathetic defense attorney; Wendell Corey as the prosecuting attorney; Lee Marvin as chief accuser. **ADULT**

✓✓✓ A first-rate suspense movie, combining excitement and fascinating atmosphere, chuckles and serious aspects, gives Van Johnson a role more rewarding than a thriller usually offers. Though he's a successful playwright, the loss of his eyesight has made him withdrawn and morose, with no real interest in living. But, during a stay in London, he overhears a pub conversation that suggests the plotting of a crime. The police won't proceed on the scanty clues he supplies, so Van emulates the sleuth of Baker Street and turns Sherlock. He's aided in his quest by Cecil Parker, wonderfully amusing as Van's secretary, and Vera Miles, as his former fiancée. Both are pleased to see his zest revive, while he makes up for his blindness with alert use of other senses. London scenes are a mellow setting. **FAMILY**



Vera Miles describes for Van Johnson the London that he can no longer see

Continued

THE STORY OF TAMPAX



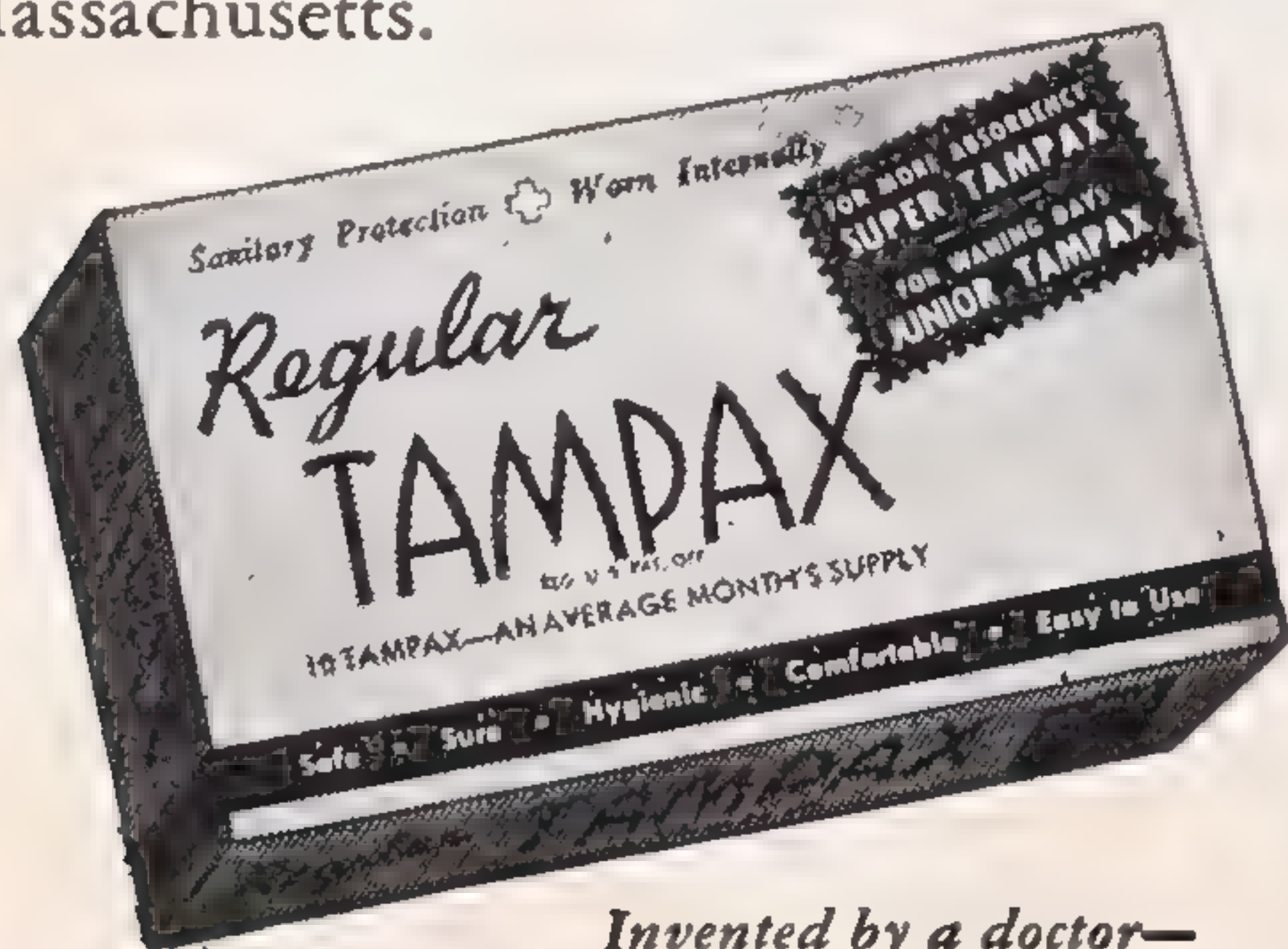
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now used by millions of women*

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES *continued*



BEST ACTING: LESLIE CARON

With the threat of bombs in the sky and D-Day just ahead, love comes suddenly and sweetly to Leslie and John Kerr. But time runs out too soon for the young love.

Gaby M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Leslie Caron here displays not only her well-known piquant charm, but dramatic ability never fully revealed before. She teams with John Kerr (newcomer seen earlier in "The Cobweb") in the tender love story of a French ballerina and an American GI. The war brings them together in London; the war subjects their devotion to bitter trials. Sadly reserved after the death of her parents and her own exile from Nazi-ruled France, Leslie comes touchingly to life under the spell of John's innocent optimism. But red tape prevents a quick marriage, and then tragedy strikes. As the French girl revolts against her strict upbringing, Leslie makes each of her reactions believable. John, too, goes through the changes in his character with conviction. Playing relatives who temporarily stand in for his parents, Margalo Gillmore and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are likable.

ADULT

The Searchers

WARNERS; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Reunited in the awesome scenes of Monument Valley, where they made "Stagecoach," director John Ford and star John Wayne have turned out a Western with the solid feel of reality. As a hard-bitten adventurer, belatedly returned to the West from the Civil War, Wayne sets out again on a years-long trail, this time to find two young sisters orphaned and kidnapped by Comanches. He's impelled partly by hatred for Indians, partly by affection for the two girls, whose mother he had secretly loved. With Wayne on the dogged search goes Jeffrey Hunter, as a part-Indian youth brought up in the now-broken family. Their eventual discovery of Natalie Wood, as the surviving sister,

takes the story to a violent climax. Vera Miles portrays Jeff's impatiently waiting sweetheart; Pat Wayne, a hilarious green young cavalry officer.

FAMILY

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ A fine cast and a story of genuine substance create continuous interest in this understanding study of a typical family man and war veteran. Gregory Peck is quietly convincing in his struggle to maintain his integrity and at the same time provide a decent living for wife Jennifer Jones and their three children. Working on a public-relations job for radio tycoon Fredric March, Peck is tempted to become a hypocritical yes man. The problem of honesty also disturbs his marital life, for he is haunted by the memory of a brief war-time love affair with an Italian girl (warmly portrayed by Marisa Pavan), who bore him a child. March gives deep pathos to the role of a lonely man, whose utter devotion to business has estranged his wife (Ann Harding) and daughter (Gigi Perreau). Keenan Wynn does a sensitive job as Peck's Army buddy, while Arthur O'Connell and Henry Daniell are a laughable pair of stuffed-shirt co-workers.

ADULT

Lovers and Lollipops

TRANS-LUX

✓✓✓✓ From the makers of "Little Fugate" comes another tender comedy of New York, lighter on laughs but stronger on human relationships. Lori March, as a youthful and attractive widow, has acquired a beau, Gerald O'Loughlin. There is an enchanting big-city courtship—but with a catch, in the person of Lori's seven-year-old daughter, who isn't quite

Continued



The story of events
that made a bold
woman out of a
lovely young girl...
and brave fighting
men out of boys who
played at living!

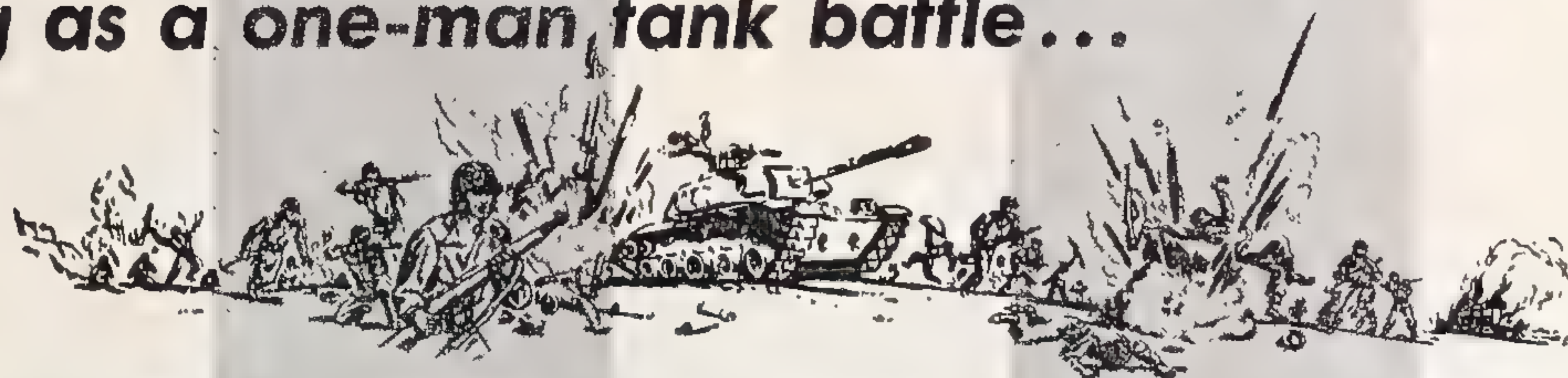


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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES *continued*

sure how to take this interloper. You've rarely seen on the screen such a wonderfully believable little girl as Cathy Dunn, alternately the charmer and the brat. Beautifully photographed, the picture lingers with affection over people and city scenes.

FAMILY

Alexander the Great U.A.; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

Rich in pageantry and the clash of ancient battles, this saga of a mighty warrior also has an air of true history, thanks in part to Richard Burton's commanding presence. He plays the Macedonian prince of the Fourth Century, B. C.,



Claire Bloom knows that Richard Burton's ruthless ambition will always come first

who was raised in the belief that he was half-divine, destined to be a great conqueror. Burton's Alexander is credible as he fulfills this destiny, uniting the warring kingdoms of Greece by force, later marching on Persia, Egypt and India. In an off-beat assignment, Fredric March is impressive as Burton's blustering father, resentful at being overshadowed. Claire Bloom's beauty gives distinction to the minor role of the Greco-Persian lady represented as Alexander's one love, and Danielle Darrieux is equally decorative as his mother, whose ambition for him does not quail at inciting murder.

FAMILY

Good-bye, My Lady

WARNERS

Young Brandon de Wilde (remembered for "Shane") and dependable old Walter Brennan become an engaging team in a movie that's full of gentle humor and honest sentiment. Brandon's a self-reliant kid, brought up in the Southern swamplands by Brennan, his uncle, a shiftless type who is nevertheless good-hearted and wise in human nature. In the swamp, the boy comes across an odd stray—a pretty little dog, apparently a mutt, which makes a laughing sound instead of barking. Brandon captures her and trains her to be a remarkable hunting dog, since

she's capable of scenting game at fabulous distances. Through genial Phil Harris as an ardent hunter, the dog's prowess gets publicity—and heartbreak lies ahead for Brandon. The people, their talk and settings have a homely authenticity that wards off schmaltz.

FAMILY

The Birds and the Bees

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

Neatly tailored to George Gobel's diffident yet winning personality, his debut picture is calculated to draw more chuckles than guffaws. As a studious young man whose specialty is snakes, George is returning by ship from a long African expedition. Since he's also the heir to a fortune, he's spotted as a promising catch by card shark David Niven. Pert Marge Gaynor, Niven's daughter, serves as the come-on—but falls in love with George while she's softening him up for the lull. So she's outraged when he brushes her off, after Harry Bellaver, as his top pal, unmasks the adventurers. Mitzi's revenge sets the plot off on another comic twist. Topnotch comedians that they are, Niven, Reginald Gardiner and Hans Conried are given too little opportunity. Fred Clark has some funny moments as George's loud-mouth father, convincing that the lad is practically an idiot. The title tune provides a pleasant shipboard interlude—Gaynor, Gobel, guitar.

FAMILY

Jubal COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

Though set in the last century and filmed in Wyoming's majestic Teton Mountains, Glenn Ford's new film is not at all the conventional Western. A drifter in need of a job, Glenn is taken in by a hearty and friendly rancher. Oscar-winning Ernest Borgnine has another sympathetic role here. Trouble is obviously brewing on his ranch, with the presence of his beautiful and selfish young wife (Valerie French). Despising her husband, she has already taken foreman Rod Steiger as her lover, but now her attention turns to Glenn instead. Rod's jealousy sets events in motion toward disaster. An actor of proved talent, Steiger overplays this part, upsetting the picture's generally realistic tone. Bunkhouse scenes with Noah Beery, Jr., Charles Bronson and John Dierkes suggest the old West of fact, not fiction, and Felicia Farr (like Valerie French, a newcomer) is a credible and appealing pioneer girl, Glenn's sweetheart.

ADULT

The Swan

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

In a pleasing, old-fashioned romance of mythical-kingdom royalty, Grace Kelly has a nicely contrasted pair of leading men. A princess in a family long dethroned, she is ordered by mother Jessie Royce Landis to set her cap for Alec Guinness, who will one day wear a crown. When Alec proves hard to get, Grace tries to arouse his attention by flirting with

Continued

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Even the dullest hair really sparkles with new SUAVE! Try it. See your hair glitter with twinkling highlights. And oh how silky, how soft and lovely! SUAVE gives hair that "healthy-looking glow," *not* oily shine . . . because it's greaseless.



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After home permanents or too much sun, your hair will drink up SUAVE. Apply liberally every day—and see satin-softness, life and sparkle return. You'll be amazed how pretty, *how caressable* your hair can look!



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Your hair does so much for your popularity! Don't be a "tangle mop." A kiss of SUAVE daily makes your hair behave without a struggle. *Keeps* it perfect! Gives hair that sparkly sophisticated look. You'll love what it does for your hair.



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Contains amazing greaseless lanolin

Choose
Liquid or
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New April Showers Stick Deodorant...magical springtime fragrance plus hexachlorophene to banish perspiration odor instantly. Try it today and receive—free—fragrant April Showers Talc...leaves skin silky-smooth.

NOW...keep April-fresh
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only **59¢** plus tax
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CHERAMY PERFUMER

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES *continued*

Louis Jourdan, handsome young tutor in her household. As you might guess, the flirtation turns serious—and princess Grace has a dilemma on her hands. Alec makes the most of a not very fruitful role.

FAMILY

The Harder They Fall

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ Tough, fast, expertly made, this Humphrey Bogart film delivers a smashing punch at the fight game. As an unemployed newspaperman, Bogart accepts a dubious but lucrative offer from Rod Steiger, a crooked promoter. He's to handle publicity for a young Latin American giant (Mike Lane, likable newcomer), who is actually a hopeless fighter, in spite of his size. Through a series of fixed fights, which the boy thinks he has won fairly, the giant becomes famous. Disgusted with his job, Bogart sticks with it, even after wife Jan Sterling walks out on him, even after Steiger's callousness results in a death.

FAMILY

Stranger at My Door

REPUBLIC

✓✓✓ Here's a truly unusual Western, taking a strongly inspirational slant without skimping on the action. In his most effective performance so far, Skip Homeier is a young bandit who eludes the law by hiding out in a preacher's house. Not at all a reluctant host, Macdonald Carey sees the criminal's presence as a splendid challenge, and he tackles the apparently preposterous task of saving the most thoroughgoing sinner he's ever likely to meet. Patricia Medina, as Carey's second wife, doesn't share his enthusiasm, especially since Skip eyes her covetously. But Stephen Wootton, as her little stepson, takes to the stranger at once.

FAMILY

On the Threshold of Space

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Fantastic-seeming but factual, this straightforward salute to the air-medicine branch of the Air Force takes you on parachute jumps from great heights, dizzying rocket-sled rides, ascents to high altitudes in the gondola of a balloon. The conflict is chiefly between man and the unknown, though hero Guy Madison does cope with the misgivings of his wife (Virginia Leith) and what he considers the too-cautious approach of his superior officer (the late John Hodiak).

FAMILY

Forbidden Planet

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ Now we are in the science-fiction department, three hundred years in the future, on a far-distant planet with scientist Walter Pidgeon and his beautiful daughter, Anne Francis. An expedition from Earth, led by Leslie Nielsen, brings Anne the first men she's ever seen, except for Dad. Pidgeon warns the space-men away, explaining that mysterious forces on the planet nearly destroyed his own expedition, leaving him and his wife the sole survivors. But the newcomers refuse to halt their explorations.

FAMILY

A Day of Fury

✓✓ With a central idea that lifts it a cut above the routine, this Western has moments of interest. Dale Robertson is a man of action who feels homeless in the newly civilized West. So he moves in on a quiet little town and forcibly returns it to the roaring, wide-open status of the good old days. He even tries to win back ex-girl-friend Mara Corday, who's gone respectable as the fiancée of sheriff Joel Mahoney.

FAMILY

Rock Around the Clock

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Devotees of rock 'n' roll have a feast set before them, in a movie loaded with lively numbers by such popular groups as Bill Haley and His Comets and The Platters. The story is slight, focussing on manager Johnny Johnston's campaign to push the Haley combo from small-town obscurity to nation-wide fame. In the process, he has to fight the machinations of booking agent Alix Talton, out to ruin him because he has resisted her romantic advances. He much prefers Lisa Gaye (Debra Paget's sister), who does some neat stepping as a dancer.

FAMILY

Madame Butterfly

I.F.E., TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Like last year's "Aida," this opera film employs handsome players to do the acting, accomplished singers to do the smoothly dubbed-in arias. The famous story of the geisha (Kaoru Yachigusa), who loves and loses the American Navy officer (Nicola Filacuridi) moves rather slowly. But Puccini's melodious score has its own emotional content. Filmed in Italy, the picture uses many Japanese actors, sets and props from Japan also.

FAMILY

Great Day in the Morning

RKO; SUPERSCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Tension in the West just before the Civil War is the basis for a vigorous action yarn. Though Robert Stack is a Southerner, he's strictly out for himself, trying to make a pile by investing in gold mining. His ruthless ways interfere with his courtship of Virginia Mayo, virtuous dress-shop owner. But he's also interested in Ruth Roman, part-owner of the local gambling hall. A Confederate scheme is afoot to get a shipment of gold off to the South, and this is opposed by Alex Nicol, Army officer in disguise.

FAMILY

The Price of Fear

✓✓ Starting with an ingenious idea, this suspense story outsmarts itself by getting too complicated. Lex Barker is falsely accused of being a hit-and-run driver. The police also suspect him of a murder committed at about the same time. If he clears himself of the first charge, he's lost his alibi for the second. Involved in the confusion is Merle Oberon, as a successful businesswoman.

FAMILY

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less weight...
more "hold-in" power than
you ever dreamed possible!

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Less weight, more "hold-in" power... in both these exciting new Playtex *Living* Girdles. They're made of split-resistant *Fabricon*—to give you more freedom because *Fabricon* has more s-t-r-e-t-c-h! And "open-pore" *Fabricon* lets your body *breathe*. Clothes fit and look better—no matter what your size! At department stores and specialty shops everywhere. Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. *The model above is free, lithe and comfortable in her Playtex[™] Living[®] Bra*, custom-contoured of elastic and nylon. \$3.95*

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Address your letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY,
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

I wish to express to the readers of PHOTOPLAY my sincere appreciation for the many letters I have received since my elegy "To James Dean" was published in the January issue. These letters have come not only from people throughout this country who admired James Dean but even from countries as far away as Finland, Holland and Korea.

Although I have tried to answer many of the letters personally, it has become a physical impossibility to answer them all. This does not mean, however, that I appreciated any the less those that have remained unanswered.

From one of Jim's close friends I have learned that the qualities of character I ascribed to Jim by a kind of instinct for the truth were qualities he actually possessed. It was not alone his acting genius but a rare combination of complete honesty, absolute sincerity, and generosity of spirit that made the love of James Dean literally circle the globe.

The accompanying poem will, I hope, serve as one more tribute to a boy who possessed the magic of sheer goodness.

EVELYN H. HUNT
Woodstock, Vermont

SO LITTLE TIME (To James Dean)

What were you that you could be so much
more
Than flesh and blood? A spirit and a force
That reached beyond the thoughts of other
men
Up past the planets to infinity.
You were the sunlight on a summer sea;
That was your smile which the preceding
frown
But made more bright, more soft, more
warm,
More full of love for all humanity.
You were the fantasy of frost upon
A winter windowpane. That was your mind,
Your swift imagination that could leap
To something no man ever yet had dreamed
And that you phrased within a word, a
look,
With always that unbidden question,
"Why?"
You were the flute-like notes a hermit
thrush
Could spill in pearls of sound within a
wood
Upon an April afternoon of sudden sun
With scent of wild pear blossoms after
rain;
That was your love of music that could give
Some respite to the pain within your heart.
You were a brooding cloud upon some peak
That hides its towering head among the
stars;
That was your doubt—of all the things un-
proved,
Because you were a searcher for the truth;
You could not compromise with life or
love.
What was the search that drove you to
your death?

You seemed to know there was so little
time,
So little time for all the things you
dreamed—

Hopes, and ambitions, and a world to see;
A century you had not deemed enough
For all you planned. You said, "So little
time!"

And yet, perhaps, that very day—you knew.
EVELYN H. HUNT



Tribute to the late James Dean

On March 21 I watched the Academy Award presentations and saw Ernest Borgnine win the Oscar.

In my opinion, James Dean deserves an award equal to that which Borgnine received. Isn't Jimmy going to get any tribute at all for his perfect and marvelous acting in "East of Eden" and "Rebel Without a Cause?"

PATRICIA HORVATH
Bronx, New York

Patricia Horvath's letter is one of many received to protest the failure to honor James Dean.—Ed.

I have just seen "The Man with the Golden Arm" and although I don't usually write letters of this type, I just had to say how much I enjoyed it. I have always liked Frank Sinatra and I think his acting was wonderful.

Kim Novak not only is pretty, she is also a very good actress. For that matter, all the acting was good.

MRS. BETTY WILLIAMS
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Let me add my plea to that of La Van King of Scottsbluff, Nebraska. I am not an Indian, but I certainly agree that the number of Westerns in which the Indians are always in the wrong and always lose is getting monotonous.

Why not a story of the great chiefs of

the Sioux or the Navajos in the West; the Five Nations of the Iroquois, Cornplanter and William Penn's treaty in the East?

I have read enough history of the United States to know that the Indian was not always the aggressor, and I am not proud of the white man's record of broken treaties and dishonest Indian agents.

I am sure many people agree with me on this and hope that some of them will also write and tell you so. I do hope the movies will soon give the Indians the break they so justly deserve.

MARIANNE CASTLE
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

QUESTION BOX:

Could you please tell me if Rory Calhoun's wife, Lita Baron, had any part at all in the picture "The Treasure of Pancho Villa"?

THERESA OLIVIERI
Brooklyn, New York

No. But she is with Rory in "Red Sundown."—Ed.

For some time now I have been an ardent fan of James Mason and have admired the fine acting he has done in movies and on TV.

Could you tell me his next film and print some information about him?

JUDI RICHMOND
South Euclid, Ohio

He was born in England, May 15, 1909, has brown eyes and dark brown hair. He is married to the former Pamela Kellino and they have two children, Portland and Alexander. "One in a Million" is his latest film; "Jane Eyre" will be his next.—Ed.

I have some questions I wish you would clear up for me. In the movie "Shane," who played Morgan?

Is the movie "Destry," starring Audie Murphy, from the book *Destry Rides Again* by Max Brand?

EVELYN CHANEY
Ridgeway, Missouri

Morgan was played by John Dierkes. The movie was from Max Brand's book.—Ed.

Can you please tell me who played the part of Lori Nelson's husband in "Sincerely Yours"? He is soooo handsome!

MARGARET KING
Fort Payne, Alabama

His name is Guy Williams.—Ed.

Please print some information about that terrifically talented actor, Rod Steiger, who gives such a wonderful performance in "The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell."

Could you tell me the name of his first picture and what his next one will be?

GLORIA A. LASHOMB
Brasher Falls, New York

Rod was born in West Hampton, Long Island, April 14, 1925. He is married. His first screen appearance was a small part in "Theresa." He can be seen next in "Jubal," "The Harder They Fall," and "Back From Eternity."—Ed.

Continued on page 75

NEW FROM DUBARRY



PERFECT PIN-CURL PERMANENT BY DUBARRY JEWELS BY VICTORIA STONE

**The pink lipstick with a heart of flame
to make you look born beautiful!**

All innocence until it touches your lips then . . . pink FIRE! Pinker than red . . . redder than pink! And it's *more* than new color. Made with a precious natural moisturizer, it's a deep softener that *refreshes* your lips and gives them the sweet freshness of a moist petal. Nothing in the world can warm your smile, keep it glowing *day and night* like DuBarry's Pink Fire. In satiny Moisturized Lipstick, \$1.10* or continental Color Glide, \$1.25*—both long-lasting.

*Plus Federal Tax.



DuBarry Flatter-Face,
powder-plus-foundation. \$1.50*
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Hollywood's favorite
**Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...**



Cream or Lotion

Yes, Grace Kelly uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Grace Kelly

As she appears
in her co-starring role in M-G-M's

THE SWAN

In CinemaScope and Color





junior femme fatale

BY BEVERLY OTT



Her acting impressed Pat Wayne



Perry Lopez gets Natalie's message



But Tab Hunter is her favorite date!

Cute as a button, with a talent that's terrific, Natalie Wood has all the guys angling for dates, and dolls asking, "What's her line!"

● The girl and the boy sat on the ground in deep concentration, a Scrabble board between them. After a while, the girl slowly pushed a group of letters into place.

"Are you sure that's a word?" asked the boy.

"Of course I'm sure," said the girl. "I know I've seen it somewhere."

"I guess we should have brought a dictionary," said the boy dubiously. "I'd like to see if it's in there."

Continued





junior femme fatale

Continued



Natalie has been concentrating on acting since she was three—used to pretend she was Bette Davis in the morning, become Lana Turner after lunch! At four, for real movie role, she told director Irving Pichel, "I'll cry for you"—and did. She could turn on the tears at will. When she wasn't working, Natalie went to Van Nuys High. She had girlfriends, but got along with boys best!

In movies since she was four, Natalie's big crush is still on acting

"I wasn't so certain about your last word, but I didn't say anything," the girl pointed out with feminine logic.

It was a typical conversation. It might have been a typical scene—two blue-jeaned figures on somebody's front lawn, perhaps in Iowa. However, this girl wore an Indian costume and this boy was dressed as a cavalry officer, and they were in Monument Valley, Utah, which seemed closer to nowhere than almost anywhere else.

The hot sun was beating down and the girl put her hand to her sunburned arm.

"Hurt much?" the boy asked.

"Not much," she grinned. "Not *very* much."

Then they heard her name called. "They're ready for you," the boy said. "That's what you get for being a movie star. No time for Scrabble."

Natalie Wood laughed, got up and went toward the set. Pat Wayne picked up the Scrabble board, put away the pieces and followed to watch her do a scene for "The Searchers." Despite his teasing, Pat was on the sidelines to see all of her scenes. "Because she's such a good actress."

Pat had been on (Continued on page 102)

Natalie Wood is in "The Searchers" and "The Burning Hills"



No movie star temperament in Mom's home—she raised Nat to be happy, normal teenager she is today

TWO

ON A
MARRY-GO-ROUND



Venetia is now under contract to RKO

They wanted a wedding that was beautiful, solemn and serene. Their experiences are going to entertain future Tamblyns for a long, long time!

● "I, Russell, take thee, Venetia, to be my wedded wife . . ."

Throughout the months of their engagement, Russ Tamblyn had looked forward to meeting Venetia Stevenson at the altar and speaking those most treasured words. Together, they had dreamed of how they

BY HELEN BOLSTAD



Russ Tamblyn is in "The Fastest Gun Alive"



Wedding was at Wayfarers' Chapel, Palos Verdes. All glass, "It makes you feel good as soon as you walk in," says Russ



Venetia, serene and lovely in pale blue ballerina length wedding gown, becomes Mrs. Russ Tamblyn on Valentine's Day



Venetia's mother, former actress Anna Lee, embraces her new son-in-law. Dad, Robert Stevenson, gave Venetia away



Glowing with happiness—until the groom remembered he'd left his overcoat in their new apartment, didn't have keys!

But all's well that ends well. Locksmith solved their problem: Honeymoon, ending in New York, was wonderful



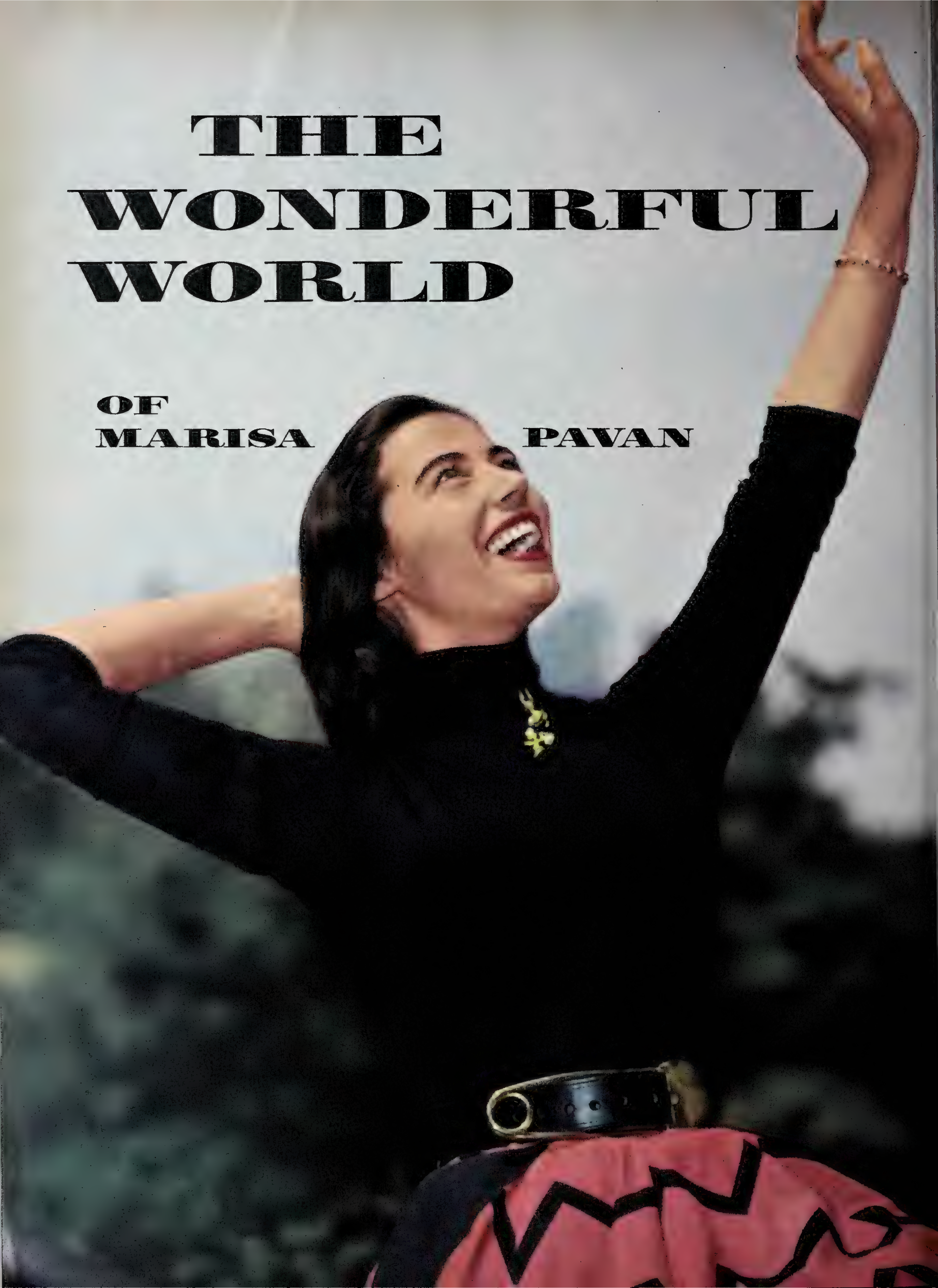
wished to make their wedding beautiful, solemn and serene.

"We thought we had everything worked out," Russ said as he and Venetia, husband and wife at last, sat in their honeymoon suite at New York's Hotel Plaza. "But as it turned out . . ." (Continued on page 106)

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

**OF
MARISA**

PAVAN



*The sun always shone for others—
never for her. Then one day,
Marisa found the answer.
And the shy moth
became a beautiful butterfly*



BY HYATT DOWNING

● Italians are truly a remarkable people. After talking to them you suspect that they are born with a song on their lips and a talent for acting that is as natural as breathing. Imaginative and passionate, they instinctively recognize emotional situations and interpret them with an amazing delicacy of feeling. A wonderfully delightful case in point is shy and gifted Marisa Pavan, Academy Award nominee as the best supporting actress of 1955 for her role in "The Rose Tattoo."

While making "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" at 20th Century-Fox, Marisa was called upon to enact a tempestuous love scene with Gregory Peck. Greg, a seasoned performer who is noted for the conviction he displays in such situations, had his own idea as to how a girl should be kissed. This was entirely natural, for Greg has gone through this delectable rite many times on the screen, and always with polished aplomb. On this occasion, however, famous writer-director Nunnally Johnson saw that the scene wasn't coming off precisely as he'd envisioned it. After several takes, he said, "Let Marisa kiss you, Greg."

The results were such that veteran crewmen, (Continued on page 78)

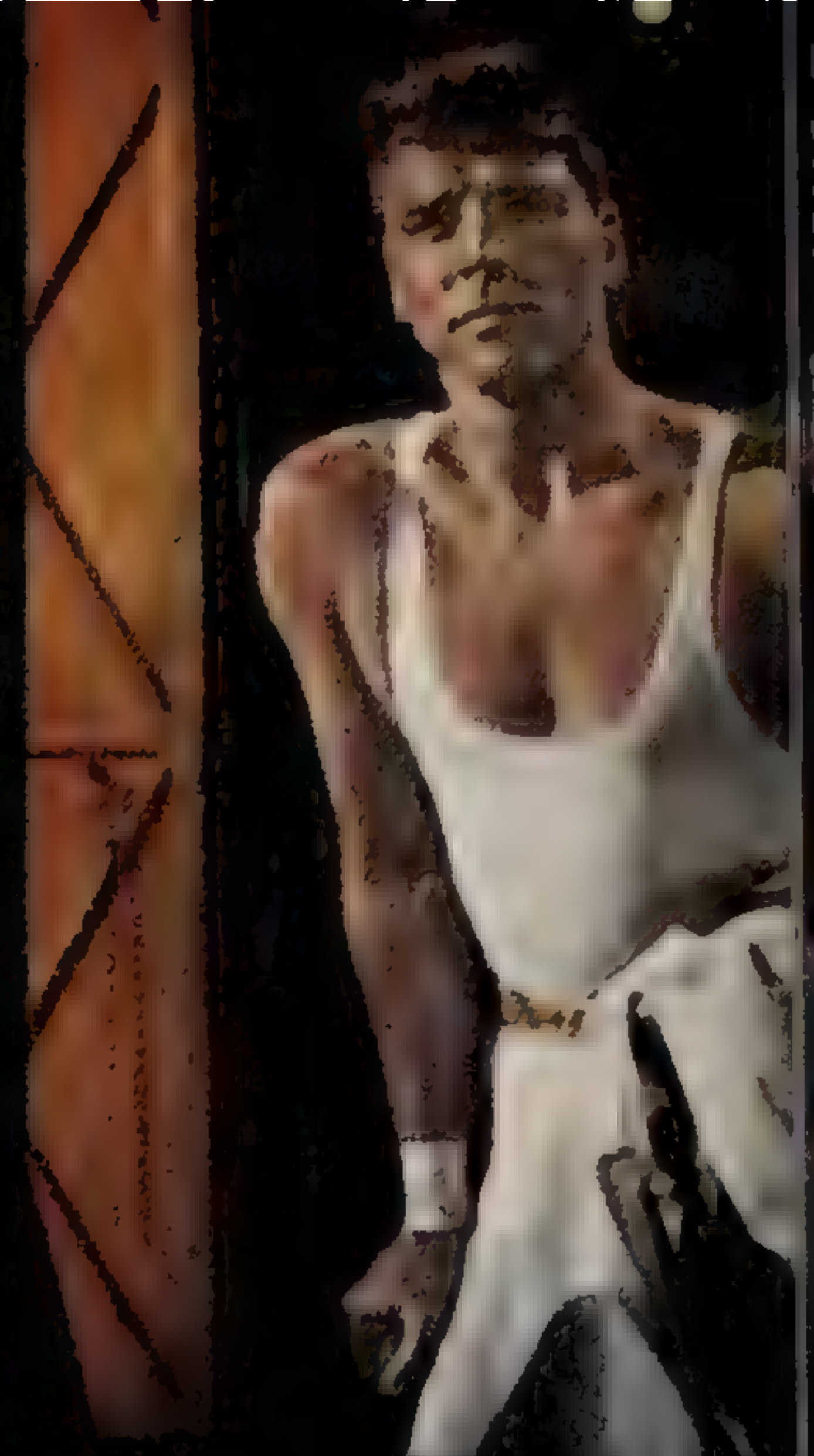


Marisa's fiery love scenes with Gregory Peck in "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," had even him blinking!



Marisa's new world includes a handsome lover. She and Jean Pierre Aumont became Mr. and Mrs. in March

Relaxed before the camera, the new "flying" act that circus owner Thomas Gomez has hired is really headed for an emotional crisis. Tony Curtis' mind is on love; Gina Lollobrigida thinks of ambition first



"TRAPEZE"

"Trapeze" sets off its explosive personal conflicts against a background of authentic circus life. Many genuine stars of the big top add their own brand of glamour to the spell cast by the movie-makers



Inside the Bouglione family's 104-year-old Cirque d'Hiver in Paris, Tony and his co-stars did many of their own trapeze stunts. Actually a skilled acrobat, Burt dared all but the toughest

To Burt Lancaster goes the powerful role of the once-great trapeze artist. Drawn from bitter retirement, he finds success—and trouble



● Putting the strongly dramatic story of "Trapeze" on the screen turned out to be an international adventure in movie-making. Burt Lancaster, who co-produced the picture with Harold Hecht for United Artists release, chose fellow New Yorker Tony Curtis to star with him. As the third member of the high-flying trapeze trio, romantically involved with both her partners, there's Gina Lollobrigida, one of Italy's—and the world's—most beautiful women. For a dash of Mexican charm, there's voluptuous Katy Jurado. From England came Sir Carol Reed, famous as director of "The Third Man." And the whole picture was shot in Paris, with French technicians. Thanks to all this happy international teamwork, "Trapeze" can take you right inside the glittering, cosmopolitan world that is the circus.





bronx block buster

A hard head, a streak of luck and a persistent stranger gave him the career that is still astonishing Perry Lopez and delighting the fans of this newest recruit to Hollywood

● Perry Lopez comes to you through the courtesy of sheer accident. In the first place it is the result of sheer good luck that Perry is among us at all; in the second place, the acting career that is astonishing Perry himself and delighting his fans, has come to him as haphazardly as three bells showing up on a slot machine.

So far, Perry has been in seven motion pictures: as *Spanish Joe* in "Battle Cry"; in minor roles in "Mr. Roberts," "Drumbeat," "The McConnell Story," "Hell on Frisco Bay," and "The Lone Ranger"; and in the lead in "The Steel Jungle."

Perry is five-feet eleven, weighs 170 pounds, has magnificent, sweet brown eyes, black hair, and the sort of mas-

BY ROBERT EMMETT



Perry Lopez at age 10, above; upper right, at 14; right, at 16, with neighborhood pals. Perry had vague ideas of becoming a lawyer until that morning he waited for a friend at the theatre and a stranger asked him "Are you an actor?" Perry thought he was kidding!



culine good looks that a photographer could create from a composite of portraits of Desi Arnaz, Anthony Quinn, and Cesar Romero. Perry's two great extravagances are buying boots (paratrooper boots at Army surplus stores, hiking boots, riding boots, ski boots), and hunting jackets.

He reads during most of his spare time (particularly admires the works of André Gide and Thomas Wolfe), saves his mother's letters (she lives in San Francisco) and reads them over and over again to savor their quiet wisdom (she still calls him "Honey-bunch," a practice against which all others on earth are hereby duly warned), plays a medium game of tennis, and (Continued on page 100)



Road to an actor's life proved to be a bumpy one for Perry. A couple of near-fatal accidents nearly ended budding career. "I bumped my head so many times I had developed a sort of built-in crash helmet," he says. In "Steel Jungle," left, Perry has first major role

have luck,



She hates being typed. Just when fans, friends get used to windblown elf, she turns up looking like a French doll

*Ever since
she stubbed her toe,
Leslie Caron has
been roamin'
with an omen
that promises
anything
but a dull life!*



will travel...

BY
FREDDA DUDLEY
BALLING



With younger brother Aimery. Leslie got first proof that her omen worked when she and her family were fleeing from the Germans in Paris

● Leslie Caron, during her early dancing days in Paris, appeared one night as a clown in a ballet performance. As she pirouetted across the stage, her toe caught in a small break in the planking. The hole was just large enough to admit the padded front portion of Leslie's ballet slipper. And there she was held imprisoned—a harlequin figurine poised like a statue.

Afterward, when there was time for reflection, Leslie thought, "I might have broken my ankle! How lucky I was." At that moment, however, she only thought what a spectacle she was making of herself. If she didn't get free the rest of the ballet company would leave the stage. She would be disgraced forever.

Galvanized by embarrassment, Mlle. Caron invented a series of gymnastic dance steps never again duplicated, and managed to pull her foot free.

She was limping a little as she finished a glissade arabesque into (Continued on page 90)



On set of "Gaby" with co-star, John Kerr. A hard worker, Leslie works off tension when film's finished, doing something mad!



BY MAXINE ARNOLD

● The tired young troubadour in green corduroy slacks and sweater was slumped happily in a chair in his NBC dressing room. As he spoke, every other word sounded like music.

"It's all worked out wonderfully," Eddie Fisher was saying—of love and marriage and two very successful careers. "Everything's beautiful, boy!"

He reached for the phone and asked for a familiar number. "I want to talk to my wife," he said. Not in essence a very lyrical line, but Eddie read it like something out of Shakespeare. After all, he hadn't talked to her for approximately two hours.

It was Wednesday, the day he makes music from morning until midnight, doing one live and one kinescoped *Coke Time* television show. Outside it

LOVE AND

*... go together
like Debbie*

and Eddie

was beginning to rain, and the line was already forming for his late-late show.

But he was between shows now. The traffic had thinned in his room. The friends, the disc jockeys, the agents, and the song-pluggers had left. The fans screaming "Eddie-eee" had been stilled. His devoted Dungaree Dolls, with their initialed jeans and orange sweaters, had descended upon him and gone. But soon, they would return.

Soon the studio would be coming to life with Eddie Fisher's smile and his warmth and all the music which spills out of him. But now, he was alone with his own heart again. And with another life—so endearingly shared.

"You aren't alone, are you? Who's with you

Continued



*They named the boxer Charlie because he looks like Chaplin!
Dog has own heated house, with fence built by Debbie's dad*



Marriage, to Deb and Eddie, means being together—both have turned down big offers that would keep them apart

MARRIAGE

They leased their home, furnished, but there's room for Deb's figurines, plus their wedding silver and Eddie's gold records



Deb and Eddie call each other "Sarah" and "Harry." Which confuses their cats—they have the same names, too!

It's nice to have a Girl Scout in the house. Recently, when they had a fire, Deb doused it before firemen arrived!



LOVE AND MARRIAGE

Continued



The Fishers' old Provincial farmhouse has swimming pool, smaller buildings in rear, including Early American playhouse





Deb and Eddie will co-star in "Bundle of Joy." Deb's also in "The Catered Affair"



Both love their home. "It's so relaxing. You fall into a chair and don't get up for—well, for all of two minutes," says Eddie

Deb's always buying clothes for her husband. "Her mother charges me 50¢ for altering them—I never pay her," he grins

These days, there's new meaning to Eddie's "Take it easy, Maw!" For in November, Deb's expecting her first baby



now?" he asked Debbie, who was home recuperating from some dental surgery.

The maid was there, she said. As soon as he hung up, Eddie dialed her parents in Burbank, asking them to please trek out to the Pacific Palisades and stay with Debbie until he could get there, so she wouldn't be lonely.

"I know she's a big girl now," he agreed. "But she isn't feeling well. Can you go? Right away?"

Similarly, Debbie's first concern was for him, and whether her tooth trouble would delay their taking off on his planned personal appearances.

During the first eight months of being Debbie and Eddie Fisher, these two happily-marrieds have commuted back and forth across the country

for their respective careers. They'd spent the last three months on the West Coast until Debbie completed her M-G-M movie, "A Catered Affair." Then they planned to lock up their farmhouse in the Pacific Palisades and head for New York and two months of television and personal appearances.

For all their popularity, and for all those who were once skeptical, Debbie and Eddie have worked out their own successful pattern for living with no strain, synchronizing their personal lives and careers and avoiding separations.

"But it's not really a question of not being separated. It's a question of being together," Eddie was saying earnestly now. "It's no marriage unless

you're together. Marriage means together." And now, with a baby on the way, this is more important than ever.

However, Eddie adds enthusiastically. "I wouldn't want Debbie to give up her career. I've never minded it, and I've always known she must not give it up. In fact, I wouldn't let her give it up. I don't think she should. She's a great little entertainer, and she's just scratched the surface."

Equally, he's happy when they hit the road together. "I like to travel around. I like to meet new people."

Debbie's picture finished, they took to the skies again, dropping in on the people—the important people—who live between (Continued on page 86)

*He loves red socks, hates phonies,
is an ardent movie fan. Shy and easygoing,
he's monarch of all he surveys at home,
rules with iron hand—and tender heart*

● Never having discussed my life with Van Johnson for publication before, I am anxious that it be the true picture, and to be true it must have some rather frank statements and feelings in it. You see, I feel very strongly about Van—as a husband, a father and an actor. He and my three children are my life, and I am happily and completely absorbed in our life at home.

Perhaps you should know right now that I have a theatrical background and have been fortunate enough to act on the stage with Katharine Cornell, Maurice Evans and Sir Ralph Richardson in "Romeo and Juliet"; with Sir John Gielgud, Lillian Gish and Judith Anderson in "Hamlet"; with Paul Muni and José Ferrer in "Key Largo." Therefore, I discuss Van, the actor, objectively, as a critic. But, when I speak of Van as a husband and father, it is on the simple basis of being his wife.

I don't think Van's magnificent sensitivity, his modesty and, yes, his humility have ever been clearly described or understood. These traits are so much a part of him that leaving them out of the picture would mean leaving out part of his basic nature.

Van has achieved stature with everyone—except himself. It's as if the actor, Van Johnson, were a separate entity—a symbol, totally unrelated to him. I've walked down the streets of Paris, London and New York with him, seen the sudden recognition in the eyes of the crowd, heard the murmurs and exclamations of, "Oh, look, that's him!" And Van, ardent movie fan that he is, would feel this excitement and turn to see what star he might be missing. When he suddenly realized that they were looking at *him*, he'd become panicky (*Continued on page 109*)

With wife Evie, daughter Schuyler, Evie's sons Ned and Tracy. A strict father, but fair, Van has given the children security, faith in God, sureness of his love



PORTRAIT OF THE MAN I LOVE

*VAN JOHNSON, by his wife Evie,
as sketched for Dee Phillips*



Van Johnson is in "Miracle in the Rain," "23 Paces to Baker Street" and "Kelly and Me"



It won't be hard to keep an eye on Mike Lane, says author Ruth

*Mike Lane, new punch in the box office . . .
the postman surprises Duke Wayne . . .
pre-wedding tears for Grace Kelly . . .
Mitzi Gaynor has the last laugh*

Glamou

Today's Male

His name is Mike Lane, and you'd better keep an eye on him. In his first picture, he's done the impossible—stolen the show from a pair of terrific pros, Humphrey Bogart and Rod Steiger. Bogie and Rod don't like that, but I think you'll like Mike—and the film, "The Harder They Fall."

The picture may very well help toward cleaning up some of the rotten aspects of the fight racket. For sure, it will clean up at the box office. It's no average prizefight picture. It's a heartbreaker, based on Primo Carnera's story.

Primo, you may recall, is the giant some sharp fight promoters brought up from South America. They got rich, while all poor innocent Carnera got were his wits almost beaten out of him.

That's the role Mike Lane plays, and he does it in a way that tears you apart. However, Mike is not dumb. Although he is six-feet five, for publicity's sake, Columbia is saying he's six-feet nine. They even had three-inch lifts put on his shoes while shooting "The Harder They Fall."

Twenty-three, unmarried, and unbelievably broad-shouldered, Mike has made it the hard way. What makes him startling are the reasons why he hasn't

Helen Rose shows sketch of gown she designed



Gab of Hollywood

ved, doesn't drink, never smokes, and is violent when it comes to the subject of dope addiction.

Mike's reactions, plus his appearance, are why I think he has a great chance at stardom. I never knew any star who didn't react as distinctively as he or he looked.

Believe it or not, what gave Mike deals as strong as his body was the worst possible environment! He ran away from home at sixteen because he couldn't stand the kidding he had to take. You see, from the time he was twelve, he's been as big as he is now, although he's grown steadily in the main division.

Mike first got a job in a carnival, the only place where no questions were asked and where truant officers couldn't find him. He unloaded freight, pitched tents, fed animals, from six A.M. to two P.M. For this, he got fourteen dollars a week, terrible food and a bed in a converted bus, along with thirteen other guys. The only difference was that the others were all middle-aged and, without exception, either alcoholics or drug addicts.

That's why Mike has such a mad on about the subject of "The Man with the Golden Arm." He has seen the real

horror of dope addiction and knows the depths to which a man will descend when he has a "monkey on his back."

Mike reacted completely against the depravity. He wouldn't smoke, wouldn't drink, and hoarded his miserable fourteen dollars a week. He got into wrestling by taking on all comers in the towns through which the carnival passed. About a year later, when he had the price of carfare home to his folks, there was no reality he didn't know. So fabulous are human beings, this carnival squalor turned him into a sympathetic idealist.

He's been idealistic ever since, even while winning wrestling championships, and getting discovered by Hollywood. The wrestling world is no bed of roses, either, he says. Love has hit Mike a couple of times, once very seriously. Marriage he feels must be perfect. That's why he's waiting.

One thing Mike is still self-conscious about is his size, as I discovered talking to him. "Can you make me sound like a sort of normal giant?" he asked.

I can't. Actually, Mike is not a giant. Nor is he an average fellow. He's got much, much more depth than that, much more charm, much more intelligence. Keep your eye on him.



Work on the set stopped when Marlene (with Mike Todd) appeared

or Grace Kelly's famous trousseau



Glamour Gatherings

There was a slim, young girl standing outside camera range the day I slithered onto the set of "The Opposite Sex" through the door which said, "Keep Out. No Admittance. Positively No Visitors. This Means You."

I wouldn't have been so bold except I'd run into Annie Sheridan at lunch and she'd asked me over. I knew that, even if they wanted to throw me out, they wouldn't when I was Ann's guest. On a set, Annie's always everybody's pet. Besides, I've known everybody in the company for years—June Allyson; David Miller, the director; Dolores Gray of the fabulous figure; Barbara

Jo Allen, who used to be known as Vera Vague; Sam Levene, the stage actor.

But for a moment, I couldn't think who that slim young girl was standing there watching the action. Then I recognized her. It was Ellen Powell, Joan Blondell's and Dick Powell's seventeen-year-old daughter. And there she stood, watching her mother making a movie comeback, while also on the set sat her father's enchanting present wife.

Right at that moment, the stage door opened and in walked Marlene Dietrich on Mike Todd's arm. Only a few years

Continued

Glamour Gab of Hollywood *continued*

ago, Mike Todd was Joan Blondell's preferred and constant escort.

"The Opposite Sex" is the dressiest picture in years. The clothes that June, Ann, Joan, Dolores, and Joan Collins wear are the end in chic. Still, everything came to a halt as every feminine eye took in the style of Dietrich.

No wonder. With her fantastic face and figure, Marlene was a beige-gold goddess. Her shoes, her hose, her pure silk dress, and over it a full-length coat of suede, her hair, her face powder were all in the exact same shade, a beige so delicate it was like dawn sunlight on a wheatfield. Only her hat departed from this. It was one of this year's wrapped chiffon affairs, and, although the chiffon was beige, it had an undertone of palest pink, to flatter her provocative face and match her delicate lipstick.

I wonder what young Ellen Powell, in riding pants and a pullover, was really thinking.

It's an old Hollywood adage but it's still true: You always get the best news at parties. Take the very exclusive shower which Helen Rose, who designed Grace Kelly's trousseau, gave for Her Serene Highness. An unex-

pected guest provided a touching moment.

Do you recall the movie Esther Williams made around the life of Annette Kellermann, who was the swimming sensation of the world before Esther was even born?

Miss Kellermann, still very much alive and flutter-kicking, is a Hollywood resident and a Grace Kelly fan. Hearing about Helen Rose's party, she called the designer the day it was to be held, and asked if Helen would see that Grace got a little gift she was sending over.

There were twenty guests. Helen figured one more wouldn't matter. So she invited Miss Kellermann to come in person.

The gift she presented brought tears to Grace's eyes, for it was a lace handkerchief, which years and years ago, the great Metropolitan Opera singer Antonio Scotti had given Miss Kellermann. It was so old and so valuable that it was framed under glass, a romantic gesture reaching from the deceased Scotti of the golden voice, to Annette of the once flawless figure, to Grace of the young, cool beauty.

It was at the Kelly shower that Zsa Zsa Gabor gave her personal answer to

that old argument of whether women dress for women or men.

Zsa Zsa had hardly arrived at the party when she brought attention to how chic she was, hair back, dress severe, "high style" from head to toe. "That's because there are nothing but women here," she said. "Tonight, I am going to a party where there will be many men, few women. I never waste chic on men. With them I'm just sexy."

What do you want to bet that Zsa Zsa wouldn't mind a bit if it were she who was going to be the bride of the man whom Hollywood now says rules a land called Monte Kelly?

Who's Who Now?

Personally, I love to give parties. At the cocktail splash I gave for Publisher Irving Manheimer and his wife Ruth, Mitzi Gaynor and I fell into a quick spot of reminiscence about the first lunch we ever had together.

It was five years ago. I was doing an interview with Mitzi and Dale Robertson for the Louella Parsons radio show. Dale and Mitzi were the hot newcomers of 1951. And that was exactly all they had in common, as our conversation soon proved. Dale lounged



To Dale Robertson, movies were just a way to make money. Mitzi disagreed. His career went up—and down. Today, Mitzi has happiness, stardom and money! (Above with Jack Bean, Ruth Waterbury)

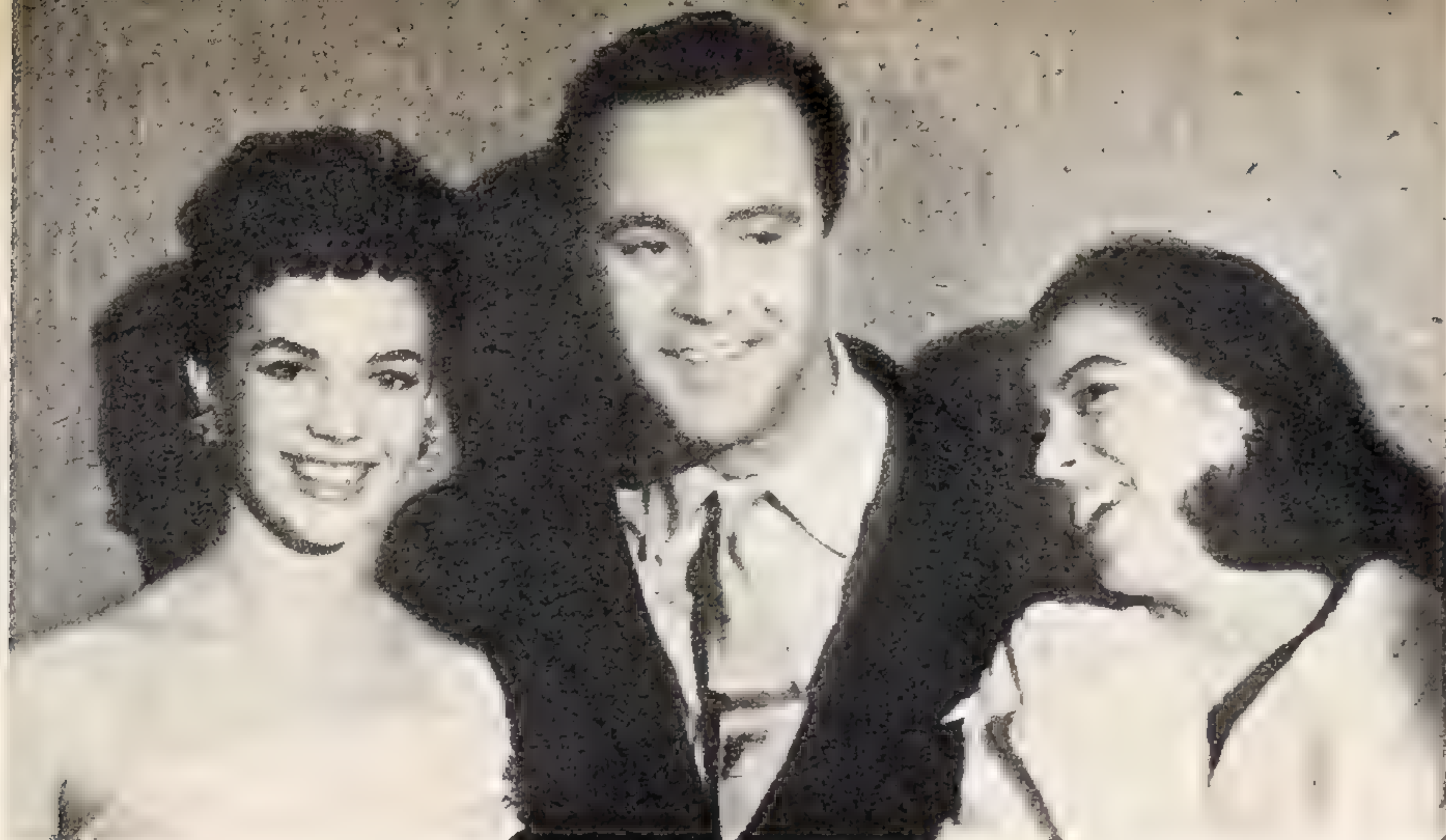
on the table, a black scowl on his face as he expounded how he was only in the movie business for the money. The faster he could get it, the faster he'd get out, he said.

"But you can't really feel that way," Mitzi said. "I don't mean to be arty, but think of the growth a career gives you, and the fun of it. Think of the opportunities for self-development, for learning, for—well, everything."

Dale glowered and, in effect, told Mitzi she was a naive dreamer. Soon after, "Golden Girl," Mitzi's big film, came out and flopped, while Dale's picture clicked. Mitzi was dropped by Twentieth Century-Fox, Dale was kept. For a couple of years, it certainly looked as though he was the winner of the argument.

But the old rules apply in Hollywood just as they do other places. Sincerity, application, liking people, self-discipline, all count in the long run. Today, slim, beautiful Mitzi is bubbling over with marital happiness with her wonderful husband, Jack Bean, and has Hollywood at her feet since "Anything Goes." At the same time, divorced, still glowering Dale merely turns up in an occasional "B" picture.

(Continued on page 84)



Oscar winner Jack Lemmon has fun "supporting" delighted nominees, Natalie Wood and Marisa Pavan



Glamour gathering at Foreign Press Awards included Sheree North, Deborah Kerr and serious Bob Wagner



Ann Blyth and her Dr. Jim. The question is, will she give up career for role as wife and mother?

In Paris for "The Ambassador's Daughter," Adolphe Menjou bumped into an old friend—Gloria Swanson

WHEN ORESTE SINGS,



Oreste loves to sing, tuned up with George Sanders, Pearl Bailey on visit to "That Certain Feeling" set



Born in Malta, he's proud of Victoria Cross awarded to island's people, has a replica in his home



Sister Melita keeps house for him. Someday Oreste hopes to bring the rest of his large family to America

As an opera singer, Oreste had London bobby-soxers waiting in line. As a movie star, he'll have the jukeboxes rocking to Puccini!

BY ERNST JACOBI

● On the set of Paramount's big musical, "The Vagabond King," handsome new singing star Oreste, in the lead role of swashbuckling *Francois Villon*, was saying a last farewell to his sweetheart, played by Rita Moreno. Even with the pallor of death on her cheeks she was still beautiful, still alluring. Kneeling beside her, Oreste bent over and kissed her tenderly on the lips. The kiss lingered on and on.

"Cut!" yelled director Mike Curtiz. "Oreste, what do you think you're doing? You're not supposed to kiss her like that!"

"What do you mean, *like that*?" Oreste parried. "It says in the script, 'Kiss her.' So I kiss her. And when I kiss, Mr. Curtiz, I kiss."

Inasmuch as lovely Rita Moreno was the object of his affections, Oreste's enthusiasm was understandable. Then, too, this was his first day on the set of his first movie and the first screen kiss of his career. As an opera star in Italy and England, Oreste had always been proud of the recognition he'd won for his realistic acting. It hadn't occurred to him that the camera might make "realism" a little too intimate.

However, the revelation that a screen embrace was supposed to be different from the (Continued on page 94)

ORESTE SENDS!



*He's a dashing fellow in "The Vagabond King,"
in which he co-stars with Kathryn Grayson*



BEEFCAKE

Kings

Kirk is in "Lust for Life"; "Shadow of a Champ" • Rock's in "Giant"; "Written on the Wind" • Alan is in "Santiago" and "O, Promised Land"



Kirk Douglas Though often cast as the Knave of Hearts, femmes flipped over his devil-may-care charm. Magnetic, with a zest for living, he's still, at 39, in royal command of his thrilled subjects. 6', 175 lbs., Kirk maintains those muscles with swimming, wrestling. He'd be a tough guy to dethrone!

Rock Hudson The bachelor king until his recent marriage, he's also the biggest—6' 4", 200 lbs. A gregarious guy, he loves people, parties and good food. Skin diving, swimming, keep him in trim—a king-sized talent keeps him on top. At 30, Rock holds a solid place in the affections of his fans

Alan Ladd With a build like this, no wonder the gals sigh, "Long live this king!" 5' 10½", 147 lbs., Alan, at 42, offers stiff competition for any contenders to his throne. A champion high diver, swimmer, riding expert, Alan keeps fit working on his farm, stays tops at movie box office



Pretenders to the Throne

Jeff Hunter is in "The Proud Ones," "The Searchers," "The Great Locomotive Chase" and "A Kiss Before Dying"



Jack Sernas This European-born contender (top) for beefcake crown fluttered femme hearts with classic love-making in "Helen of Troy." Handsome and husky—he's 6', 165 lbs.—Jack speaks several languages, writes, is expert at boxing, tennis, skiing—thinks all American gals are beautiful!

Jeff Hunter He might have gone on thrilling co-eds' hearts as college football hero if he hadn't become interested in radio, then movies. 6' 1", 185 lbs., Jeff keeps that terrific torso in shape with various sports, is getting plenty of exercise these days rushing from one film to another!

George Nader One of Hollywood's fastest rising stars, when he strips down for the beach, even the mermaids come out of hiding! 6' 1", 185 lbs., he keeps fit with weightlifting, ocean swimming. A popular date, George, right, takes career seriously, is a virile hit in "Away All Boats"





With Ma Russell and brothers' wives: l-r, Pamela, Mary Lou, Jane, Ma, Nola and Lois. When Jane's brothers had girlfriend problems they'd go to her for advice. "At High we found she'd given us a good head start over other guys!"

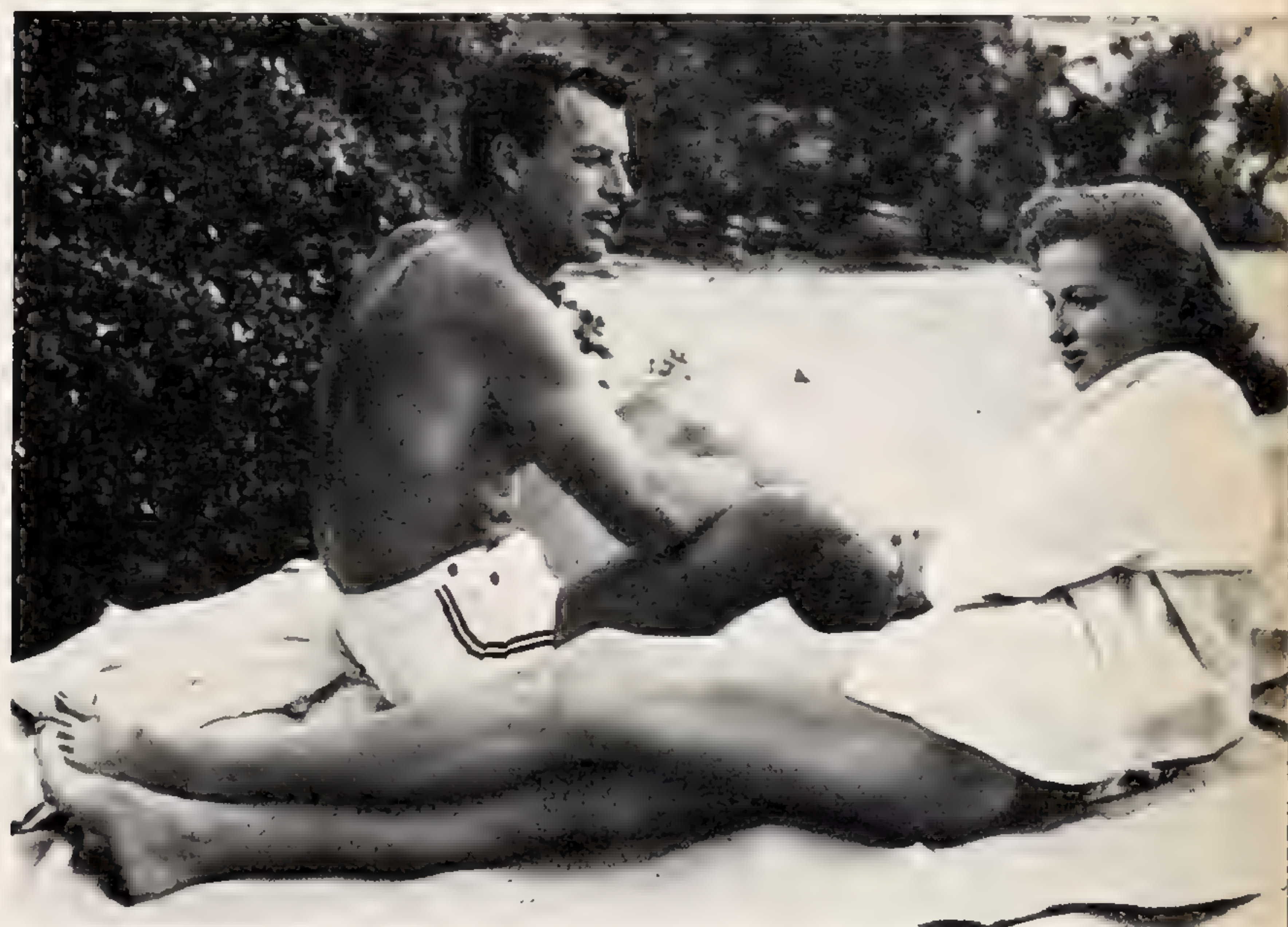


Jane Russell is next in "The Big Play"



"The time to back away is when she's coming at you like a dove!" grins brother Wally. He and Jamie had roles with big sister Jane in "Hot Blood"

THE TURRIBLE TEMPERED TEMPTRESS



With co-star Dick Egan in "The Revolt of Mamie Stover." Glamorous in films, at home she's plain Jane

● One day in Little Rock, Arkansas, where Jane Russell was making a personal appearance, her friend, RKO publicist Edith Lynch, happened into a conversation with a local citizen who was speaking her thoughts on the visiting star. "Isn't it dreadful that she was permitted to adopt those two children?" the woman was saying.

"Why is it so dreadful?" asked Edie.

"You know," said the woman. "A Hollywood star—and especially that type of person. . . ."

Since Edie is a lady, she kept her clenched fists at her sides. "Just what kind of a person is Jane Russell?" she inquired.

"Well . . ." A neatly penciled eyebrow went up. "You know!"

"Yes," said Edie. "I know. And I'd certainly like to tell you."

Edie's talking time was limited because of a crowded studio travel schedule; otherwise, she might still be on her (Continued on page 113)

Sometimes Jane even glares at herself.

But behind the glare's a grin.

And inside, she's as soft as mush!

BY ELIZABETH WISE



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Summertime checks in an elegant mood! "Plain & Fancy" (converts to strapless) in Lastex, \$17.95 "Pagoda" in Laton taffeta, \$19.95

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YOUNG IDEAS

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

gifts to cherish
for a lifetime

Anne Francis chooses
gleaming silver—
perfect for a June bride
or your own special
hope chest

Information about silver and
gifts shown here: page 78

See page 79

for more wedding-minded jewelry and gifts

SHIRLEY JONES
THE BRIGHT YOUNG STAR OF 20TH'S "CAROUSEL"



a



*Good pickings! A bright
new crop of beach fashions
to shine under the
summer sun everywhere*

YANA'S IN
"COCKLESHELL HEROES" AND "ZARAK KHAN," COLUMBIA



c



d

JAN STERLING STARS IN COLUMBIA'S "THE
HARDER THEY FALL" AND "1984"



e

YOUNG IDEAS:

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS



- CHECKERED SKIMMER:** Gingham shoe edged in rickrack, with wafer heel. Daniel Green Outdorables. \$5
- BEACH CARRYALL:** In plastic-lined aqua jute, white wooden beads on its drawstring. Kleinert. \$5
- PERFORATED PIGSKIN FLAT:** Pancake-heeled, in cool and handsome new season white. California Cobblers. \$8
- BEADED ROPES:** Popping apart to wear any length, in bright plastic colors. By Coro. Each \$1*
- FRIVOLOUS FISHNET:** Head-hugger to save hairdos, edged with gay sea shells. Joseph Fleischer. \$5.95
- TARTAN SUNGLASSES:** Framed in blue plaid plastic, with eye-saving green lenses. Foster Grant. \$1
- BLACK MESH PLAYSHOE:** With pastel sunburst spray—open, airy and elegant in the summer sun. Huskies. \$5
- POLKA-DOT SCARF:** 36-inch square of silk crepe. Red, navy, green, royal on white. Glentex. About \$2
- GOLDEN BEACH BANGLES:** Bracelets to wear in bunches and glitter against a tan. By Coro. Each \$1*
- BEJWELED LEATHER THONG:** In white, the instep strap adorned with fake pearls and coral. Bernardo. \$10.95
- CANDY-STRIPED UMBRELLA:** Handled in wood, water-repellent red and white cotton. Liberty Umbrella. \$7.50

*plus Federal tax

- a** Jan Sterling's sleek suit planned to realign a young figure, with inner bra lending the aid. Defining the shape, white cord piping and smart buttoned tabs. Underneath it all: a specially designed built-in girdle. Smooth faille Lastex. Black, navy, red, blue, violet. Sizes 32-38. Sarong by Sea Nymph. About \$13
- b** The shirt-off-his-back: Shirley Jones's one-piece cotton swimsuit faithful to every detail of a man's shirt. The cutaway striped chambray bodice is cuffed and pearl-buttoned, set upon a solid color boyshort bottom in Fuller's Sailtone. Blue, gold, aqua, violet, pink, green, coral. Sizes 32-38. By Catalina. About \$14
- c** Huge tent overshirt, white and bright, an after-bathing beauty splashed with giant colored clown dots. Yana likes the wide bateau neck, rollable three-quarter sleeves, side lacings in yellow or turquoise. Sharkskin cotton. About \$6
- d** Matching brief shorts in the lacing colors, about \$5. Sizes 7-15. By Jo Collins
- e** Worn by Jan Sterling, the long line takes to the sea, here underscored with fullness. The whistle-slick top made more so with plunging white insert bordered with braid and nailheads. News: a side zipper for smoothness, Pellon-lined bra. Faille Lastex. Red, black, aqua. 32-38. By Brilliant. About \$11
- Short-skirted sissy suit massed with giant pastel butterflies. Its shirred bra, elasticized back, long long line pointing up a young figure like Shirley Jones's. For fun: perky side bows, drawstring detail. In Springmaid's polished cotton. Blue or violet predominating. Sizes S, M, L. By Cole of California. \$14.95

NEW SEASON:

beach glamour

To buy beach fashions and accessories, see stores listed on page 92

**YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY
STAR
FASHIONS**



a



b

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT AND STAN ROCKFIELD



c

- a** Lovely Yana chooses a smart two-piece fashion. Cuffed little boy shorts in cotton poplin, and matching molded perfect-fit bra with a modesty of pleated white cotton, halter strap. Bra in 32-36 A cup, 32-38 B. \$1.50. Shorts, 10-18, \$2. Navy, aqua, charcoal, Paisley. Lovable Sun Set. Regal's poplin "fish" bag
- b** Boldest stripes on the beach this year—Jan Sterling's sheath suit, made all the bolder by a wide expanse of white at the bodice and skirt front to liven a suntan. Side boning, inner inflatable bra the shaping factors. Chromspun with Lastex. Sizes 32-38. Charcoal, blue, red on white. By Sea B's. \$14.95
- c** The flattering long-line bodice, here puffing out to a shirred panty on Shirley Jones's swimsuit, the whole shaped to perfection with curve-encouraging cuff on top. White cotton with gay print of ice-cream-parlor chairs in blue or olive. Tuck-away straps. Sizes 10-16. By Rose Marie Reid. About \$15.95

RAFFIA PIGTAIL: Just plain fun, with beaded chignon to hold stray hair wisps. Fleischer. \$4.95

For Where to Buy, see stores page 92

LEAFY EARRINGS: A large summer flower shape, in white plastic rimmed in gilt. By Coro. \$1*

STRIPED SCARF: Huge white silk square, boldly stroked in red, navy, Kelly, royal. Glentex. \$2

NAUTICAL SHOE: Airy cotton mesh and Lastex, springy crepe rubber sole. U. S. Kedettes. \$4.95

DAISY SANDAL: Wisps of hand-crocheted straw, and practically no sole at all. By Gustave. \$4

STRIPED SUNGLASSES: In handsome black and white plastic, sage green lenses. By Ray-Ban. \$8.50

CLOCK-FACED BEACHBAG: Aqua and white poplin, with zipper top, a waterproofed lining. By Regal. \$3.50

CHALK-WHITE BEADS: Baroque necklaces with sun-dazzling, bejeweled pendants. Duchess. \$7.50*-\$10*

**plus Federal tax*



NEW SEASON:

**beach
glamour**

continued

based on his make-up research for color TV
Max Factor creates a
new kind of lipstick



EW! the color won't come off until you take it off!

EW! no waiting for it to set! no blotting!

EW! it never, never dries your lips!

EW! the brilliant beauty of high fidelity colors!

BRINGS BRILLIANT NEW BEAUTY to your lips . . .
Hi-Fi does for lipstick color what high fidelity
for music . . . creates a whole new scale of clear,
vibrant tones *never possible before*.

BRILLIANT BEAUTY WON'T COME OFF until
you're ready to *take* it off! For Hi-Fi is an altogether
new kind of lipstick, radiant with color that stays on
beautifully not just 24 hours, but even longer.

NO-MINUTE WAIT FOR IT TO SET! *No blotting.*
From the moment you apply Hi-Fi, your lips are *ready*.

IS NON-DRYING. *Does not draw the lips.* Creamy-
soft caresses your lips with appealing smoothness,

gives a fresh deliciously moist feeling you will *love*.

HI-FI IS NON-GREASY . . . glides on cleanly, with deli-
cate precision, and stays *put*. Hi-Fi is non-waxy, feels
perfectly natural on your lips.

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yours *today*. Max Factor's Hi-Fi Lipstick, \$1.25 plus tax.

Max Factor's
hi-fi
Lipstick

dream lipstick only Max Factor could make come true • now available to the public for the first time

what's your eye-Q?



To identify the owner of these great big beautiful eyes, turn the page around. And for a glamorously wide-eyed look of your own, follow these eye-cues by William Tuttle, head of M-G-M's make-up department

BY
HARRIET SEGMAN

Q Can make-up really change the appearance of eyes that are too small, pale and inconspicuous, popping, or too close together?

A Make-up does, actually, create optical illusions. But you cannot go against nature to the extreme. Don't try to make yourself look like your favorite movie star. You must consider your *own* features to bring out *your* best points. Take Leslie Caron, for example. Her very beautiful eyes are unusually large and round. We don't try to change their shape to look oval, like somebody else's eyes. We make them up to accentuate their roundness and harmonize with the rest of her features, which are also round.

Q How is eye shadow used to glamorize the eyes?

A The light areas above the eyes tend to make them seem smaller and deeper set. Eye shadow makes the eyes look larger by softening these highlights. Don't choose a color to match your eyes. Use a shade that blends with the natural shadows in the inner corners of your eyes. Do not put the shadow in the corners of your eyes. Apply it first to the lightest-toned portion between the eyelid and brow. Then smooth shadow on the lid itself. Popping eyes can be corrected by a fairly heavy application of shadow on the lid area.

Q How do you use an eye liner? And what does it do for the eyes?

A An eye liner is used to make the eyes appear larger. Choose a pencil to match your eye shadow and be sure to keep the point very sharp. Draw a fine line just above the upper lashes, starting about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the way from the inner corner of the eye and extending slightly up and out at the outer corner. For a really wide-eyed look, draw a line at the roots of the lower lashes, starting at the outer third of the eye, and swinging outward and upward. It should not quite meet the line on the upper lid.

Q How should mascara be applied for a natural look?

A It's a good idea to have two brushes for mascara—one for application and another clean brush to separate the lashes and remove any excess blobs. For the most natural effect, use dark brown or black mascara, *not* a color to match the eyes. Use a not-too-wet brush, and apply most heavily in the outer corners of the upper lashes. Then apply just a little mascara right in the center of the lower lashes. Drooping lashes make the eyes look smaller. If yours do not curl naturally, use an eyelash curler.

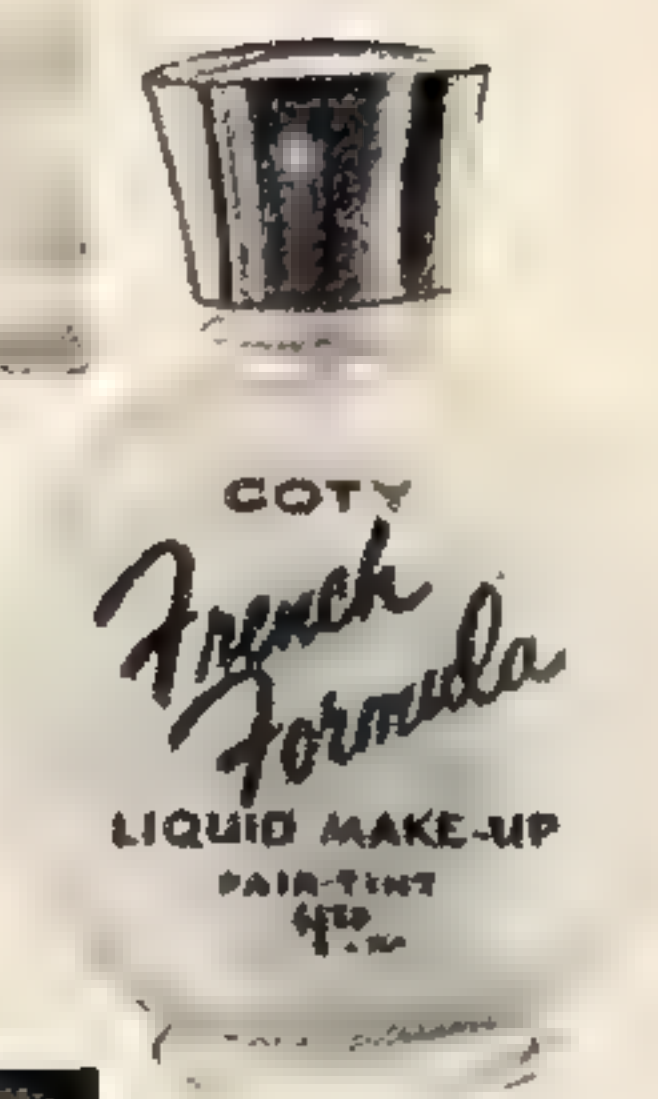


*
The lady with the "lamps" is Leslie Caron, now appearing in "Gaby"

A



B



C



D



E



becoming attractions

A Naturals for summer: Pond's newest "Lips" shades—Naturally Pink, bright and lighthearted, and Naturally Red, rich, medium tone with a hint of blue. Both in Pond's new lanolin-rich, long-lingering formula. 15¢*; 29¢.*

B For bright and shining faces: Coty's new French Formula Liquid Make-Up. Extra creamy, it is designed to give a satiny, rather than matte finish and to help keep the skin soft and smooth. Six shades. 85¢* and \$1.50.*

C Fresh from Paris: Lancome's elegant new purse flacon. About the size of a dainty cigarette lighter, it fits into a gold-embossed case that slides open like a match box. With Magie or Seul Tresor perfume. ¼ oz., \$5.00.*

D Make-up research for color TV inspired Max Factor's Hi-Fi lipstick. Neither greasy nor drying, it won't come off until you take it off. No blotting or setting necessary. Comes in nine brilliant new high-fidelity colors. \$1.25.*

E Required reading: *The Westmore Beauty Book*, co-authored by Perc, Wally, Bud, Frank and Mont Westmore, famous Hollywood make-up artists, is packed with do-it-yourself beauty information for women of all ages. \$5.95.

*plus tax

feminine or female which are you?

Cole

of California

Do you have pretty eyes? Do men offer to carry your beach umbrella? You're the girl for Cole's boudoir swimsuit in blushing-pink cotton print, \$12.95. Do you have beautiful shoulders? Do men ask you to midnight beach picnics? You're the one for Cole's jet-black sheath with the sacroiliac scoop. Cotton satin, \$14.95. Both have fabulous inner bra.



BY GLADYS HALL



THE POISON GAS OF GOSSIP

Jean Pierre Aumont, long before his love for Marisa Pavan, was friend of Babs'. Only two dates and the gossips had them wed nine times!

Producer Paul Gregory took hold of Babs' hand during discussion—next day headlines screamed “new romance—expect wedding bells!”

Picture of Babs, Bill Holden at Photoplay Gold Medal dinner might be ammunition for gossips, who'd ignore fact that they're old friends



*When it spreads, a household accident becomes a suicide attempt
... a date, a romantic rendezvous ... a common cold develops into a feud.*

Fantastic? No! says Barbara Stanwyck. It happens, in Hollywood



Barbara Stanwyck is next in "Love Story" and "Somewhere I'll Find Him"

● Barbara Stanwyck has one deep hate in her heart, and only one—the hatred of gossip.

She believes it is gossip—not temperament, inflated ego, wealth or the ever-present "other man" and "other woman"—that is largely responsible for the breakage of careers, marriages, homes and hearts in Hollywood, and elsewhere. She loathes the poisonous stuff and those who handle or peddle it.

In every other respect, Barbara is easygoing, tolerant and relaxed. It's said in Hollywood that, if the studios had more Stanwycks working for them, there

would be fewer ulcers in the movie industry. Barbara doesn't re-write scripts, walk off sets, believe she knows more than her producer and director, engage in feuds with her colleagues, make trouble—or the kind of headlines that give Hollywood a headache and a bad name. She does her job quietly, with a minimum of temperament, and so well that it's been said, "Every Stanwyck performance rates an Oscar, which is why she's never had one. When you're always tops, you're taken for granted."

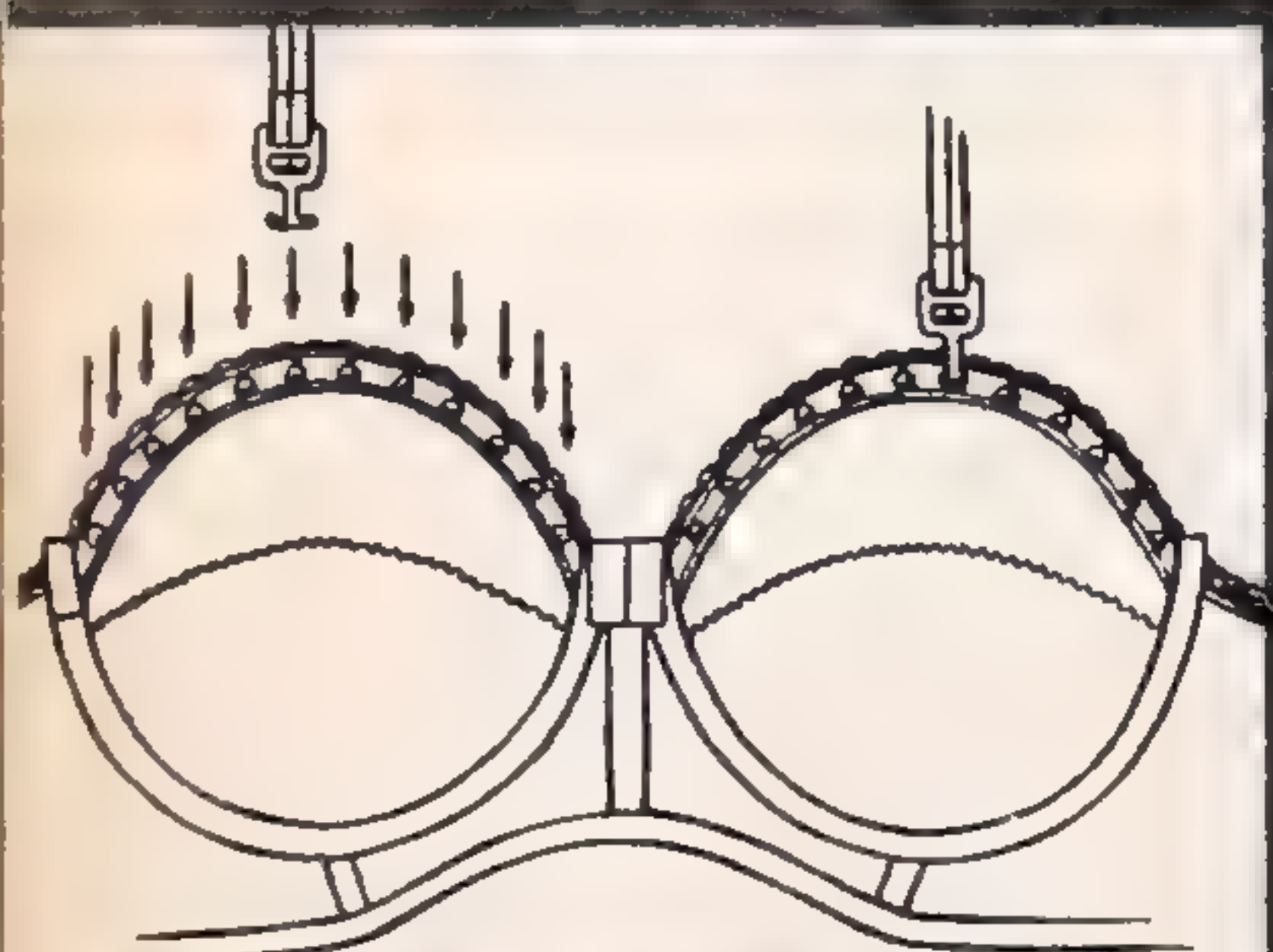
Barbara is as honest as (Continued on page 98)

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SWEETHEART T-STRAPS* sketched to show 12 strap adjustments on inside of each cup for infinite fashion variation!

*patent app. for

Travel light 'n' right in a Lovable Convertible...the bra-in-one wardrobe for every costume. Many-mannered straps cater to many-splendored necklines.

Left: Sweetheart with amazing, patented T-Straps (see inset); foam

contoured. \$2.50. **Right:** Four-Way-Wonder, inlaid with foam, \$1.50

The Lovable Brassiere Co., 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16. Also in Canada

IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE



READERS INC.

(Continued from page 32)

Recently, my husband and I saw a movie on TV called "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Both John Howard and John Barrymore were in it. I say John Howard played *Bulldog Drummond* and John Barrymore, the *Inspector*. My husband says it was just the reverse. Who is right?

I would also like to know Frank Sinatra's age. I think he is the greatest.

MRS. MARCE BOLGUNAS
Eddystone, Pennsylvania

You are right; Frank is 38.—Ed.

Would you please settle an argument my sister and I are having. My sister says that Dick York, who played in "My Sister Eileen" and Chuck Connors, who played in "Good Morning, Miss Dove" are both the same person. I disagree. Am I right?

ALOHA SMITH
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

You are.—Ed.

My friends and I are disagreeing over whether or not the late James Dean was married. I say he wasn't. They say he was married and had a small son. If so, who was he married to?

BRENDA LYNDON
Siler City, North Carolina

James Dean was not married.—Ed.

I have heard that Tony Curtis' real name is Bernard Schwartz. I have also heard it as Anthony Curtis. Which is correct?

Also, what is Tab Hunter's real name?

JUDY REYNOLDS
Waveland, Indiana

Bernard Schwartz is correct for Tony. Tab's name is Arthur Gelien.—Ed.

CASTING:

I have just finished the most wonderful book by Elisabeth Ogilvie called *Rowan Head*. I think it would have great possibilities as a movie. It would be super with this cast: *Barth Cameron*, *Rock Hudson*; *Giles Cameron*, *George Nader*; *David Cameron*, *Audie Murphy*; *Miriam Chase*, *Dorothy Malone*; *Felice Cameron*, *Lillian Gish*; *Mrs. Mathews*, *Thelma Ritter*; *Elliot*, *Dewey Martin*.

MABEL BRAKER
Grangeville, Idaho

I have just read *Tomorrow* by Philip Wylie. This would make an excellent, as well as thrilling and dramatic picture, with Joanne Dru as *Lenore Bailey*; Chuck Connors as *Chuck Connor*; Farley Granger as *Kit Sloan*; Jo Van Fleet as *Minerva Sloan*; Arthur Franz as *Coley Borden*; Broderick Crawford as *Henry Connor*.

PHIL STRONG
Delavan, Wisconsin

I have just read a rousing adventure novel by Jefferson Cooper called *Arrow In the Hill*.

It is a story about the French and Indian War, and would make an entertaining movie with Hugh O'Brian as *Stephen Brant*; Lori Nelson, *Adelaide*; Colleen Miller, *Drayanna*, the *Indian girl*; Mari Aldon, *Aloise*.

MARIE AMOROSO
Brooklyn, New York

Not long ago I heard that one of the major studios was planning to film the life story of Russ Colombo. If and when they do make the picture, nobody but Gordon MacRae should play the part of Russ.

This is a role that Gordon could sing and act beautifully.

THERESE PETRONE
Newark, New Jersey



Candy Jones

BEAUTY DIRECTOR,

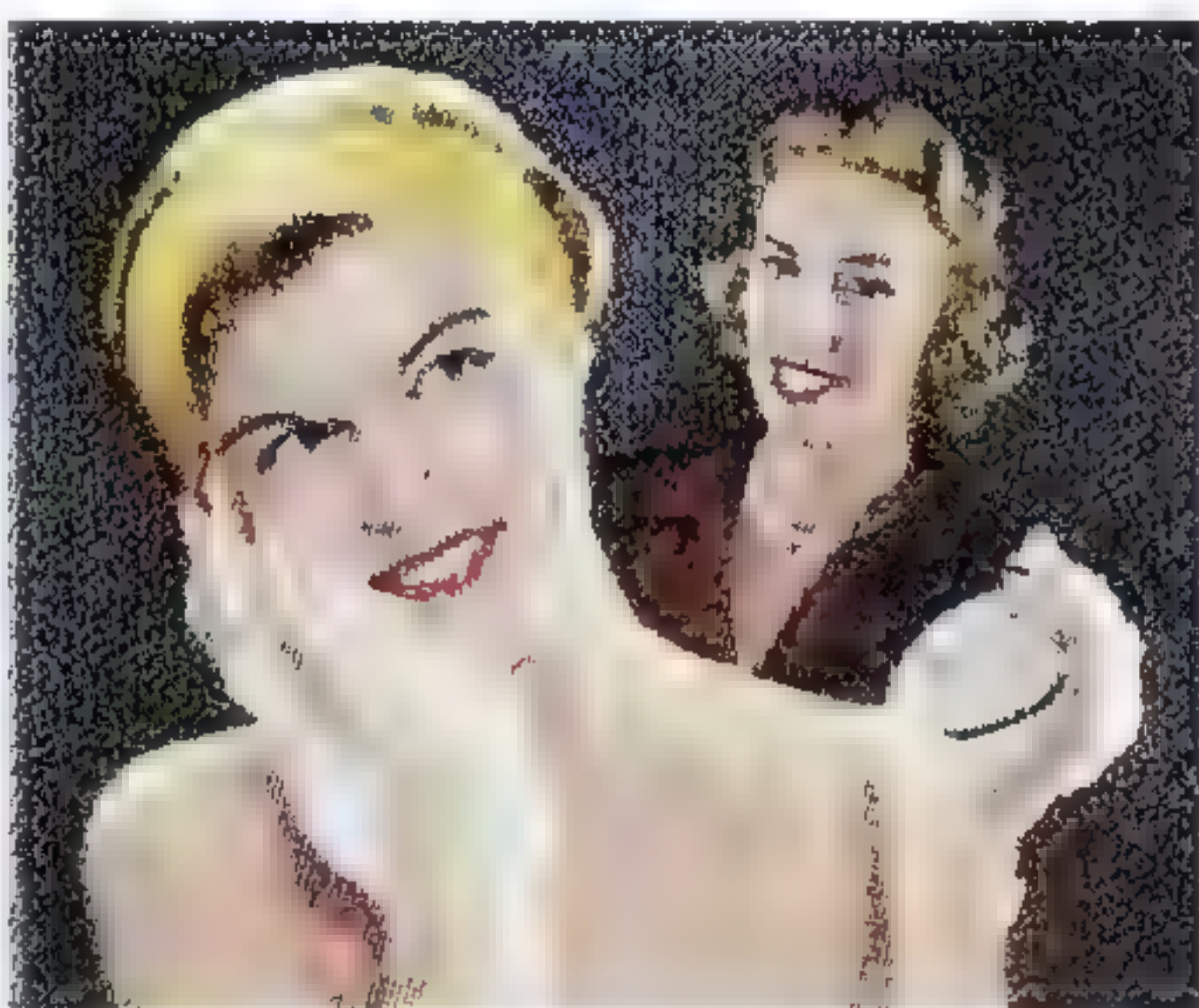
CONOVER SCHOOL, NEW YORK

says

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"



"Regular beauty care is good business, and with Cashmere Bouquet it's so easy. Watch your skin thrive on its 3-way beauty care!" says Candy Jones.



Cleans cleaner than creams. Your skin is so much cleaner when you use Cashmere Bouquet! No cream film!



Stimulates with no astringent sting, when you stroke Cashmere Bouquet's mild lather over your skin.



Softens without lotion stickiness. Leaves normal, dry or oily skin naturally softer and smoother!

it gives your skin 3-way beauty care!

You can forget about greasy cleansing creams, sticky lotions, and stinging astringents! Because now, with just a cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, you can give your skin the beauty care of famous Conover students. This wonderful 3-way beauty care actually *cleans cleaner than creams . . . stimulates gently, softens and smooths your skin, too*. Just like using a whole

row of beauty products . . . but so much quicker and easier. Start today and watch *your skin thrive!*



REGULAR
OR BIG BATH SIZE



Front-opening Blond Oak console,
sculptured Swedish base, sliding tray.
Tambour-effect on panelled doors. #6345.

Nothing tells **your** love story like a **LANE!**

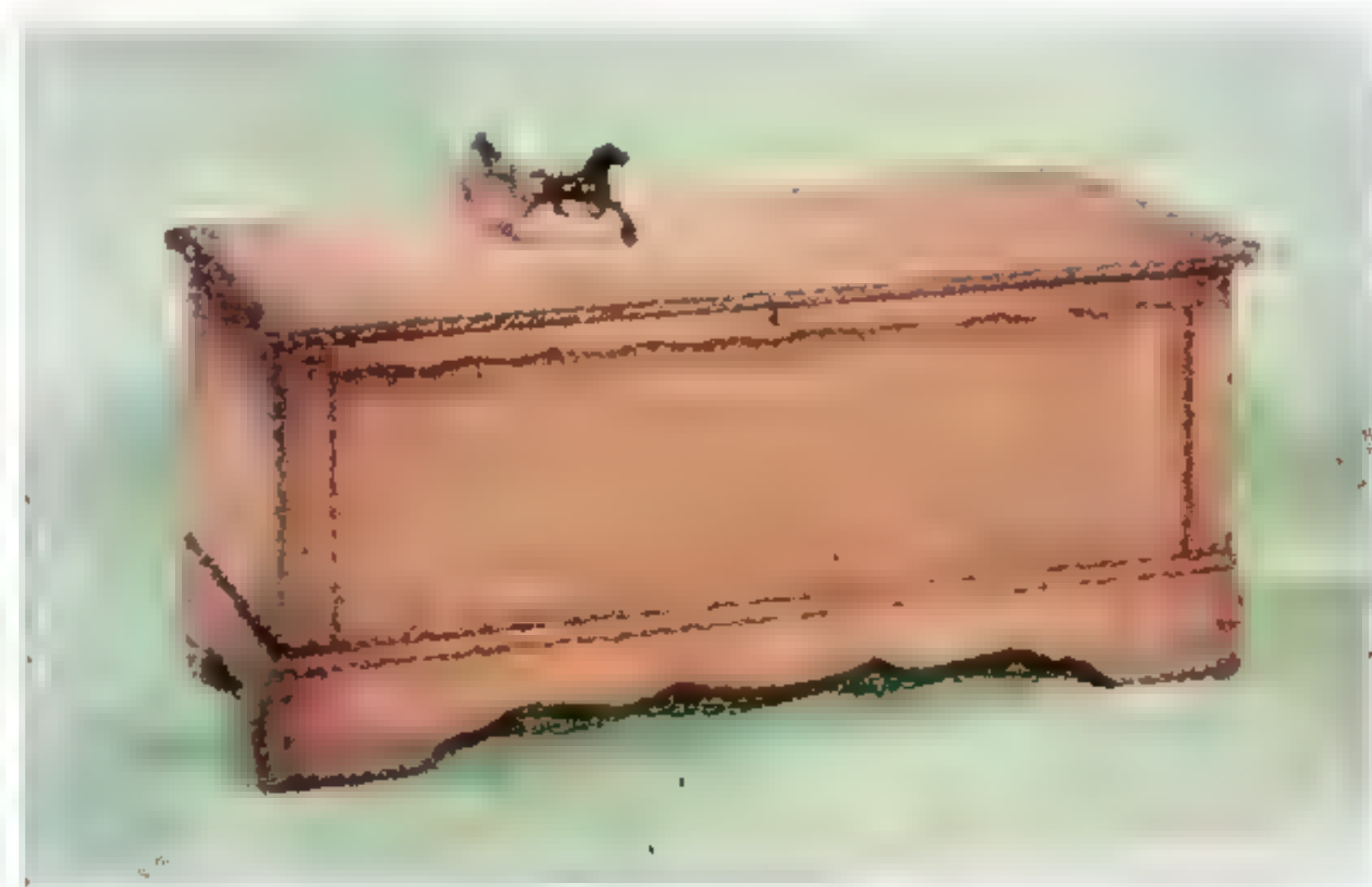
Every man knows you're actually two women: the one who dreams by candle-light, and the one who sets the alarm for morning chores. Your ring, your new dress speak of romance. Ironing board and linens tell of your practical side.

There's just one treasure that symbolizes your *entire* self: your Lane Cedar Chest.

As vivid a symbol of love as a diamond—yet night and day, it protects blankets and woolens as no other storage method.

A masterpiece of fine furniture, it solves home-planning problems, collects trousseau treasures. Nothing tells so much about you as a woman—both before and after marriage—as a Lane.

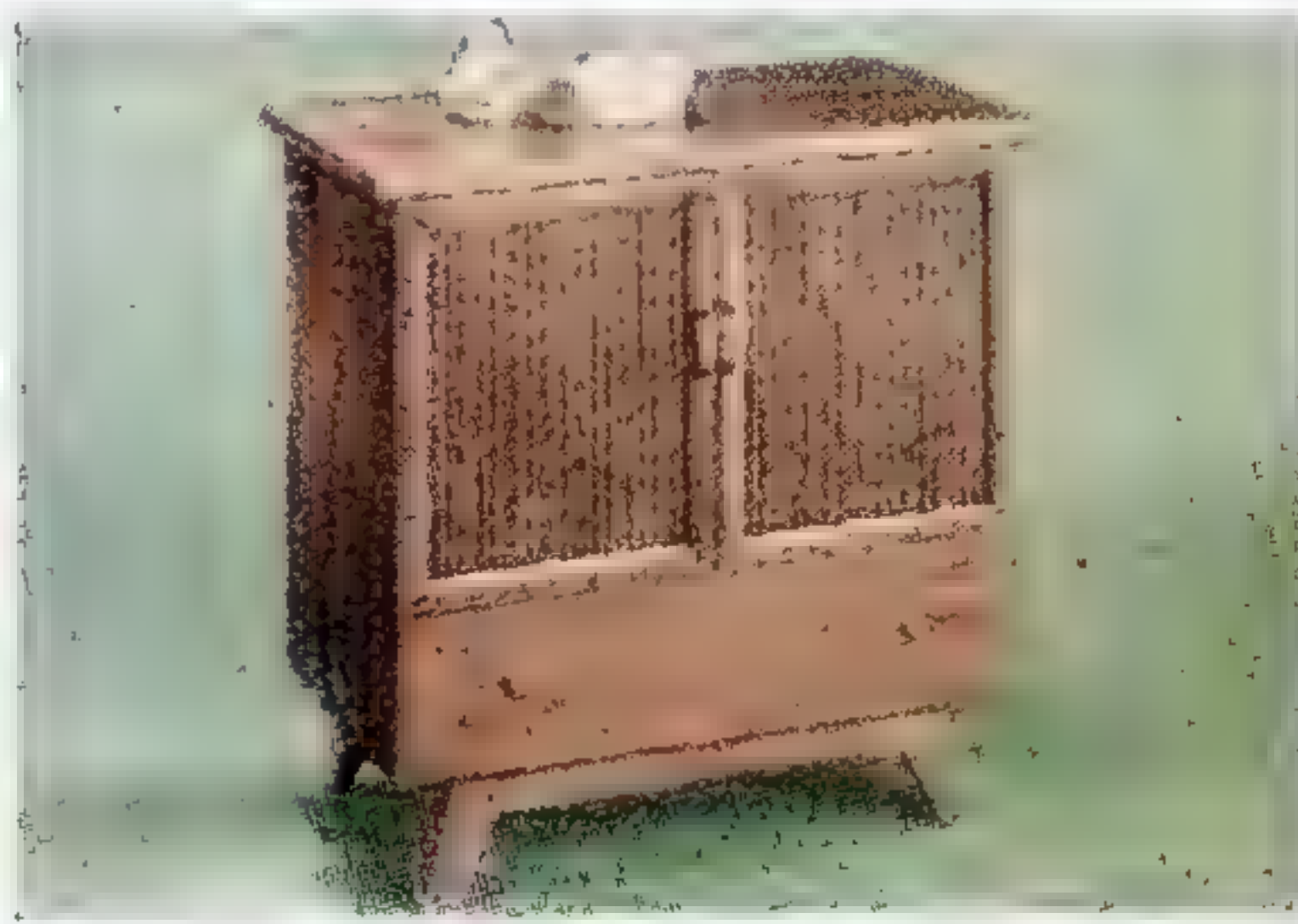
Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, airtight cedar chest. Made of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations with a free moth-protection guarantee, underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Co., Inc., Dept. Z, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.



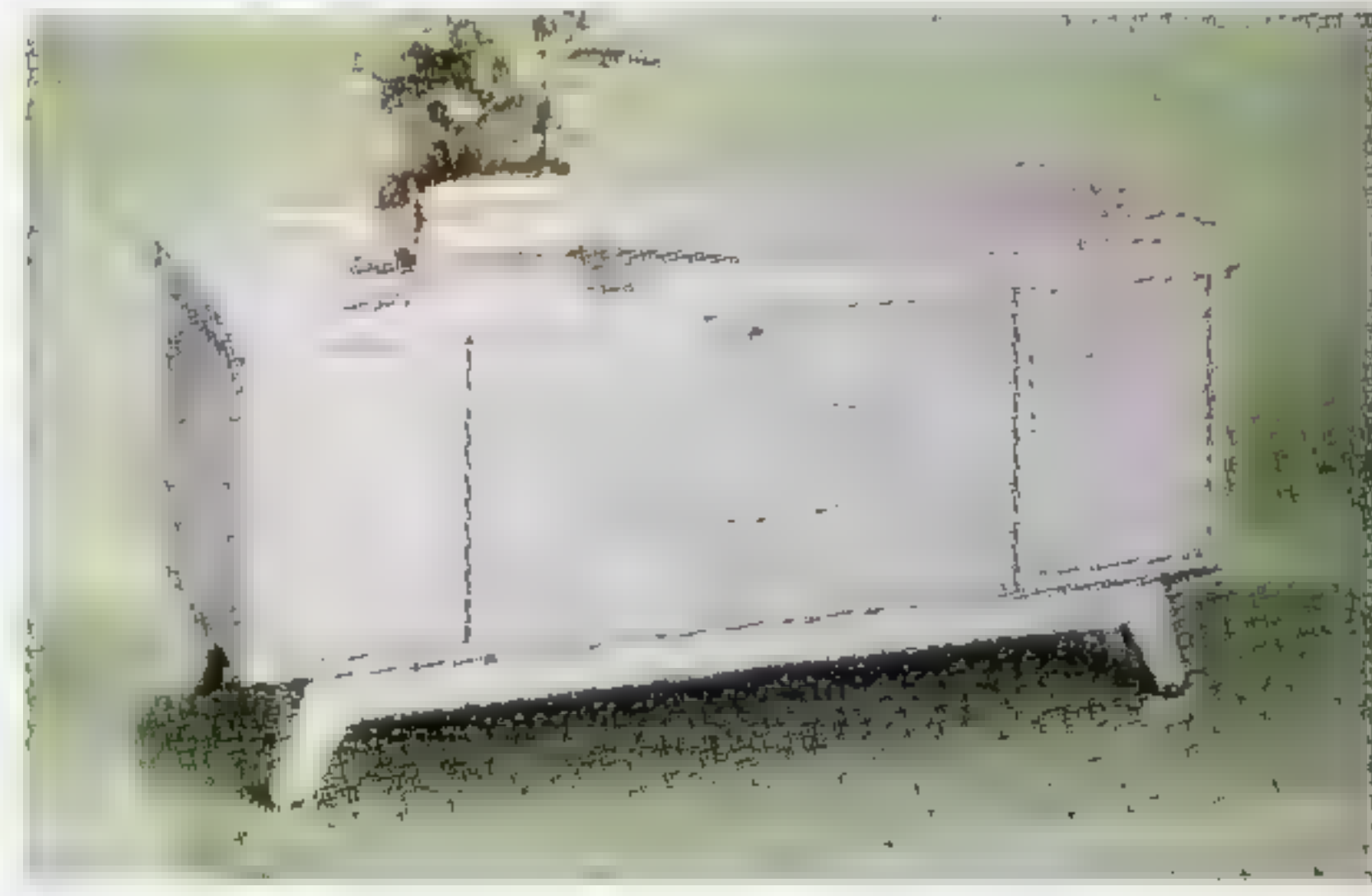
Lovely Colonial look in mellow Maple. Hand-rubbed satin finish. Rich solid Maple trim. Opens from the top. Self-lifting tray. #6241.



Modern design in Seafoam, brass accents. Serpentine front on base drawer. Also Pearl Gray, Cordovan, or Charcoal Mahogany. #6164.



Smart modern style in Softone Walnut, with roomy base drawer; tambour-effect simulated doors. Also in charming Blond Oak. #6063.



Pearl Mahogany matched front chest, self-lifting tray. Also in Blond Oak, Seafoam Mahogany and Softone Walnut finish. #6071.

At leading furniture and department stores everywhere

LANE Cedar Chests start at \$49.95 Easy Terms

Over 100 styles and finishes • Also makers of Lane Tables

YOUNG IDEAS:

RECORDS

what's spinning?



Beautiful British star Yana, with our phonograph find of the month. A handsome portable, so completely automatic it does everything but select your records. This with fine tone, a scuff-proof, two-tone cabinet. Escort by Motorola. \$69.95. Yana's eye-catching overshirt in orange poplin with huge diamond insert embroidered in propeller design. About \$8. Matching Capri pants, about \$6. Sizes 7-15. By Jo Collins

For Where to Buy fashions see page 92

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

Now is the time to dust off our portable radios in preparation for warm-weather outings. Everyone's thoughts are naturally turned toward vacations and the chance to relax and catch up on the latest movies, plus what's spinning on the air and on our own turntables.

A must for that Saturday-night dancing party is the new Frank Sinatra album, "Songs for Swinging Lovers." Frank's "How About You" and "You Make Me Feel So Young" are a couple of the best tunes he has recorded to date. This new album promises to outsell his last album waxed for Capitol, "Wee Small Hours."

Chalk up another smash for Perry Como, with two great sides, "Juke Box Baby" and "Hot Diggity," on RCA Victor. Perry was born in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, on May 14, 1912. At fourteen, he was a barber's apprentice and, by the time he was twenty-one, he owned his own shop. While on a two-week vacation in Cleveland, Perry auditioned for Freddy Carlon's band and won a vocalist's berth. Two years later he joined Ted Weems, and remained with him until 1942, when the band broke up. Perry then signed with General Artist Corporation and soon after with RCA Victor. He waxed his first record for them in 1943. In 1945, Perry had his first big hit, "Till the End of Time." Other best-selling Como records include "Prisoner of Love," "When You Were Sweet Sixteen," "Because," "No Other Love" and "Temptation."

Ella Fitzgerald, a native of Newport News, Virginia, ran away from home to compete in an amateur hour at Harlem's Apollo Theatre. She won the contest, plus a job with Chick Webb and his orchestra, and remained with Webb until he died. Then she picked up the baton and led the band for the rest of the year. In 1940, Ella started out on her own and has since headlined at the Paramount Theatre

in New York, The Earle in Philadelphia, The Regal in Chicago, and many other major theatres throughout the country. She has been a Decca artist since the late 30s. Some of her hits include "Smooth Sailing," "Rough Riding," "Lullaby of Birdland," and "How High the Moon." All of these terrific numbers, plus six other "greats," have been included in her new Decca album, "Lullabies of Birdland."

For your collection:

Got all ten? If so, you're hot. If you have eight, you're warm. Only got six? Then you must be getting the cold shoulder from the gang.

1. Eddie Fisher does it again with a new one for RCA Victor, "Without You" and "No Other One." Will he ever stop?
2. "You're Wrong, All Wrong," sung by Eileen Rogers on the Columbia label. You won't go wrong if you get this.
3. Carl Perkins' first record for the Sun label, "Blue Suede Shoes." A rock 'n' roll Western.
4. On Decca, Jeri Southern has a new one called "Kiss and Run." Latch on to this one.
5. Frank Sinatra with "Flowers Mean Forgiveness" and "You'll Get Yours," on the Capitol label.
6. "Let's Go Steady," on the Pilgrim label, sung by Cindy Lord and Lindy Doherty.
7. The Cletones follow-up of "You Baby You," on the Gee label is coming up fast: "Little Girl of Mine."
8. "The Magic Touch," on Mercury, sung by The Platters. This is their third big number in a short time.
9. On Coral Records, pert Teresa Brewer has recorded "Bo Weevil." I'll give you seven days to add this to your collection.
10. M-G-M's Joni James has a new album, "In the Still of the Night," a must for anyone who likes this thrush.

PHOTOPLAY STAR

FASHIONS



head starts to beach glamour

ABOVE RIGHT: Bright colored floral print splashed on a white rubber cap—light, soft, completely watertight. U. S. Royal. \$1.50

ABOVE LEFT: Sleek rubber cap that takes a dive with no water damage. Embossed design a pretty plus. Rose, white, blue. Playtex. \$1

ABOVE LEFT: White rubber cap with a pastel wreath of rhinestone-centered daisies to frame the face. Sava-Wave by Kleinert. \$5

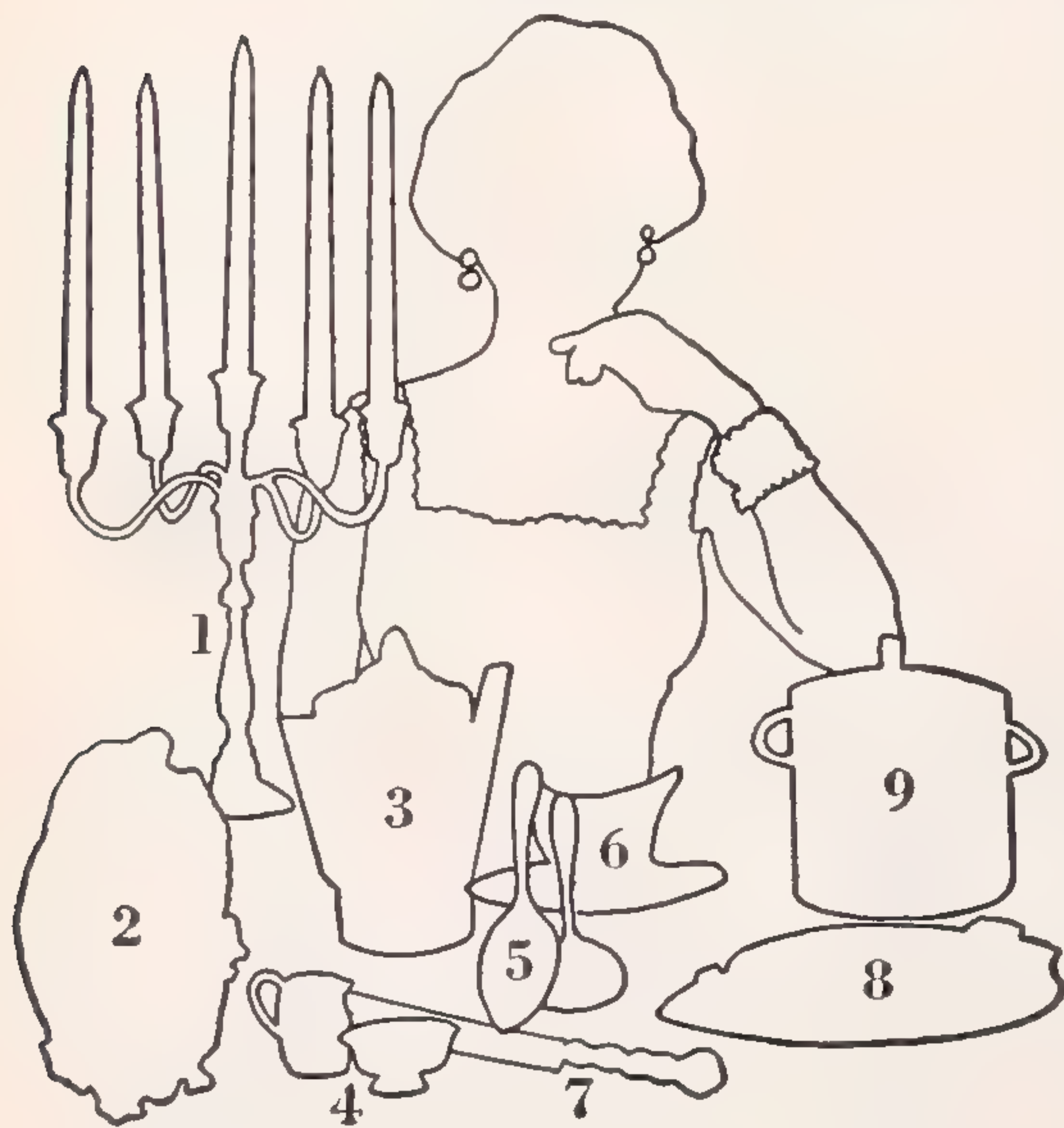
ABOVE CENTER: A field of flowers, each sparked with brilliants, and guaranteed waterproof. Most colors. Kleinert. \$8.95

ABOVE RIGHT: Trim scalloped rubber cap, its trio of white posies a pretty beach conceit. Inner watertight seal. Jantzen. \$1.98

To buy, write stores listed on page 92

To Cherish for a Lifetime Silver gifts and fashions

shown on page 65



ELEGANT WHITE SHEATH DRESS, here a shaft of textured piqué combined with a frosty camisole bodice of Venice lace. 10-18. Carol Craig. \$17.95. The jewelry: Marvella's lustrous pretend pearls. Double strand bracelets (worn grouped), each \$10†; dewdrop earrings, \$2†

†plus Federal tax See stores listed on page 92

1 Five-arm candelabra, charming keynote in any room, adaptable to eight uses down to a single low candlestick. Towle Sterling. \$75*

2 Exquisite sterling silver bowl in the delicately ornate Duchess Chantilly pattern. For fruit, posies or whatever. By Gorham. \$50*

3 Mayfair 12-cup coffee server, wooden-handled, in an ingenious satiny metal impervious to wear, tarnish, stain. By Kensington. \$52.50

4 Reed & Barton's handsome Early American creamer and sugar bowl in gleaming silverplate—to hold posies or mints as well. Both, \$8.95*

5 Serving pieces in the Romance pattern for a note of elegance. Pierced pie server, \$5, and round server, \$3.50. By Holmes & Edwards

6 Contemporary lines shape a silverplate sauce bowl and tray for gravy, toppings, relishes. Flair pattern. 1847 Rogers Bros. \$16.50*

7 For the wedding cake, a sterling silver knife in the delicately scalloped Tara pattern that blends with any décor. Reed & Barton. \$21*

8 Leading a double life—covered serving dish, rattan-handled, in Flair pattern silverplate. A world of uses. 1847 Rogers Bros. \$24.75*

9 Contemporary silverplate ice bucket, large two-quart size, with a thermos liner for hot or cold. Oneida's Heirloom "700". \$63.25*

*including Federal tax At most fine stores

The Wonderful World of Marisa Pavan

(Continued from page 41)

accustomed to displays of screen passion tottered in their tracks, and a long, whined "Ah-h-h" rose from the spectators. There is no record that Peck's famed *savoir-faire* was greatly disturbed—his eyes were seen to blink rapidly.

Now comes the most interesting aspect of the episode—one which sheds a revealing light upon this sweet daughter of Italy. When asked about it, a deep, instantaneous flush mounted to the roots of Marisa's dark hair and her brown eyes fell. "I do not wish to talk about that," she murmured in an almost inaudible whisper. (Such modesty in Hollywood almost impossible to find, and should be saluted with at least thirty seconds' silent respect.)

Mr. Nunnally Johnson, no man to strew roses before unworthy feet, was emphatic in his praise of Marisa's acting, and in his approval of her outgoing personality. "Marisa has a fine talent," he said. "She might go further and say she has a remarkable one. And, in addition to that, she has that priceless asset, a beautiful speaking voice. The first day on the set, I observed that she did the correct thing instinctively. She knew timing, the right intervals of pause."

"In her role, I wanted Marisa to portray a young Italian girl of the town—not a street girl, mind you—but one who had to compromise with life because she and those dependent upon her were hungry. How that girl played it! Like an old pro. You could feel hunger coming out of her with every line she spoke, every gesture she made."

"Marisa has about the loveliest eyes I ever saw. One day, I showed her a pair of cufflinks my wife had given me. They were extraordinary because they showed a woman's eyes, set in enamel and gold. 'I've had your eyes copied,' I told Marisa. Of course, she is enormously shy, but she thinks she liked the compliment."

Speaking of her work with Gregory Peck in "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Marisa said, "I used to see Gregory in movies when I was growing up in Italy, and he was always my ideal. I would imagine the most exquisite pleasure that would be mine if I were an actress and had an opportunity to play in a scene with him. Of course, it was only a dream, and like most wonderful things we dream about, not likely to come true. And then, one day on the set of 'The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit,' I suddenly remembered my dream and gasped to myself: 'Dreams do come true. Oh, they do! They do!'"

"Now that has become my philosophy," Marisa continued. "I firmly believe that if one wants something hard enough and does something about it, almost inevitably that dream will be realized. It is the same with the wisest dreams without action that break the heart."

In a community where physical loveliness is almost taken for granted, Marisa Pavan presents a refreshing variance from this casual attitude. Not alluring by the standards which titillate young and old, whenever Marilyn Monroe's blond beauty is flashed upon the screen, there is something in Marisa's olive-skinned, small triangular face—a shining spiritual quality which remains in the mind long after you have seen her. Her dark, luminous eyes look out with almost childish innocence upon a complex world. One would expect to find her running barefoot in the rain or hooking her shoeless toes over

air-rungs at dinner parties as, indeed, does.

Gadgetry of any kind delights but con-
es Marisa. Walking toward the 20th
nmissary with a studio representative
day, she passed her small Austin con-
table. A shower was threatening and
studio man expressed concern that
leather seats would be soaked. Ma-
shrugged. "What can one do? If it
ns, it rains."

He walked over to the car and flipped
the canvas, expressly designed for
h emergencies, which was hidden be-
d the seats. She was thrilled. "I never
ew it was there," she exclaimed happily.
America has opened up a bright new
rld to Marisa. In the past few years,
has changed from a shy, unhappy
th into a beautiful, gay butterfly and
loving every moment of her exciting
y life. As for her whirlwind social
she said, "In Italy, boys and girls do
have dates like they do here. They
out in groups, but if not in groups,
y are always accompanied by an older
mber of the family. But in America,"
smiled, making an expressive motion
h her hands, "they are free as the
"

Does she approve of this greater lib-
y? "Oh, yes. It is delightful." Then
added, "The boys here are so different.
They are more independent. In
ly, the boys do more what their parents
them. I like this better."

he person with whom she has most
oyed this new freedom is Jean Pierre
mont. Before they finally admitted
y were engaged, it was well-nigh im-
sible to coax easily frightened Marisa
o saying anything about their "friend-
p." However, it was easy enough to
this was more than a casual relation-
sp. For example, a publicity man at
h who—like others in his trade—can
l revelations in downcast eyes, said:
uring the making of 'The Man in the
ay Flannel Suit,' Marisa was working
Stage 15 and Jean Pierre was working
Stage 5, at opposite ends of the lot.
etween scenes, however, they often man-
ed to be together. Guys and dolls don't
that just to talk about the new books
y've read or to work on crossword
uzzles." And, every time they appeared
ether in public—even though they tried
shy away from the spotlight, it became
creasingly evident that what had started
as just a whiff of romantic smoke had
bzied into a four-alarm fire.

ean Pierre had returned to Hollywood
co-star with Jean Simmons and Guy
dison in "Hilda Crane." It was then
t he first met Marisa, and in no time at
a they were smitten with each other's
arms.

At first, whenever she was asked to talk
out Jean Pierre, Marisa would blush
al say little. After a while, she an-
sured such queries by quoting the fam-
os song from "Oklahoma!": "People will
s we're in love."

So they were, and on March 27, in San-
t Barbara, with only their closest rela-
tes present, Marisa and Jean Pierre were
vd in a civil ceremony, then took off for
Hawaii on their honeymoon. After that,
y planned to go to Rome and be mar-
d again in a religious ceremony.

While Marisa's romance and sudden
marriage was a pretty well kept secret,
b Hollywood standards, her advent in
ptures has been by no means as myste-
rus. Nor has it been a comfortable bed
oroses. Her twin sister, Pier Angeli,
hl long been a star in the Hollywood
nament and Marisa, too shy to beat
h own drums, permitted her less spec-
tular, more thoughtful personality to
be obscured by the volatile, ebullient

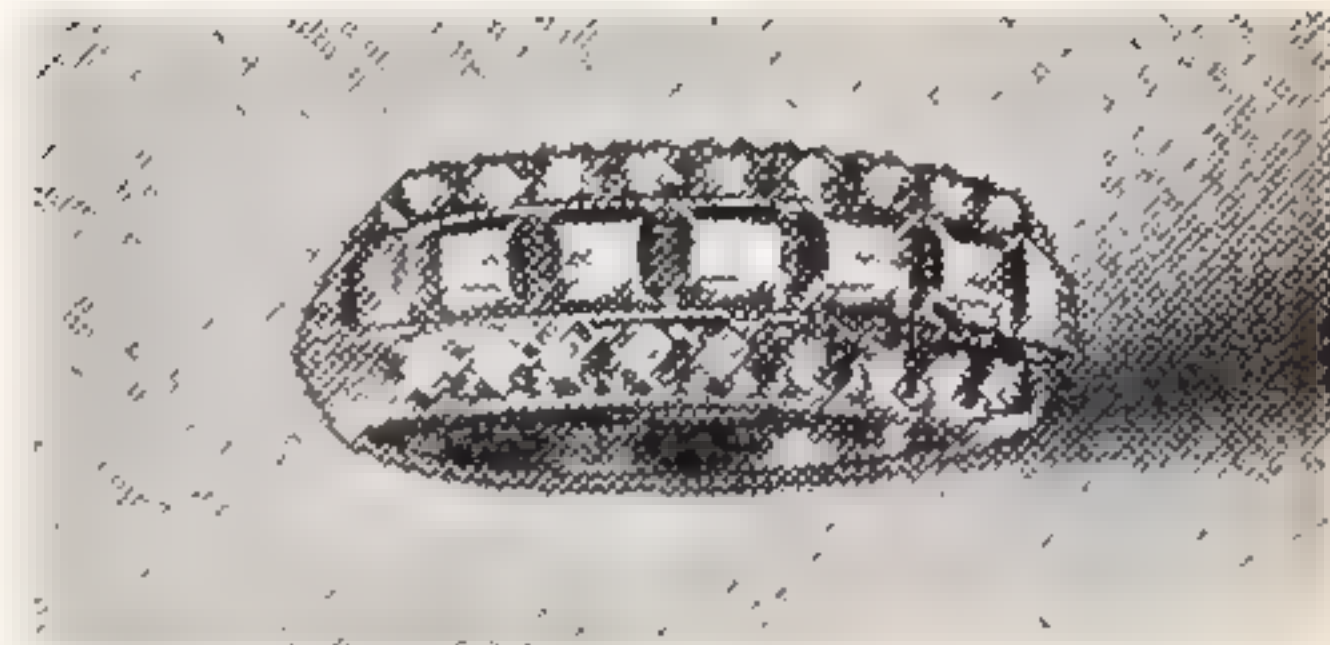
for the wedding-minded...

RINGS TO CHERISH ALWAYS

Sparkling eleven-diamond matchmates in
gold bowknot setting designed to enhance
size, brilliance. Feature Lock. \$175 the set



Wedding band (or engagement ring) in
gleaming white palladium, baguettes edged
by round diamonds. Wax & Skolnik. \$215*



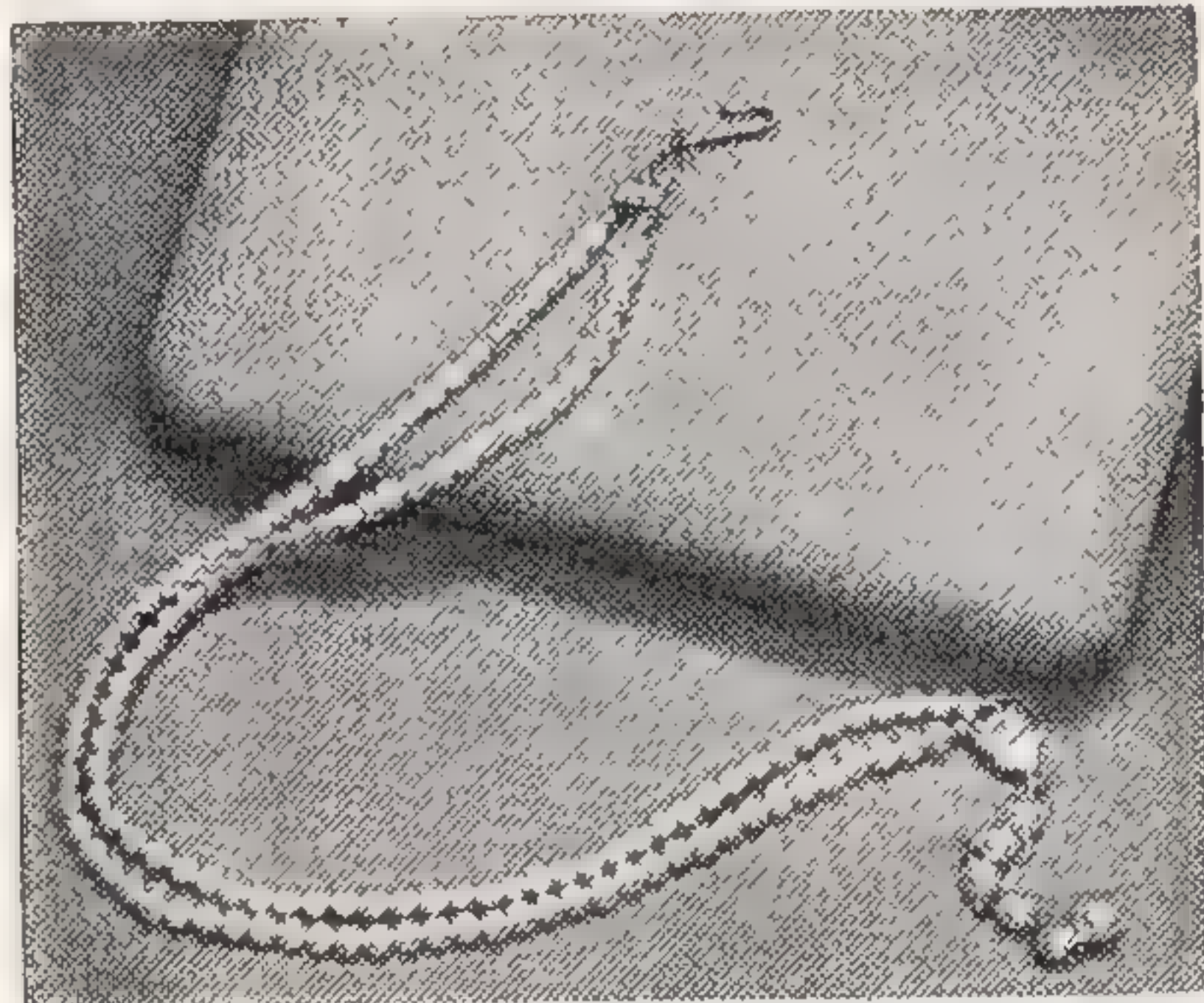
Matching 14-karat yellow-gold wedding
bands, delicately sculptured design. Duettes
by Columbia. Bride's, \$19.75*; groom's, \$30*



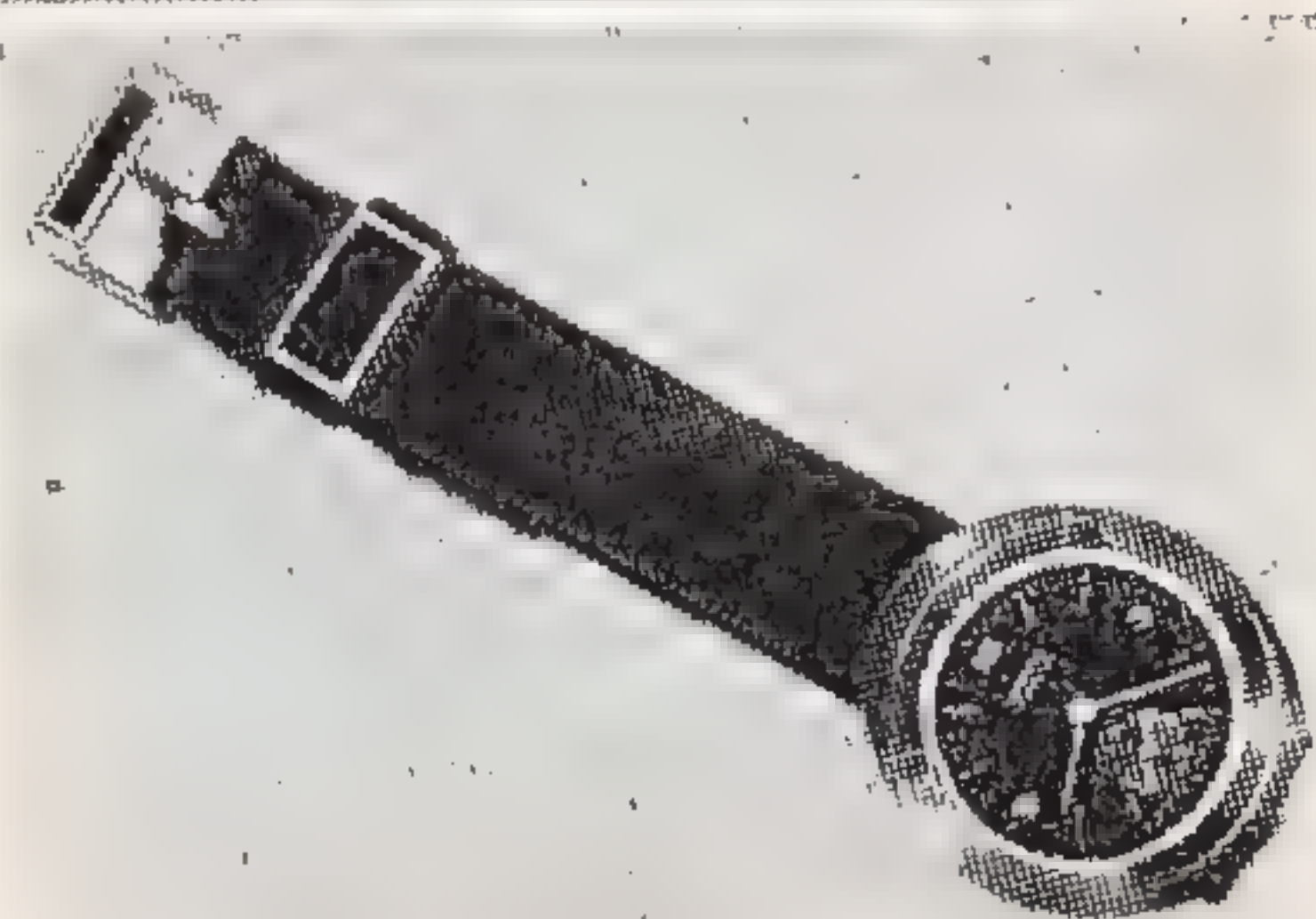
GIFTS FOR THE WEDDING PARTY

Best wishes for the maid of honor—a link
bracelet and pendant set with Swiss watch
edged in mother-of-pearl. Harvester. \$19.95*

Bridesmaid's double-strand simulated pearl
necklace, with adjustable rhinestone clasp.
In brocade gift box. By Deltah. \$11.50



Perfect timing for the best man—a wafer-
thin, black faced watch in golden metal case.
Cushioned strap. Harvester Watch. \$12.95*

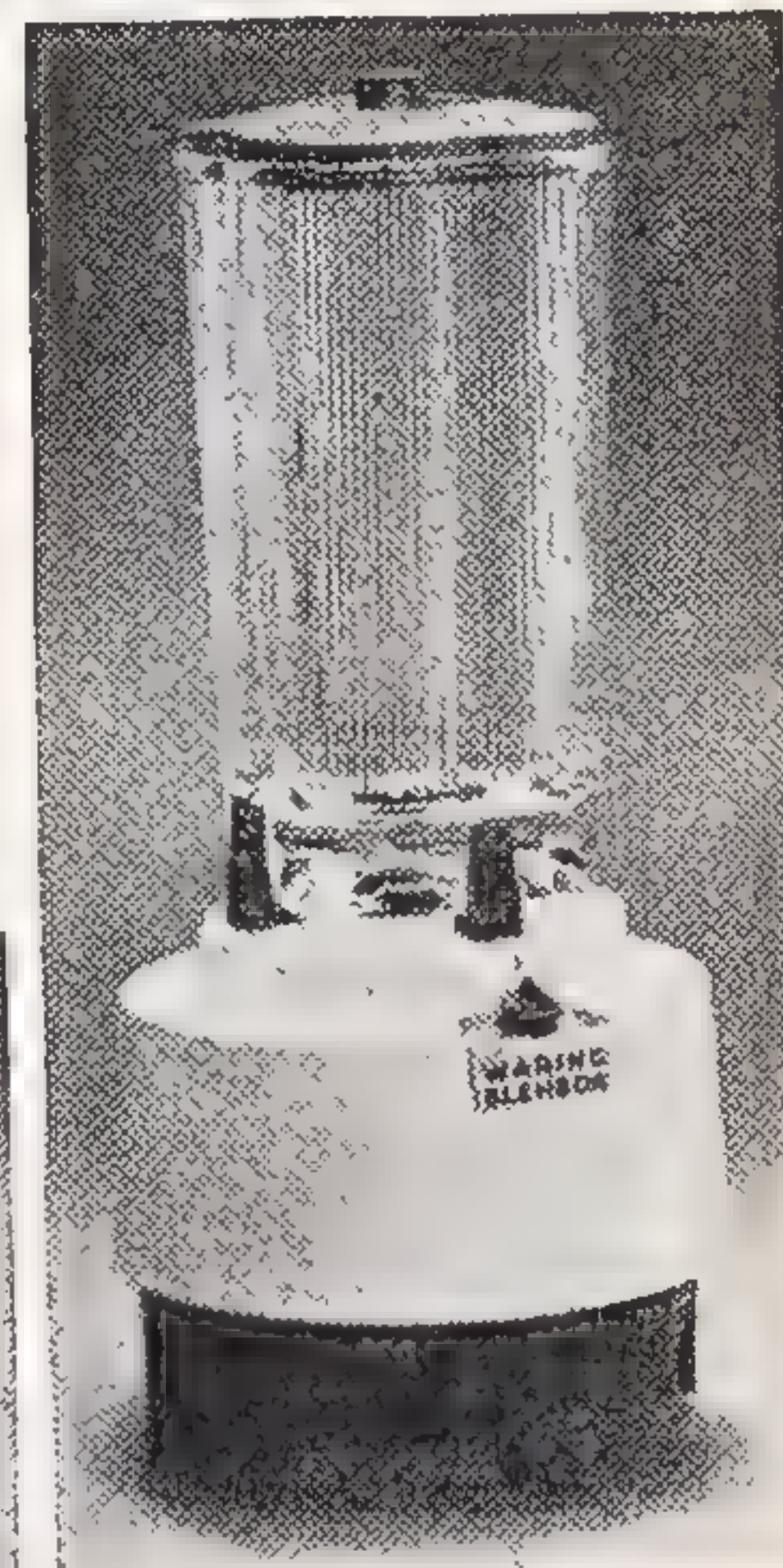
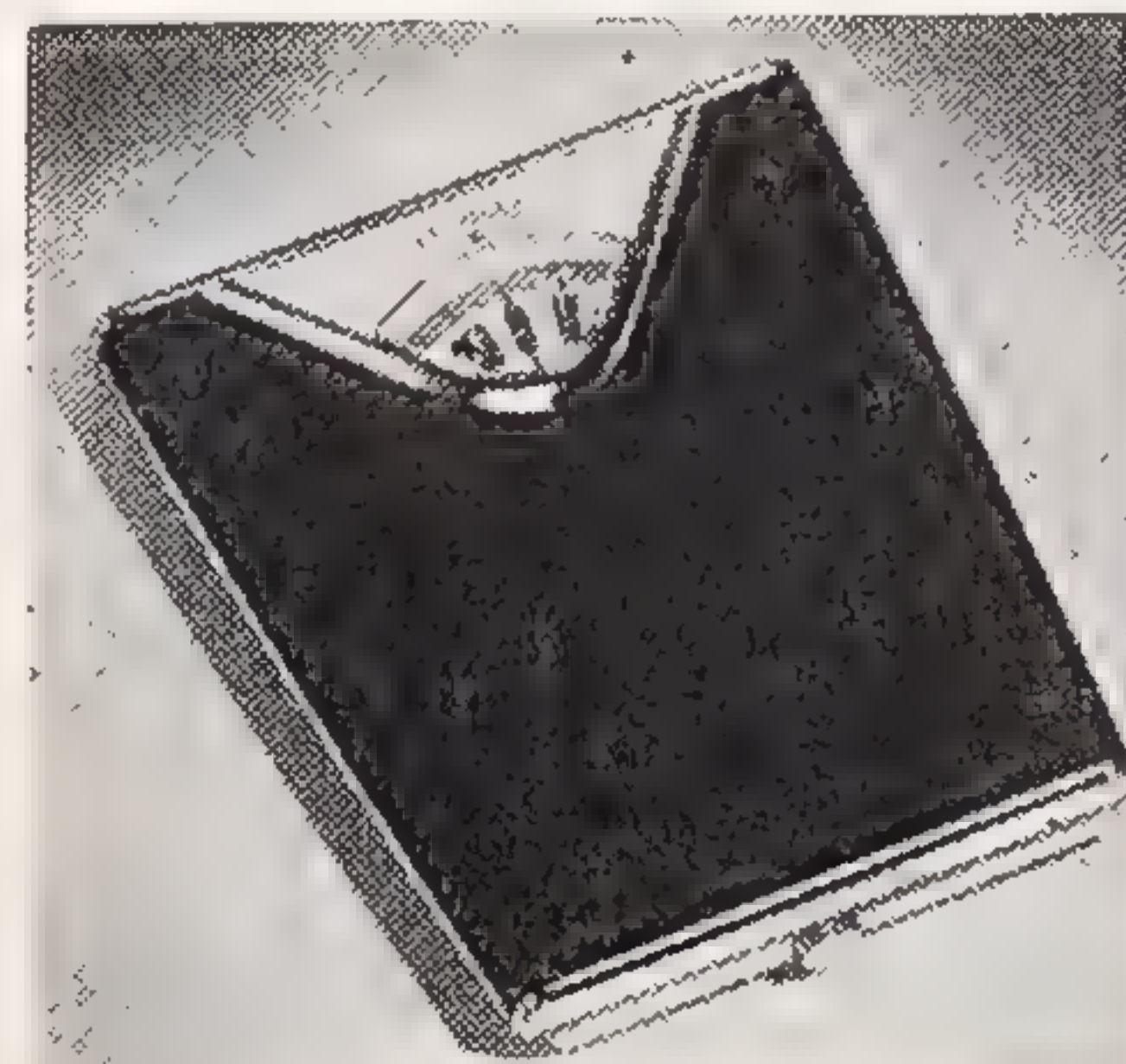


HEAD STARTS FOR YOUNG-MARRIEDS

Color for the kitchen—a petal-pink enamel
toaster, ebony-sided for contrast. Toast to
your taste in seconds. Westinghouse. \$23.95

Handy blender with a wealth of uses, two
speed control. The base in sturdy plastic,
a 37-oz. Pyrex jar. Waring Blendor. \$44.95

Weighty problems solved with a trim, sleek
bath scale. Smart black or colored platform,
gleaming metallic trim. By Borg Scale. \$15†



* plus Federal tax

† slightly higher west of Denver

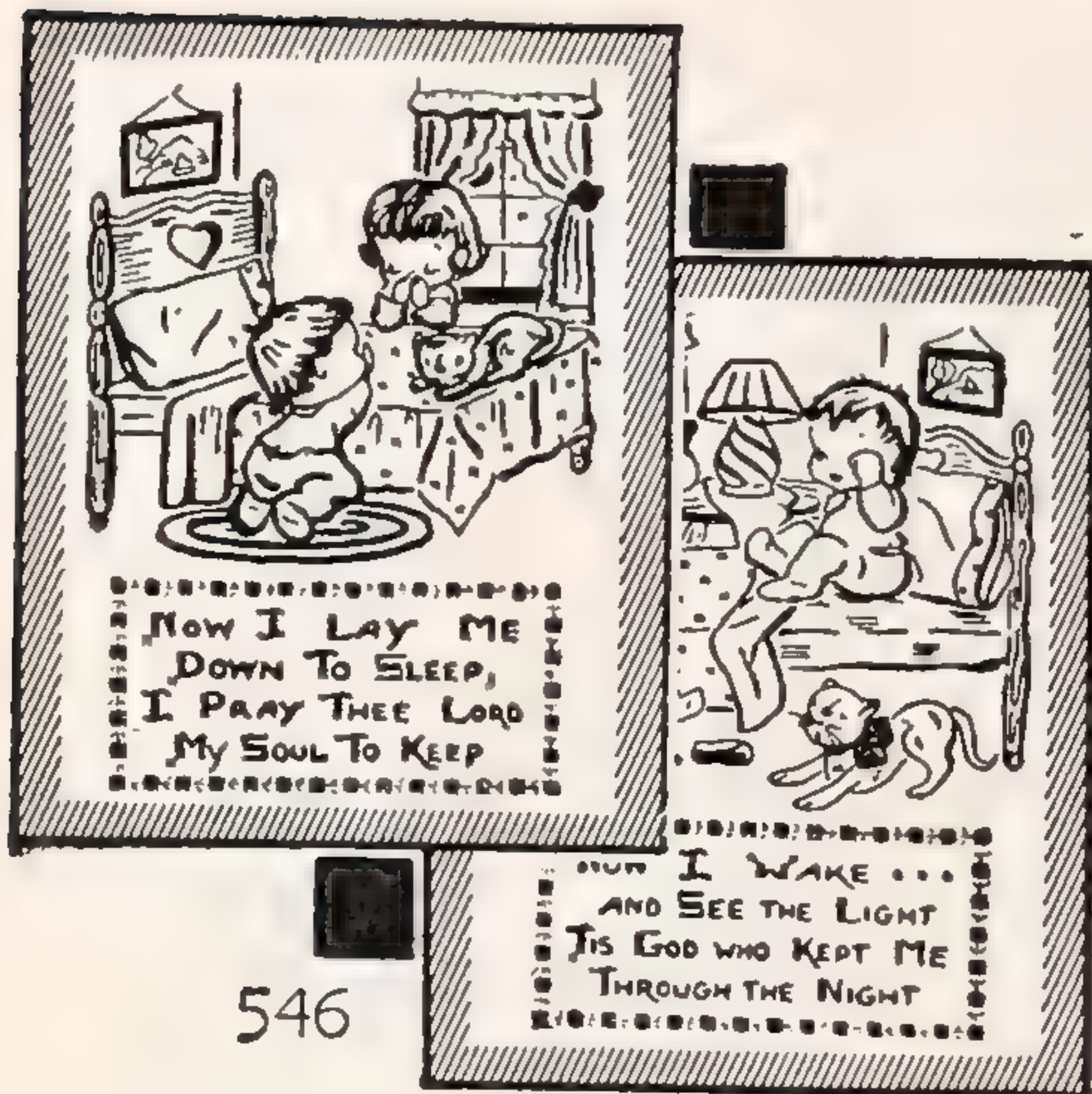
NEEDLE NEWS

7301—Just two main pattern parts to this gay, cool maternity top. Make two—trim one with embroidery, other with rickrack. Maternity misses' sizes 12-20. Tissue pattern; transfer. State size.

7076—Colorful birds of every state are embroidered on this unusual quilt. Diagrams, transfers of all forty-eight states' birds included. Quilt measures 72 by 102 inches.



7076



546

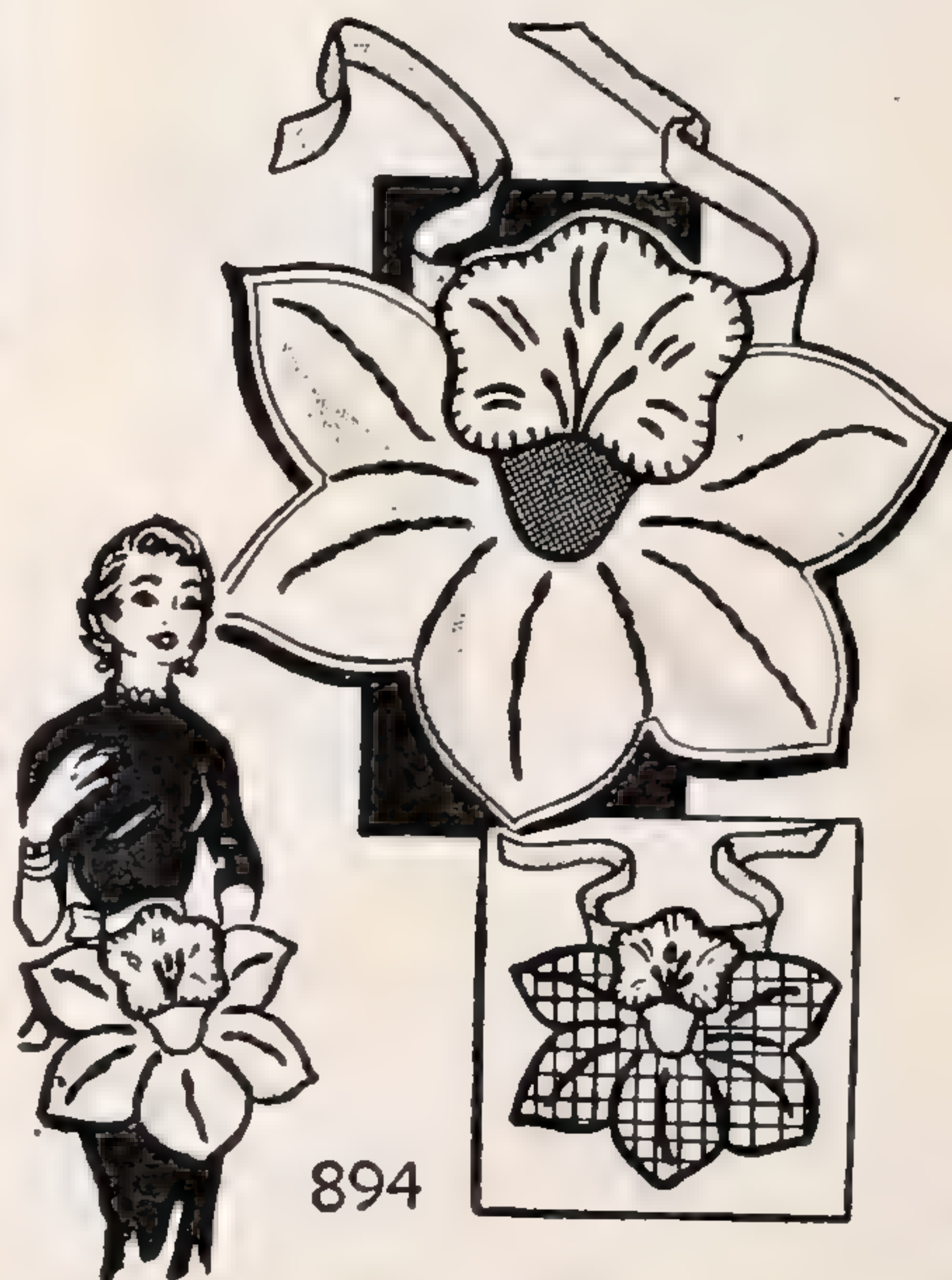
546—Two pretty wall panels to decorate a child's room. Charming scenes of daytime and nighttime prayer—in colorful embroidery. Embroidery transfers, directions for making twin panels, each 9 by 12 inches.

697—Three little doilies so easy to crochet! Three designs (7½ and 8 inches) to crochet in No. 50 mercerized cotton. To increase size, use either No. 30 or bedspread cotton.



697

894—A life-like flower is this lovely serving apron—sew-easy to make from remnants! Embroidery transfers, directions for making "flower" apron 16 inches long.



894

7301
SIZES
12-20

Pier. However, no strife existed between the sisters. The opposite was true. They had always been very close, as two usually are. But Marisa had never shown any definite indications as to what she really wanted to do with her life. The father, Luigi Pierangeli, a construction engineer, adhered to the traditional La concept that woman's real mission in the world was to become a good wife and mother. He wanted his daughters to be reared as young ladies of culture and refinement, dabbling possibly, in such genteel activities as interior decorating, perhaps, a little painting. He was shocked and grieved when Pier, who could always wind him about her finger, expressed her determination to become an actress. Marisa, however, was content to live under the shadow of her father's dominating and masterful personality. That shadow was to hang over her in the form of her sister's sudden rise to stardom in Hollywood, where the family came soon after Luigi Pierangeli's sudden death.

"Pier couldn't help me," Marisa explained. "I myself wasn't sure that I wanted to be an actress. I liked to write poetry and thought that possibly, if God willed it, I might become fairly good at that medium. But it wasn't Pier's fault that nothing happened to me in pictures. She couldn't give me the incentive that didn't seem to have myself."

But one night at a party, Marisa met Don Hartman, production manager at Paramount Studios. He had been observing her thoughtfully for some time, and he suddenly asked: "How would you like to have a picture career yourself, Marisa?"

Marisa was there when the studio gates opened. Hartman talked to her at length and then, to her utter amazement, offered her a stock contract.

The next day she began her training in English diction, singing and dancing. (Dancing came quite easily, for in Rome she was quite unknown to Luigi Pierangeli, her mother had secretly arranged for Marisa to take dancing lessons.) "The training program was so wonderful for me," she said. "The days went by like hours. I was always sorry when it came time to go home at night."

And then, without the slightest warning, the first great blow fell. The U. S. Immigration Department ruled that because she was in this country on a visitor's visa only, Marisa could not be employed. Pier's case was quite different, they said. She had come for a definite role and so was permitted to work.

There it was again, Marisa thought unhappily. The sun always shines for Pier. She gets the icing off the cake. Everything good happens to her.

The following year was one of pain and frustration. But during this time an adjustment was made with the immigration authorities and as a result Marisa was offered a term contract with 20th and Century-Fox. Her role in "What Price Glory," starring James Cagney, Corinne Calvet and Dana Dailey. Then soon afterward, her contract with Twentieth was cancelled.

Once more, Marisa hovered in the outer cold, staring through the windows where people more fortunate than she feasted on the sweets of the world. It was at this low ebb in her life that her mother, fearing the mental state into which Marisa had plunged, took her to Italy on a vacation. There in the warm Latin air and among the friends of her childhood she learned her first great lesson, which was that the sun always shines for those who look for it and have faith. With this new-found philosophy, to which she clung almost desperately, came a chance to do an Italian picture, "I Have Chosen Love."

(Continued on page 82)

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog.

**LIGHT UP
A LUCKY**
it's light-up time



LUCKY FANS. With Luckies along, you're 'way ahead of the game. You see, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco—good-tasting tobacco that's **TOASTED** to taste even better. Outdoors or indoors, Luckies are the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

LUCKIES
TASTE BETTER
Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

PHOTOPLAY AMERICAN DESIGNER PATTERNS



pleated camisole dress

AMERICAN DESIGNER PATTERN #1084 D

Tina Leser, famous designer of elegant fashions, styles a light-hearted dress, easy-as-pie to sew. The bodice is sleek and molded, emphasizing the soft fullness of a pleated top with band that ties at the shoulder. Floating skirt makes waistline even tinier. Use plain or printed cotton, frothy lawn.

Sizes 10-18. Size 10 or 12 requires
5 3/8 yards of 36-inch fabric;
4 3/4 yards of 39-inch fabric.

sailor-collar beauty

AMERICAN DESIGNER PATTERN #1102 D

Trim, smart lines shape an eye-stopping dress designed by famous Joset Walker. A beginner's dream, it's made via a short-cut system with collar cut in one piece with the bodice, selvedge edging, a dart-shaped bodice. Sew it in spanking cotton, linen, denim or any reversible summer fabric.

Sizes 12-20. Size 12 or 14 requires
4 1/8 yards of 36-inch fabric;
3 3/4 yards of 50-inch fabric.

These patterns are hand-cut to Designer measurements. Check the figures below for your best fit.

BUST	34	35	36 1/2	38	40	42
WAIST	24	25	26 1/2	28	30	32
HIPS	35	36	37 1/2	39	41	43
SIZE	10	12	14	16	18	20



(Continued from page 80)

After this was finished, and encouraged by the experience gained, Marisa returned to the United States. Almost at once she found a role in a picture titled "Case File, FBI" with Broderick Crawford. Following this she did some television shows and then "Drum Beat" with Alan Ladd.

Since she obviously could not appear in pictures under her own name, Pierangeli (her sister having already adopted it), Marisa was forced to find another. Seeking one which would have a euphonious sound when coupled with Marisa, she thought of an old family friend, a general in the Italian Army, whose name was Pavan. She asked his permission to use it in her motion picture career and received a gracious letter of consent.

Soon after finishing "Drum Beat," Marisa read Tennessee Williams' "The Rose Tattoo." Nothing had ever lifted her heart so much. She visualized herself playing Rosa, the daughter, and an unquenchable excitement rose in her mind. This was a dream—an impossible one, perhaps—but with her new philosophy, which told her that anything can happen if one believes deeply enough, the dream became so vivid that the role of Rosa assumed the proportions of reality to her.

A short time later, Marisa learned that Hal Wallis was to make the picture with Burt Lancaster and Anna Magnani. Breathlessly, she called her agent and demanded that he do something about securing the part for her. "Forget it," he said, "They're considering Pier."

"I won't," she cried, her still-shaky English becoming almost unintelligible in her excitement, "ze least zey can do is to geeve me a test. Then, if zey still want Pier, I'll be satisfied."

A short time later, the agent phoned her. "It turns out that Pier isn't available," he said. "Now, if they give you the test, act awful pretty, baby."

How "pretty" Marisa acted is attested by Nunnally Johnson. "I have seldom, if ever, seen a role more convincingly played," he said. "She was not daunted, in fact, she was right at home with that magnificent actress, Magnani. You can hardly say more than that."

Gregory Peck, in speaking of her work in "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," said: "Marisa is an extremely gifted young actress. I think she will certainly become an important star."

And, as a final salute to her great ability—the Academy Award nomination as best supporting actress of 1955.

Now on the dewy side of twenty-three, Marisa is trying to become as "American" as her eight-year-old sister, Patrizia, who considers herself to be definitely and positively American in all things. She also possesses a devastating sense of humor and delights in poking fun at Marisa's still-marked accent. "Don't talk like an Italian," she shouts.

"But what shall I do?" Marisa asks meekly.

"Just don't talk at all."

After four years in Hollywood and no longer frightened by big-name stars and directors, Marisa has somehow kept that magical quality which distinguishes the young in heart, despite all the acclaim and the publicity that are begining to beat upon her.

There is an old saying to the effect that almost anyone can stand failure but only the truly great can bear success. How will it effect this lovely little lady? Only time can tell. But at this stage of her young life it seems likely that, to parody the old song, she will "stay as sweet as she is."

THE END

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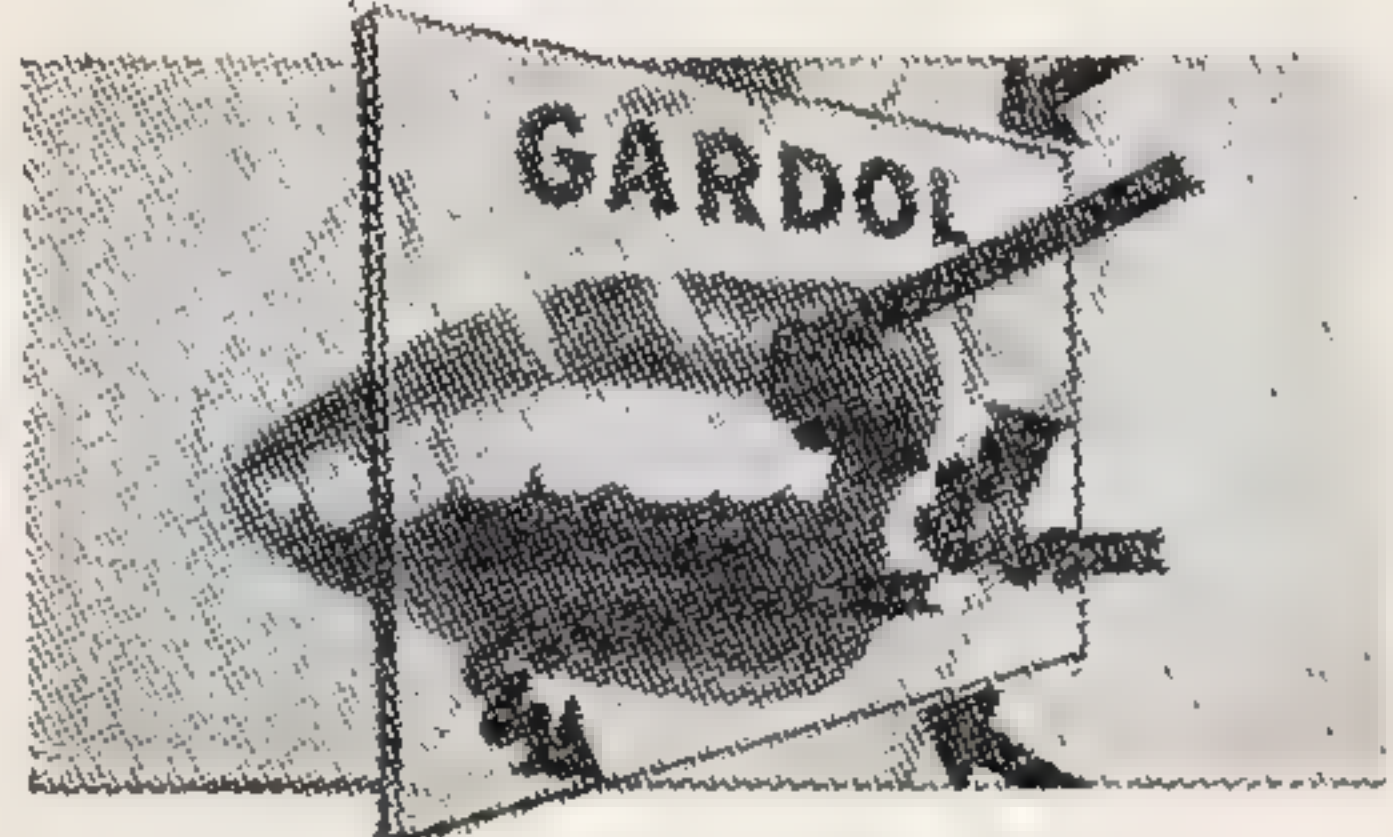
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against decay you get with
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FRANCHISED BY BUTLER BROTHERS • HEADQUARTERS IN CHICAGO

(Continued from page 57)

Pop Plays Post Office

Proof of how right you readers of PHOTOPLAY were in picking Pat Wayne as a star of tomorrow is the very glossy fact that in the last couple of months, Pat's dad has turned down more than \$100,000 in offers for the boy's service.

The second vivid proof is visible in "The Searchers," in which Pat has a small but showy role and plays it with humor and charm.

But the third proof of how sharply this boy has impressed the public is the one I like best. "Old man" John Wayne told me this one, at a party at Bob Mitchum's. Seems as how he, the old man, walked into his secretary's office one day recently and saw a pile of fan mail, the likes of which he hadn't glimpsed for months. Naturally, that pleased him, until he discovered that out of a couple of thousand letters, six were addressed to him, John Wayne. The others were addressed to Mr. Pat Wayne.

Old man, my eye! The handsome, vital Duke's a completely happy man these days, what with his oldest son, Mike, joining him in production, Pat proving to be a fine actor, his daughter, Toni, getting married, and Duke, himself, a brand-new father again. Pilar Wayne, the third Mrs. Wayne, adores her big, tall husband and he adores her. Tribute to the finesse of the Duke's personality, is the way he and Jo Wayne, his first wife, have collaborated over daughter Toni's wedding. Tribute to something pretty gallant on both their parts, too, is that Jo has never remarried, and when you encounter her at Hollywood parties she always says, "Is it true John's happy? I'm so glad."

Jo and John agree completely about Pat's future. He's only sixteen now. Duke thunders at him, turning down offers for him, "You'll finish college first. That will keep you from being my competition for four more years." "Sure, dad," Pat grins. He's a good student and he'll be out of college by the time he's twenty. Besides, Pat expects to pick up some small change during vacations. Something like \$50,000 this summer.

Designing Females

Hollywood's top clothes designers, such as Edith Head and Helen Rose, of Paramount and M-G-M respectively, are certainly keeping a sharp eye out for U. A.'s forthcoming film, "The Ambassador's Daughter." Edie, who has won more Oscars than anybody in the fashion end of Hollywood, has been busily engaged in dressing Audrey Hepburn. Helen Rose not only has the Grace Kelly trousseau to her credit, but has "The Opposite Sex" coming out to show what she can do with a fashion show.

However, "The Ambassador's Daughter" has Christian Dior—some \$50,000 worth of his dressmaking genius on the back of Olivia de Havilland, who up until now has never been distinguished for her chic. In fact, if M. Dior has succeeded in making Olivia look like a smartly-dressed woman, he is a genius, and that is just what Hollywood's designing women are afraid of.

All of "The Ambassador's Daughter" was shot in Paris, to give it more sartorial elegance. Gloria Swanson, now in the clothes designing business herself, was a frequent visitor to the set while she was in Paris this spring. It was to Gloria, his old friend from the earliest Paramount days, that Adolphe Menjou—who plays a gentleman of note in the film—confessed he didn't believe he could keep up his personal title of best-dressed man much longer. He admitted it cost him better than \$15,000 a year.

Gloria didn't let out a peep, but that didn't stop everybody from wondering how she felt as she looked at Olivia, now married to Frenchman Pierre Galante and very happy. Gloria gave up \$30,000 a week to marry a Frenchman—the Marquis de la Falaise de Coudray—and was also very happy. Not that Falaise insisted upon that, but this was in the good old days, before income tax, when \$30,000-a-week pay was also what you took home. In those days, Gloria thought she could get away with anything. She just about could, too. Who can blame her if she's a bit bitter now?

Tribute To A Star

Seeing Deborah Kerr and Jean Simmons hobnobbing together at the Foreign Press Association dinner, I wondered if either of them remembered that once upon a time, long before Deb had met Tony Bartley or Stewart Granger had met Jean, Deborah and Stewart had almost become serious about one another.

Their devoted friendship has remained trusted and true. It was to Stewart that Deborah went for professional advice in the dark days of her career, when M-G-M was saying that she had no personal appeal. Stewart, among others, advised her to go to Broadway. Thus it was that her appearance in "Tea and Sympathy" led to the movie "From Here to Eternity." Now, with "The King and I" forthcoming, Deborah demonstrates such purely female charm and such vivid acting that every studio is after her. Her finest personal quality is one which Jean Simmons and Jimmy Granger also have—a true gift for friendship. Without exception, Deborah is adored because her beauty and sympathy are spiced with lively wit. For example, at the Foreign Press Association dinner, where you could build a stockpile from the broken English, Deborah began her speech by saying, "Please pardon my British accent."

Never A Dull Moment

They could have turned off the sun at the Academy Awards nominations when Jack Lemmon romped in for his role in "Mister Roberts." Jack had himself demoted from star billing into supporting category to give himself a chance at this honor, but his bouncy warmth was only one-third due to his win.

It's no accident that Jack's a comedian. He sees the humor in everything. At the nominations, he came galloping down from the stage and said to me, "I've just had the kind of job you can't hardly get any more. I've been up there catching women—and what women!"

What had happened was that Marisa Pavan had nearly fainted when she got her nomination for "The Rose Tattoo." She would actually have fallen, if Jack hadn't caught her. "If you know actresses," beamed Jack, "you know a thing like that is contagious. So I just stood by. That way I got Eleanor Parker to fall for me—right into my eager arms." Next, Natalie Wood wasn't above a bit of a totter when "Rebel Without a Cause" brought her within shooting distance of the Oscar.

Incidentally, in the real top-star category, where Eleanor is, the Hollywood whispers run that one of the actresses who was nominated will be nominated again and again, as she has in the past. But she will never win, as she has not in the past, because she can't be bothered with making friends while working on the set.

It was at the nominations get-together, by the way, that Marisa and Natalie discovered one big bond they have in common: both are in love with men twice their ages. While Marisa has already taken the big step and married Jean Pierre Aumont, Nat thinks she is in love with Raymond Burr. However, Nat's mother is sitting by quietly, and hopes she will get over this, as she has other loves, measles and awkwardness.

Sweet And Lovely

I've never recovered from the flattery of Ann Blyth's having called me to give me the first long story of her engagement to Jim McNulty, nor of Jim's having kissed me the first time we met. He said that was because Ann had told him what a good friend I was. I told him that put me in the biggest group in Hollywood. I literally have never met anyone in Hollywood who doesn't dote on Ann.

For this reason, it was with real regret that M-G-M permitted Ann to tear up her exclusive contract with them. But it was typical of Annie. In her own gentle fashion, she always gets what she wants, and this time, following Gordon MacRae's example, she's releasing herself from M-G-M so that she can go gunning after the musical version of "Peg o' My Heart." Annie told me at the Academy nominations party that this role is one that she has always yearned for. So purely Irish—by birth and marriage—Ann feels, and rightly, that she could do justice both to the acting the part demands and to the singing score.

However, another Irish girl is opposing her—Margaret O'Brien, no less. And Maggie's personal manager, director David Butler owns the right to "Peg." To complicate this, there's that new living doll, Shirley Jones, who scored such a smash in the biggest musical of many a year, "Carousel." Nevertheless, I'm betting on Ann. I've never seen her miss a thing she went after yet. Not only did she have her children in the ideal order—a boy first, then a girl—but she even has the right kind of metabolism! The lucky creature, she has to diet to put on weight. THE END

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

Kim Novak—She's found someone new

Jean Simmons—Waiting for her greatest day

Cyd Charisse—The dancing charmer confides in Earl Wilson

They're all in July PHOTOPLAY • On sale June 5



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(Continued from page 51)

New York and Hollywood. A true minstrel man, Eddie loves taking his music personally to them.

"I'd like to make more personal appearances than I have made, actually. You can get stale. And I'd like to work a theatre date again, too, here and there. You've got to do this sometimes to keep in shape. It's the same as being a fighter—you've got to keep in shape. I feel that's a responsibility to the public, and there's nothing like working in front of live audiences to keep you in shape. Debbie does a lot of the shows with me. They really love her."

Eddie's sure her career will never interfere with their life together. "Debbie would never allow that," he says. On the other hand, he doesn't want Debbie's career to suffer because of his schedule. "They sneak-previewed 'The Catered Affair' the other night, and I understand it's fabulous." He further understood that this was her first dramatic role, co-starring with Bette Davis and Ernest Borgnine.

Similarly, nobody understands better than Debbie, Eddie's urgency to keep on the move with his music. As he was saying, "I like to go back and forth. I love it out here in Hollywood, and we have the most wonderful house leased until September. When we're making movies our home will be here. I love the sunshine but, after three months here, I'm still waiting for some," Eddie laughed, remembering the drizzle outside. "But I like it in New York, too. There's a certain hum back there that I like."

A "hum" that's home to him, for Eddie was born to the tempo, the raw exciting beat of the city. Its sounds—the symphony of tenements and skyscrapers and subways—are familiar music to him.

Debbie, on the other hand, was bred in the breezy freedom, the openness of Western living—until Fate tapped her shoulder and sent her around the hill from Burbank—into the magic of make-believe.

Today, theirs is one tempo, one beat. The East and the West, the twain have met and are meeting continuously. And Debbie and Eddie are proving today that these two, born with the magical stuff that dreams are made of, are blessed with the sterner stuff that marriage is made of, too.

Compliment Eddie Fisher on how successfully they're acclimating and he sparkles, "Why, sure! We've been very lucky. We're very happy."

Their careers are just another bond between them, Debbie and Eddie say. "We share the same interests, and I think it's wonderful," Debbie says, as her husband enthuses, "It's worked out wonderfully."

But it isn't working out accidentally. Luck has had little to do with their happiness.

Of course, theirs is a heritage of faith and strong family ties and the toughness of spirit to overcome obstacles. Neither of them was born into wealth, and both were early instilled with their sense of values.

But their heritage has been strengthened by experience. Eddie and Debbie were well seasoned to problems and any career-conflicts before their marriage. They're veterans in that. With them, the preliminary—their courtship—was tougher than the main event. Distance and misunderstandings, intensified and falsified by gossip columnists, were almost too much. But theirs was a determined love against any odds, and when they married they were prepared to commute coast-to-coast or make any compromises necessary for their future happiness.

From the beginning, Debbie's had positive ideas about a woman's place in marriage versus a career. "If both careers are on a full-time schedule, one of them will have to give up a few things—and that one should be the girl," Debbie would say. And that she is giving them up, if necessary, nobody who knows Debbie ever doubted.

Neither of them takes any credit for synchronizing their lives and the careers of two of the public's most popular young idols. But both have credit coming, plenty of it.

As much as he likes to keep his show on the road, Eddie turned down some fabulous offers while Debbie was before the cameras, saying, "Debbie's picture isn't finished, and I don't want to leave her alone."

When contractual legalities threatened to prevent Debbie from being on a television Spectacular of Eddie's, she made it reasonably clear that, if this wasn't cleared up, she would never again appear on television to plug a movie—not even her own.

Debbie turned down a great part in "Time out for Tammy" at first, when an early production date would have kept her from going East with Eddie. A part, ironically enough, that Eddie had been instrumental in bringing to her attention.

Universal-International had submitted the script to Eddie. He read it and loved it, but as he told his MCA agent Danny Welkes, "It's not for me, but this is something Debbie ought to see." He instructed Danny to send it to Debbie's agent, explaining, "It's a dramatic part, and I'm not ready for dramatic things. But the girl's part would be wonderful for her."

Debbie loved the script and pitched for her studio to loan her to U-I. They were negotiating with Warner Brothers for Tab Hunter for the male lead. Then she found out they planned to begin shooting right away, so she told them she couldn't do it. "Eddie has to go to New York, and I won't be separated from him that long."

But the studio postponed the starting date, so it looks like Debbie might do it after all.

While Debbie was hospitalized for dental surgery, Eddie crowned four queens for her. He was a busy baritone that night, singing on an NBC-TV Spectacular, making trips back and forth to Burbank to the hospital, singing on a telethon at the Shrine Auditorium, and stopping at the Statler Hotel en route to keep "Debbie's deal—crowning queens from Santa Barbara and all over."

At the telethon, Eddie was scheduled to sing a request for one of the arthritis victims on the stage. "What would you like to hear?" he asked.

"Heart," she said.

"You've Gotta Have Heart," Eddie began—and she started crying, almost breaking him up. "I have another song to dedicate," he went on finally, "to a girl named Mary Frances in St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank. 'I Need You Now'—"

As he told Debbie later that night, "You know, that was no kidding. The lady was crying, and I didn't know what to do. I did need you."

Debbie had thought she would be hospitalized for only two days. She had four impacted wisdom teeth, and before going East, she thought she would have her hometown dentist extract them. But it turned into complicated surgery. As Debbie described it later, "The doctor said he could have performed two appendectomies and removed an ulcer in the same time it took to get my teeth out." She went into

post-operative shock, they had to administer plasma, and there was fear at first that the nerve in her face would collapse and her lip be paralyzed for four months.

During the two hours and twenty minutes Debbie was in dental surgery, Eddie almost went out of his mind, wondering why it was taking so long. When he wasn't working, Eddie would be there with her, and after his shows he would just sit there beside her until he was sure she was asleep. That was all he could do to help her. As he said later, "I felt so helpless."

And Debbie was doubly miserable, thinking of Eddie's tight, cross-country schedule of personal appearances, and wondering how her hospitalization might affect that. She was full of woe, a small dejected heap with chipmunk cheeks, one of them black and blue. She kept worrying whether anyone would think, "I'm just being a glamour girl and making like a movie star—staying here in bed in the hospital."

"Look in the mirror, Frannie," her mother would tell her. "You don't look like any movie star."

"I'm just a big sissy," she would wail. "I never do anything right. If I have chicken pox, I have it three times the size. And four teeth pulled—and this—"

But take her husband's word for it, "She was no sissy, let me tell you. She was very brave. I was more scared than she was."

His was a "tight schedule" all right. Enroute East, he was stopping over to do a show for the Army in El Paso, Texas, making an appearance in New Orleans, crowning the Azalea Queen in Mobile, Alabama, and doing two *Coke Time* television shows in Atlanta, Georgia. Meanwhile, a recording date had been scheduled before he departed. "I'll be making twenty-six records, including an album of Academy Award tunes. I don't see how we're going to get it all in—and make the plane out of here."

"When we get to New York, they're introducing the family-sized bottle of Coke, and for three days I'll be making appearances for that from early in the morning until late at night. I'll be doing my TV show from there, and I'm going to Tennessee. . . ."

Not that Eddie Fisher has any complaints. This is what he had hoped for—almost starved for—all those lean years.

"This is what I've always wanted. I'm young, I can take it, and it's good experience. And I like it, anyway."

It would take a girl like Debbie Reynolds, a girl seasoned to the demands of a successful career, to understand a schedule like Eddie Fisher's. And a girl who loves him very much—to understand his dedication to making music, all the music he can for all the people he can.

"I like the pace, but I want our life, too," Eddie was saying, never a thought away from the girl who's brought another kind of music—her own music—into his life.

"Home" in Hollywood—Eddie's first since leaving Philadelphia ten years ago—is a three-bedroom Provincial farmhouse which wanders cheerfully and comfortably around various levels in the middle of their seven acres in the Pacific Palisades. "Isn't it a wonderful house?" Eddie enthuses. "It's just the greatest house I've ever seen. Debbie found it, and she couldn't have picked a better one. It's so homey—I guess that's what you'd call it. It's not elaborate, everything's made for

(Continued on page 88)

Beauty Expert Discovers Why...

Older Women Look Younger!

By NANCY ANN STOKES

I WAS there last Tuesday night, when Hollywood's leading beauty authority, Mr. Ern Westmore, revealed the 3 things that make a woman look older. Then he showed how to remove 5, 10 even 15 years from your appearance with nothing more than a lipstick and eyebrow pencil. It was so ridiculously easy I was amazed.

You see, to create a youthful appearance you must first understand what makes a woman look older. If, while applying lipstick, you turn the corners of your mouth downward, you sag the expression of your face. Even more distressing, "bent-down" lips make your nose appear longer and your chin heavily drooped.

For a youthful appearance flatter the corners of your lips with a pleasant upward flourish. Your face will suddenly appear younger. Your nose more delicate. Your chin firm and proud. You'll give "lift" to your features, freshness to your face.

Beauty Secret Number Two

What could be a more cherished possession than the flashing eyes of youth? And the secret to eyes that shimmer and shine with a magical twinkle is the way you shape your brows.

Flat brows burden your face with a top-heavy look. Thick brows cloud your eyes with the drowsy stare of middle age. Arch your brows too high and you're left with a gaping, vacant expression. Then what is the perfect shaped eyebrow? Oddly enough there are 5 perfect eyebrows... but only one is meant for you.

You see, there are 5 basic shapes of faces. Either you have an oval shape face, a round shape face, a square, oblong or triangle shape face. And there's a special way to arch your eyebrows for your shape face. In a moment you'll discover just which shape brows can re-awaken blossoming youth in your face. But first, let's discuss your big stride to youthful loveliness.

Your Face Never Grows Old

Did you know that your face never grows old? Yes, once you've reached the age of 21 all your facial features are set for life. From 21 years on you'll always have the same eyes, the same nose, the same chin. Your features never change... but your skin does! Your face doesn't age... it's your skin that grows old. And nothing telegraphs age faster than dark under-eye circles... unsightly

FREE! MAKE-UP KIT! 7 Essential Beauty Aids Worth \$5.00



Your Free Hollywood Beauty Kit

5 Hollywood Eyebrow outlines (one for each shape face).
3 Months' size of Charles Antell's "Pink Blush" Liquid Rouge.
1 "Silk Tone" Lip Pencil.
1 "Fine-Point" Eyebrow Pencil.
Charles Antell's "Morn-til-Nite" lipstick in the Beautifully styled "Futura-Goldust" Case.

Never Offered Before

Never before has this complete Hollywood Beauty Kit been available. This is the first time Ern Westmore has permitted the release of his exclusive Hollywood lip and eyebrow

marks and blemishes... or lines and wrinkles that weave a murky "cobweb" in your complexion. That's why you must wipe away these signs and lines of age once and for all! You must stop your complexion from shouting your age to the world!

Right now you are probably saying... "Well, you've told me the three things that'll make me look younger. The right shape lips, proper eyebrows and a perfect, flawless complexion. But just how can I accomplish these things?" So let's start at the beginning.

Lips Meant for You

In Hollywood there's an old saying... "Nature just gave you lips... but Ern Westmore gives Beauty to your lips." What's his secret?—his plastic Hollywood lip outlines. And I've made special arrangements for you to get a complete set of these easy-to-use lip-outlines as a **FREE GIFT**

Here's all you do. First, determine your basic shape face with a quick glance at page 32 of the "FREE HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR GRAPH," included with your free Hollywood lip outlines. Then select the proper lip outline for your shape face—place it over your lips... and fill in with lipstick. Your newly shaped lips will remove years from your appearance and add vivid warmth to your face.

Now Let's Give You Beautiful Eyes

Here again, you use another Ern Westmore beauty-aid that's yours as a free gift... his Hollywood eyebrow outlines. Simply select the right eyebrow outline for your shape face... place it over your brow... then fill in with your eyebrow pencil. Your eyes will sparkle and gleam even at the end of a long, long evening.

But wait!... You're not finished yet. To complete your new and thrilling appearance you must take one more beauty-step. You must rid yourself of every line, mark, wrinkle and blemish. You must make your skin supple and smooth... give yourself an appealing "peaches-and-cream" complexion.

outlines. And if you take advantage of this last chance offer... just look at what you get **ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

The Ern Westmore Hollywood Glamour Graph... a 32-page illustrated beauty guide that shows at a glance each of the 5 basic shape faces, how to style your hair and apply your make-up for your particular shape face.

Remember, this complete Hollywood Beauty Kit is yours as a **FREE GIFT** just for trying Charles Antell's new Super Lanolin Liquid Makeup. You may keep your Hollywood Beauty Kit and get your full money back if you are not fully satisfied with this great new makeup discovery. Mail Coupon TODAY!

Ern Westmore, Dean of Hollywood Makeup Artists.

Tells Truth About Movie Stars



"Often people ask me, how is it so many actresses who are 'older' can still play glamour-girl parts? It's simple. It's not how old you are... but how old you look! These actresses just don't happen to stay young-looking... they've got certain secrets.

That's why I invite every woman over 25-years-old to read this page. Here are the same beauty-tricks we use on the stars. Try them yourself. See if the first two tricks alone don't make you look 10 years younger in just a few minutes."

Here's How...

Can you imagine a make-up so incredible, it covers up marks, blemishes and wrinkles completely out of sight? Can you imagine a make-up so unusual it makes dark circles and crows feet disappear instantly! Can you imagine a make-up so different from any you've ever tried. It removes the shiny gleam from oily skin restores a dewy-freshness to dry skin... glides a wondrous smoothness onto "crepe-paper" skin... actually conceals all your flaws without masking your face in a harsh, "made-up" look. And can you imagine a make-up so revolutionary it enlivens dull-skin with a bright luminous glow—makes sallow complexions blossom forth in subtle tones of pink... pampers every skin with a feathery-light texture... and gives you the glorious effect of constantly being seen in a delightful candlelight glow. Yes, a magical make-up that blends so naturally with your complexion you can't even tell where the make-up ends and skin begins.

Lasts 24 Hours... and You Don't Even Need Powder

And just imagine! It lasts 24 hours! You apply a few drops in the morning... your complexion remains so fresh and bright you need no more make-up... NOT EVEN A TOUCH-UP... for the entire day! Because here for the first time is a complete make-up—a foundation, powder and cover-up all in one.

Yes, now your skin will be so soft and smooth it'll make fine silk look rough. And since you need no powder there's no need to fret about that worrisome shiny-nose look. The name of this heavenly discovery is Charles Antell's Super Lanolin Liquid Makeup... and here is how you can try it without risking a single penny... and receive a valuable set of **FREE GIFTS** at the same time.

Act Now For Free Gift

To try **SUPER LANOLIN LIQUID MAKEUP** at our risk, send no money... JUST the Free-Gift coupon. When your makeup and Beauty Kit arrive, take these 3 simple steps to beauty

1. Apply make-up for a bright, fresh, Younger-looking complexion.
2. Then, use the Free Lip and Eyebrow Outlines to create beautiful lips and expressive eyes.

3. Finish your "new look" with your Free Super Lanolin Lipstick and Super Lanolin Liquid Rouge.

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(Continued from page 86)

comfort. And it's an old house, but I like old things. It's such a relaxing house you fall in a chair and you don't get up for—well, for two minutes," he grins, remembering his schedule.

The house is set far off Sunset Boulevard at the end of a winding road lined with tall eucalyptus trees. "Honey" is the word for the lodge-sized living room with its white wormwood paneling, beamed ceiling, large stone fireplace, all the hanging copper and pewter, the chintzy sofas and deep easy chairs and Mrs. Fisher's prized collection of Royal Doulton figurines—of which Eddie admits, "I don't understand those things. Debbie loves them though."

Their master bedroom is crimson-carpeted, has a fireplace, a king-size blue-canopied mahogany four-poster bed, floral wallpaper and crisp white organdy Priscilla curtains. Eddie uses one of the other bedrooms for an office, employing a full-time secretary, Eileen Thomas.

Debbie and Eddie have individual dressing rooms off the hall. There's a row of framed colored photos of Debbie over his wardrobe, and a sign admonishing, "Keep Your Temper—No One Else Wants It—" from Eddie to Eddie. His wardrobe bulges

valet Willard packed for him. He has only a vague memory of what's inside them, and there's never been any time to unpack.

Their boxer, Charlie (given them by Eddie Cantor)—so named because he looks like Charlie Chaplin, with his white nose and black mustache—even has his own little heated house and acreage that Debbie's dad fenced in for them. In addition to Charlie, their household consists of Willard, who came out from New York with Eddie, their maid and her little boy, a part-time housekeeper, and two newly acclimated white cats they've named Sarah and Harry—which sometimes makes for some understandable confusion, since Eddie and Debbie call each other Sarah and Harry.

Their first big party, given for The Thelians (a philanthropic organization of younger members of the entertainment industry), was a family success. Debbie, in a ballerina-length long-sleeved blue lace dress, and Eddie, sporting a bright red vest and an ever-puffing pipe, did themselves proud. Debbie's mother made the hot hors d'oeuvres and, when the maid became ill at the last minute, did K.P. duty as well. Debbie's "adopted brother," Paul Lillard, was also there lending a helping

Take Eddie's word for it, Debbie's perfect as a homemaker. "She really loves her home. And don't ever believe she can't cook, either." What? "Well—she makes wonderful enchilladas and tacos, there's a sort of casserole thing, and—well, she's been working at the studio most of the time since we've been out here," he says, rallying gallantly.

As one of the highest-ranking Girl Scouts—with some forty-seven merit badges—Mrs. Fisher's a whiz at cooking out of doors over a hole in the ground, but this still limits her comparatively now.

And for all her merit badges, it's cute the way Eddie keeps a protective eye out for her, always looking after her with, "You'd better put on an extra sweater, it's getting chilly." Or, frowning on her habit of going barefoot around the place, "Sarah, please put on your shoes."

Domestically, Eddie's quick to admit his own limitations. "I'm *nothing* around the house. It's *not* so nice to have a man around the house. I guess I'm just a chess player around the house."

And believe him, it's nice to have a Girl Scout around their house, especially at such times as that morning not long ago when a fire broke out on their place. Debbie's father and her best girlfriend, Jeanette Johnson, were visiting them, and when the fire was discovered the three of them calmly went into action "like they were used to putting out fires every day," Eddie's pal, Bernie Rich, says, ribbing him. "Everybody moving with precision, doing things like they were mechanized." With no excitement, Jeanette picked up the phone and called the fire department. Debbie's father got down the fire extinguisher, and Debbie barefooted it out on the lawn with him. Together, they had the fire extinguished by the time the fire engines got there.

Eddie? "He was home. He just didn't know what to do." He stood there watching the whole scene—the firemen with the trucks idling, Debbie and her father calmly turning off water hose and gathering up their extinguisher. Finally, he managed to say with some authority, "Sarah, put on your shoes!"

The Fishers have a film projection booth at one end of the living room, and they love running movies at home. Their best friends number TV actor Bernie Rich, Eddie's boyhood friend from Philadelphia, and his pretty red-headed actress-wife, Marjorie Duncan, who used to work on the same radio show with Eddie when they were kids. The four of them, together with an occasional boxer, wedge into Eddie's Mercedes-Benz whenever they can and head for a spontaneous outing in Palm Springs or Desert Hot Springs, which always turns out "just a big bunch of fun."

They have two palominos given to them by Eddie's sponsors and named—naturally—Coke and Cola. And they have had dashing Western riding clothes made, "but we've only been riding once." Eddie plays chess occasionally with Debbie's father, "and I'm still trying to teach her." Actually, with their combined working hours, "we don't do much of anything, and getting moved into the house and all—"

Debbie insists that Eddie is of the opinion she talks too much. "He says I talk all the time." But weighing it philosophically Eddie says, "She's a woman. She talks—but I get a few words in." On the other hand, Eddie insists he's the moody one. "Debbie doesn't know what the word moody means, but I'm moody—not with her. Usually something to do with my work."

Together, both can take with good humor any occasional slip of the typewriter concerning them. At Jimmy Durante's birthday party when, after Eddie's in-



A New York Automat looks like heaven to Deb and Eddie, planning for new baby

with his favorite sport clothes, including a handsome tan-checked Eisenhower jacket Debbie gave him, plus an out-sized plaid number she just couldn't resist.

"She's always buying me clothes. Always coming home with a shirt, sweater, socks or something," her husband says fondly. "The other day she came in with this plaid jacket saying, 'Here—fix it up.' It's four sizes too big, but beautiful." Eddie's currently on a corduroy kick, "Like these slacks I have on now. They're Italian corduroy. Debbie's mother alters them for me. She charges me fifty cents a pair—and I never pay her." Since Eddie's fat new NBC contract, Mrs. Reynolds has been threatening to raise the price to a dollar a pair, but there's no problem in higher finance since they keep it all on the cuff anyway.

Besides the main house, there's a swimming pool the owner recently put in, and there are a number of interesting smaller buildings, including a charming little guest house and an Early American playhouse—an intriguing little building with its rooms labeled, "Barbecue Room," "Gin Rummy Room," "Piano Room," and so on. Here, too, are stored a number of mystery trunks full of Eddie's New York things, which his

hand. Once Debbie missed Eddie, then found him taking a party of guests on a personally conducted tour of their home.

They leased the place furnished, moving in with their clothes, Debbie's figurines, their trophies and Eddie's gold records, and a room full of elegant silver wedding gifts they're saving to use in their own home when they build or buy one. Many of Debbie's hometown friends had waited until the Fishers came West—and they could find out what she needed—before getting a gift. The word soon got around among them that Mrs. Fisher had "everything silver—but everything—but not a thing we can use for everyday, not even one pot-holder of our own."

One of Debbie's friends immediately gifted her with a can opener, "So I'll know you won't starve to death." Another started her a service of cooking utensils. But one girlfriend reflected the concern of the many when she kept worrying about giving such undistinguished items. "Dish towels? How could I give Mrs. Eddie Fisher dish towels?" she said, shocked by the mere idea. "Just forget Mrs. Fisher, and think of Frannie Reynolds," Debbie's mother told her, "and she needs pot-holders and dish towels."



Actual photo of Mollie Ann Bourn, Claymont, Delaware. Right side washed with Woodbury; left with another popular shampoo. See the difference!

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(Continued from page 88)

sistent, "Come on, Sarah, and sing," she rendered a few numbers, Eddie cracked, "You know, she's become quite a personality since she married me." But, as he admitted now, "I was just kidding. A columnist had said that I had become quite a personality since I married her. And you know something? He's right. I have," he laughed.

Together, their different tempos of living don't matter too much. Eddie's used to revolving with a crowd wherever he is, and he's geared professionally to New York living and night hours. Debbie's used to being up by 7 A.M. and on the set early. Their working hours are usually in reverse. Eddie often does one live and one filmed show on Wednesdays and Fridays, getting home very late. He has recording dates on at night and on Sundays. On Tuesdays and Thursdays his television production staff gathers at his home, running over the music and planning forthcoming shows.

Whenever their schedules permit, Debbie and Eddie love to perform together. Eddie often reads lines with her at home now.

"I've played Bette Davis, Barry Fitzgerald, Ernest Borgnine, and I've even played Debbie," he grins.

And whenever Debbie and Eddie appear together before the public they really stir up a storm. "We haven't any special material. We've never worked up anything really. We just clown around and sing

and have fun," he says. Not long ago, when Debbie accompanied him to San Francisco for an appearance, they were mobbed. As usual, Eddie called her on stage from out of the audience. They sang "Love and Marriage" and Debbie removed her shoes and ad-libbed a little dance for them. As they were going off, the fans rushed onto the stage en masse. "Shoes—they had them," Eddie recalls laughingly.

They've proved how wrong the prophets were who predicted marriage would lessen their popularity. They're the hottest talents in show business today, these two. Debbie's first dramatic role in "The Catered Affair" has opened a whole new field in motion pictures for her. Eddie has a contract with NBC for a reputed twelve million dollars of which he says, "I don't know anything about the money. All I know, it's for fifteen years."

All he knows. He just follows the music wherever it leads, knowing it will always begin and end with a girl named Debbie and their own lifetime contract.

The sounds of the music were catching up with Eddie Fisher again now. The sounds of show time, the voices, the music, the fan sounds of success. But he wasn't hearing them. He was thinking ahead, about the future. Originally, he and Debbie were scheduled to co-star in RKO's "Bundle of Joy," starting work in July. Then came the news that they could expect their own "bundle of joy" in Novem-

ber. Although this meant postponing the picture, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher couldn't be happier. As Eddie has said before about their having children. "The right time is anytime."

Then, too, there were other movie plans in the works for Eddie. One includes James Michener's "Sayonara" at Warner Brothers in the very dramatic plum part of *Sergeant Kelly*, the GI who falls in love with a Japanese girl.

"I've had my eye on this part for some time. Josh Logan's going to direct and Irving Berlin's going to do the music. It will have songs in it. I couldn't do it unless it had songs—something to hang on to," Eddie was saying modestly.

With Eddie so active in motion pictures, Hollywood will be home base much of the time for the Fishers and there will be fewer conflicts in their two careers. However, together, all time and space is relative anyway.

In a few hours, they would be in the air again. Eddie would be recording until plane time, and Debbie would be taking to the skies with him determined not to let anything ever separate them—physically, contractually or geographically.

"Home" for them can be a house in Hollywood . . . an apartment in New York . . . a plane commuting through the clouds . . . or any strange hotel room. For home is where the heart is, and for Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, wherever they are is home.

THE END

Have Luck, Will Travel

(Continued from page 47)

the wings. There she was met by one of her best friends in the corps de ballet, a superstitious type, as it turned out.

"It's an omen," the girl said. "It means you will have a lifetime of adventure—probably in traveling . . . a trip means a trip . . . but you will always emerge safely."

"No doubt," said Leslie dryly as she hobbled away in search of the stage manager to report the break in the planking.

Authentic omen or not, the fact is that the next major experience of Leslie's life was fleeing south on a refugee train with her parents and her younger brother, Aimery. The Germans had entered Paris, and the loyal had fled or were fleeing by any means possible. For years afterward, Leslie had nightmares about the seething confusion of collecting and packing what family treasures could be carried away. Everything not portable had to be tearfully abandoned.

Next came the frantic trip to the railroad station to board an obsolete train already jammed with those who shared the Carons' plight. There was no place to sit; there was scarcely a spot on which to stand. Once wedged in, there was no possibility of moving. Worse than the heat of hundreds of packed bodies, and the darkness (they moved in blackout), was the despondent, heartbroken silence of this multitude of hopeless humanity.

Unexpectedly enough, the trip ended in the Carons finding a place of safety. They had two rooms, riches indeed. True, one was no larger than a closet, but it served as a living room by day; a bedroom for Leslie and her brother by night. The "big room" served as quarters for Leslie's parents, and it was in this space that a Christmas tree was set up to mark the Holy Season. There were no decorations available, of course, no lights, not even candles. Yet, out of wrapping paper, Leslie's mother cut yards of "cat's stairs" and festooned both the walls of her bedroom and the Christmas tree.

"It's the Christmas tree I remember more sharply than any other we ever had," Leslie remembers. "My mother was so brave that she gave us a brave tree, and a brave Christmas."

The inconspicuous bravery of millions like Madame Caron, and the overt courage of other millions of her countrymen resulted in a happy day when the Carons were able to return to Paris, and Leslie was able to continue her career.

She was seen, signed to a picture contract, and invited to come to America to finish scenes for "An American in Paris" opposite Gene Kelly. So good luck did come at the end of a long voyage.

Although Leslie had seen much of the Americans in Paris, she was unable to accept their simple friendliness with more than watchful reserve. One of the first stories a French child learns is Aesop's fable about M'sieu Renard, the fox, and M'sieu Corbeille, the crow. M'sieu Corbeille, had acquired a cube of sugar which he was holding in his beak when M'sieu Renard happened along. The fox coveting the sugar, made friends with M'sieu Corbeille, and observed, "Such a handsome bird must have a beautiful voice. Please sing for me." M'sieu Corbeille opened his beak to sing and dropped the sugar, benefiting M'sieu Renard. To this day, Leslie is inclined to suspect the motives of M'sieu Renard in the kindly overtures of strangers.

In Hollywood, Leslie had a problem, again having to do with travel, which she took up with her agent. "Where would it be possible for me to buy a bicycle?"

The agent had his secretary draw up a list of near-by bicycle shops, and recommended that one of the light, English-racer types would be a practical purchase, "because you will be able to load it into the car and take it to the beach if you want to ride along the packed sand. And if it's compact enough you can take it to Palm Springs where cycling is great."

"I don't believe I should buy a racer," Leslie mused. "I think I shall need a

heavier bicycle—one that will stand up under daily use and will last a long time."

"Daily use?" said the agent, chuckling a little. "I'm afraid you don't realize at what pace American motion pictures are made. You'll be spending every day, excepting Sundays, at the studio for several months. You aren't going to have much leisure."

"Leisure! I do not expect leisure. I expect to report early to the studio in the morning, and to come home late at night. I have been warned. That is why I must buy a bicycle. When it rains, I am told, it is impossible to get a taxi, and in any case I do not care to pay taxi fare two times each day. Taxis, in Los Angeles, are very expensive. So—a bicycle."

Miss Caron's agent narrowly avoided swooning.

Patiently he explained the hazards of Los Angeles traffic, especially as applied to two-wheeled vehicles. He mentioned her natural fatigue at the end of a day of dancing, and drove her out to one of the hills lying athwart the highway between Leslie's apartment and M-G-M's acreage in Culver City.

"I shall have to learn to drive a car," said Leslie. She added regretfully that it did, however, seem a needless waste of time. She *knew* how to manage a bicycle, even on hills. A car seemed a sad waste of money.

The agent lived to wonder whether Miss Caron's idea of transportation might not have been the wise choice. True, she learned to drive a car quickly. She seemed to have a natural affinity for all means of transportation. True, she gave excellent hand signals. And she obeyed traffic laws—as long as they avoided the subject of speed.

Leslie is always a few moments late. For some reason, she believes firmly that having a nine o'clock appointment means that she must leave the house at nine o'clock. If the appointment is—as often happens in far-flung Los Angeles—ten

(Continued on page 92)

You can't see
what's happening
underneath your
make-up!

But you can be sure
invisible skin bacteria
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Mullins, S.C.—Rasor & Clardy
New Orleans, La.—Godchaux's
New York, N.Y.—Arnold Constable
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Peoria, Ill.—Block & Kuhl
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Cincinnati, O.—H. & S. Pogue

JANTZEN SWIMCAP

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Cleveland, O.—Wm. Taylor
Houston, Tex.—Levy Bros.
Little Rock, Ark.—Gus Blass
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank
Washington, D.C.—Jelleff's
Worcester, Mass.—John C. MacInnes Co.

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Nashville, Tenn.—Harvey's
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KLEINERT SWIMCAPS

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Miami, Fla.—Burdine's
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche
San Francisco, Cal.—I. Magnin
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LIBERTY UMBRELLA

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's

LOVABLE SUN SET

Memphis, Tenn.—Bry-Block

PLAYTEX SWIMCAP

Newark, N.J.—Bamberger's
Newark, N.J.—Hahne & Co.
New York, N.Y.—Oppenheim Collins
New York, N.Y.—Saks-34th Street

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Miami, Fla.—Burdine's
New York, N.Y.—Abelcrombie & Fitch
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San Francisco, Cal.—Roos Bros.

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Philadelphia, Pa.—Blum Store
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
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ROSE MARIE REID SWIMSUIT

Buffalo, N.Y.—Wm. Hengerer
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Colorado Springs, Colo.—Perkins-Shearer
Las Vegas, Nev.—Fanny's
Lincoln Village, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Newark, N.J.—Hahne & Co.
Omaha, Neb.—J. L. Brandeis
Phoenix, Ariz.—Goldwater's

SEA B'S SWIMSUIT

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Camden, N.J.—Futernick's
Freeport, L.I.—Carol Green
Haverhill, Mass.—Grad's Specialty Shop
Hempstead, L.I.—Carol Green
New Haven, Conn.—Muriel's

SEA NYMPH SWIMSUIT

Binghamton, N.Y.—McLean's Stores, Inc.
Boston, Mass.—Conrad's
Charleston, W. Va.—Diamond's
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Los Angeles, Cal.—Broadway D. S.
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U. S. KEDETTES

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's of Atlanta

U. S. ROYAL SWIMCAP

Fort Worth, Tex.—Monnig's
Los Angeles, Cal.—The May Co.
St. Paul, Minn.—Golden Rule

(Continued from page 90)

miles away, she is almost certain to be about twenty minutes late, give or take a traffic jam along the route. During the trip, Leslie suddenly remembers that Americans are normally a punctual lot and that possibly she is about to keep someone waiting.

And so: "Pull over to the curb, please. May I see your driver's license?"

"But what did I do? I am on my way to an appointment, so I cannot stop now. I am keeping someone waiting. I am sorry if I have annoyed you. You tell me what mistake I have made, and I will not make it again."

"Miss, you were doing forty-five in a twenty-five mile zone."

"I was! But I am so sorry. It was only because I realized quite suddenly that I was late. Please, may I go now so that I will not be later than before?"

"Appear before Thursday, the twenty-first, at the address listed on the summons, and take it easy, Miss."

"I cannot appear on Thursday. I am working in a picture and I am in the shooting every day. Later, when the picture is finished, I will explain."

The officer grinned a little. "Suit yourself, lady," he said. "But if you let it go to a bench warrant, you're going to have to face an annoyed judge."

The sarcasm, gentle as it was, was lost on Leslie. "I will explain to the judge. I have known judges in France."

She kept the summons in the back of her purse, along with other valuable papers. She stored her second summons in the same place, sighing a little in anticipation of the annoyance of that judge. She almost wept over her third ticket. It seemed that no matter which route she took, a twenty-five mile zone intruded to cause trouble.

Leslie was in the midst of the production of "Daddy Long Legs" at 20th Century-Fox when a deputy sheriff arrived with a bench warrant for the arrest of Miss Caron. Consternation was thicker than smog. Leslie explained that she had every intention of paying her fines, and what was the rush?

A phalanx of horrified studio officials explained some of the ramifications of California traffic laws to Leslie. Attorneys were assembled. Court appearances were arranged. "Altogether it is a lucky thing that I had good omens of travel in my favor, or I think I would have been sent to jail," says speedy Miss Caron.

From that day to this, Leslie has never collected a traffic ticket.

Like most Europeans, Leslie has a strong feeling in favor of coming to grips with the earth by walking. She has walked, she believes, along almost every street in Paris, and has acquired much the same close acquaintanceship with London.

Armed with knowledge of two cities, Leslie set out to get acquainted with Beverly Hills. She soon discovered that it was impossible for her to walk a block on Beverly Drive without being recognized, but she could do quite well in Santa Monica or other beach cities.

In a way it is amazing that Leslie is recognized in picture-personality conscious Beverly Hills, because Leslie off-screen looks more like an unpretentious schoolgirl than an accomplished ballerina-actress. First of all, she is far prettier in person than even the color cameras reveal. Her skin is flawless in texture and color. The only make-up she wears is a pale lipstick. When the lipstick wears off, she isn't in a hurry to replace it. She prefers flats for walking, and one of her favorite winter strolling outfits consists of a black sheath skirt, a fingertip-length beige cardigan buttoned from waist to

throat, a simple string of pearls, and a voluminous black coat. She seldom wears a hat, but just when her friends have grown accustomed to the shaggy Caron top windblown in the breeze, Mlle. Leslie is likely to show up looking like a manikin direct from the Champs Élysées.

Not long ago she arrived at a luncheon wearing a sheath dress, three-inch heels, and a brown velvet cloche from which bobbed a bright red Robin Hood feather.

"The new you?" she was asked.

"The revolutionary me," was Leslie's fierce answer. "I work so hard that when a picture like 'Gaby' is finished, I must do something mad. I must go wild . . . I must change my feeling." On one occasion she had her hair shorn within two inches of her scalp. Luckily, she was not called for retakes.

Her most recent explosion took the form of a shopping spree during which she bought three hats. A brown cloche described above, a black cloche—"very French"—and a chic gray beret. Then, just to prove that she could, she made a hat for herself, "for purposes of the beach and sitting in a chair in the sun."

The fabric she chose was a recent addition of *Paris Soir*, which she reads daily. The style she chose was early Chinese rice-planter, and the joints were fastened by bobby pins. It turned out to be an excellent sunshade: crisp, protective, and theatrical because, on the upper front elevation there appeared a large picture of Kirk Douglas.

One of the most appealing properties of this hat, in Leslie's opinion, was its individuality. She has a horror of the stereotype. She thinks that the worst thing to befall a private citizen is similarity to the point where he can be classified at a glance by a spectator as a member of some specific group. You know: briefcase for an attorney, hatbox for a model.

A friend once told Leslie, "I swear, if you were a doctor, I believe you'd carry your pillbox in a birdcage for fear of looking like every other doctor."

It is true that when every other young actress was appearing on the lot wearing a tailored silk shirt and a double-circle skirt over fourteen petticoats, Leslie was wearing a near-Chinese sheath. When all the curlyheads on the lots were wearing their hair in the wayward curls of the Italian haircut, and all the non-curlyheads were having tight permanents every six weeks so they could be gamine too, Mlle. Caron wore a coiffure strongly reminiscent of *The Strawman* in "The Wizard of Oz."

Since this is a story, primarily, of the Caron travels, it should be noted that Leslie's accomplishments in individuality extend far beyond appearance or even her unique talent. On her one and only sea voyage from France to the United States, aboard the French Line's resplendent *Liberté*, Leslie was "adopted" by the crew and was taken on a tour of the ship. At the end of such a trip, it is customary for the guest to be returned to her cabin with ceremony and there left.

Not so in Leslie's case. She was invited to have dinner in the Officers' Mess, accepted, and loved every moment of it. She is one of the few women ever to have been so honored. "It makes me a little different from everyone, to have been accorded such an invitation," she says proudly.

Obviously, this story has a moral. The next time you trip, falling flat on your face or elsewhere, be brave! Just remember what such an omen has done for Leslie Caron and be ready to welcome similar benefits.

One of the first of such benefits should be a trip to see "Gaby." THE END



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When Oreste Sings, Oreste Sends!

(Continued from page 58)

genuine article hardly lessened his natural exuberance. A native of the sun-drenched Mediterranean island of Malta, Oreste (his full name is Oreste Kirkop) has the light-hearted temperament, the ready laughter, the gaiety, fire and enthusiasm so frequently found among the people of southern climes. In his case, this natural bent is reinforced by glowing health, good looks, satisfaction with his career, and confidence based on solid talent. His zest for life expresses itself in a remarkable ability to give his all to anything he does: when he kisses, he kisses; when he works, he works; when he plays, he plays; and when he sings—well, when he sings, he *really* sings.

Oreste is five-feet ten, weighs 175 pounds, has curly brown hair, gleaming white teeth, a brilliant smile and a forty-five-inch chest. But you can close your eyes, forget the appearance, and still become completely enraptured just listening to him sing. At 29, Oreste has already been acclaimed one of the great tenor voices of our era. His voice is rich, full-bodied, golden, of remarkable range and unerring pitch. It brought him operatic fame in Rome, Milan, and, most of all, in London before Paramount signed him to star in Rudolf Friml's "The Vagabond King." His voice would be enough, even if he were short, fat, and bald.

The appearance helps, of course. London bobby-soxers used to line up at the stage door waiting for him, causing the dignified management of staid old Covent Garden Opera House to smile with pleasure. "They were pleased," says Oreste modestly, "because I seemed to help awaken the younger generation's interest in opera." Paramount certainly wasn't unmindful of this when they whisked him to Hollywood.

Oreste has been in this country for two years, and he is in the unusual position of being a complete unknown to the American public, yet faced with the certainty of fame as soon as his first picture is released in June. As a friend recently said to him, as he was strolling through an amusement park, unrecognized and unnoticed, "You'd better enjoy this while you can, Oreste. A few months from now you'll have to fight your way through crowds."

In one form or another, Oreste has been

singing for his own or others' entertainment as long as he can remember. At first, however, the pleasure was mostly his own. "I used to disconnect the loud-speaker of our old-fashioned gramophone, stand on the roof of our house and sing 'Valencia' through it," he recalls. "I don't think I was much over four or five at the time. 'Valencia' and 'Sera Fina' were my favorites. Later, I added 'Rio Rita.' That was the first movie my dad took me to see. It made a deep and lasting impression on me. Although we had a stack of Caruso records, I didn't become interested in opera till later on."

Oreste's early love of song wasn't remarkable because, he says, "Everybody sings all the time in Malta. People over here are so quiet by comparison. And there certainly was plenty of noise in our own home."

Malta or Hollywood, there'd be no reason to question this statement, since Oreste is one of a family of ten lively, lusty children, five boys and five girls. All of the boys showed an early flair for music. Oreste's four younger brothers are also professional musicians and are members of Malta's most popular jazz band, Frank Kirkop and his Hot Tuners.

The Kirkop boys are first generation musicians, however. Their father, Jean Kirkop, who died in 1947, was an importer-distributor of naval supplies and British automobiles and his business kept him away from home much of the time. He was a gentle and affectionate man who gladly left the disciplinary chores to his wife. "He loved to play with us, help us build castles and encampments in our garden, and take us places," Oreste recalls. "We always hated to see him go away on a trip, and were very happy when he came back." Though he was of French extraction, Mr. Kirkop was blond and blue-eyed, indicating his family's former Scandinavian origins, apparent also in his name. By contrast, Mrs. Kirkop, the former Netta Panzavecchia, is a native of Malta, dark-haired and dark-complexioned, of pure Italian ancestry. Oreste is a blond type like his father, with green eyes and light-brown hair. He is a Britisher by birth, although English is not his native tongue and he speaks it with a slight accent.

The Kirkop home in Hamrun, Malta, was large and well-built, with many

rooms on many levels, winding stairs, vaulted ceilings, tiled floors and white-washed stone walls. The family also had a summer home at Valetta, near the edge of the Mediterranean. With her ten children, Oreste's mother had a busy life, indeed. "My mother is very much a woman of the old school," says Oreste fondly. "She has all the traditional virtues. Though she had help, my mother never delegated the responsibility of running her household to anybody. The kitchen was her special domain. She rarely had a chance to sit down to a proper meal herself, though. When she got through serving first helpings at one end of the table, she usually had to start on seconds at the other." Mrs. Kirkop still lives on Malta with eight of her children (one daughter, Melita, lives with Oreste in Hollywood), and still manages to keep busy looking after her flock of grandchildren—twenty-two at last count.

Although younger than four of his sisters, Oreste is the oldest of the five Kirkop boys and, as a youngster, he was their undisputed leader—especially in mischief. "Whenever my oldest sister, Juza, was left in charge of the family," Oreste recalls, "she always asked my mother or my dad to take me with them. She figured with me out of the way she had a reasonable chance of controlling the rest of the gang."

One of the more dangerous activities Oreste organized was rock-fighting between rival teams, as a result of which his handsome face still bears some slight scars. On the constructive side, and quite as popular, was Oreste's early leaning toward theatricals. "We loved putting on shows," he reminisces. "We built our own stage, painted our own scenery, wrote our own scripts, and charged the other kids marbles or halfpennies for admission. Everybody always died at the end of the plays. I remember once I was the lone survivor about to commit suicide on a stage littered with corpses. As I looked around for a place to fall, my littlest brother, one of the 'corpses,' suddenly jumped up squealing please not to fall on him. It rather spoiled the tragic mood," he grins.

Other activities during those carefree young years included spearfishing and swimming in the clear, tideless waters of the Mediterranean, climbing countless trees and exploring the small island from one end to the other. Oreste was a good student, attending first a private Catholic school and then Flores College. Growing up under these ideal circumstances, he spent a wonderful, happy youth. But these untroubled days came to an abrupt end when Oreste was fourteen and war broke out in Europe.

A British stronghold of great strategic importance, the tiny island of Malta became the target of heavy daily bombing raids by Nazis and Italians alike. This lasted for two and a half years, giving Malta the distinction of being the most thoroughly bombed area of World War II and worthy of the coveted Victoria Cross for bravery and resistance against the enemy. Fortunately, the entire Kirkop family came through these bombings unscathed, though Oreste once had a close call in a movie theatre when a bomb struck, killing over two hundred people. The Kirkop home was hit three times and became uninhabitable, like most of Malta's dwellings. Before long, the vast majority of the Maltese, including the Kirkop clan, were forced to take up permanent residence in the many limestone caves which honeycomb the island and which were dug

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by the Turks a good many centuries ago. "It was a pretty dreary existence," Oreste recalls. "Enough to get most everybody good and rattled, even though we Maltese are generally a pretty easy-going bunch of people. The women used to dash out of the caves between raids to cook their families' meals in the open, then hurry back into the shelter when the alert sounded again. It got so you didn't even stop chewing, walking back to the cave with your plate. But spending so much time in the crowded caves was depressing, and everybody was jittery. When I formed a band with two of my brothers, we did it in order to boost our own morale as much as that of our neighbors."

Backed by his brothers on the mouth-organ and the accordion, Oreste sang for hours on end. Though untrained and untutored, his voice already had great charm and natural beauty. With the bombs crashing all around them, the Kirkop boys went from cave dwelling to cave dwelling, cheerfully trying to make themselves heard above the din. They were loud enough to succeed, and good enough to become immensely popular throughout the island.

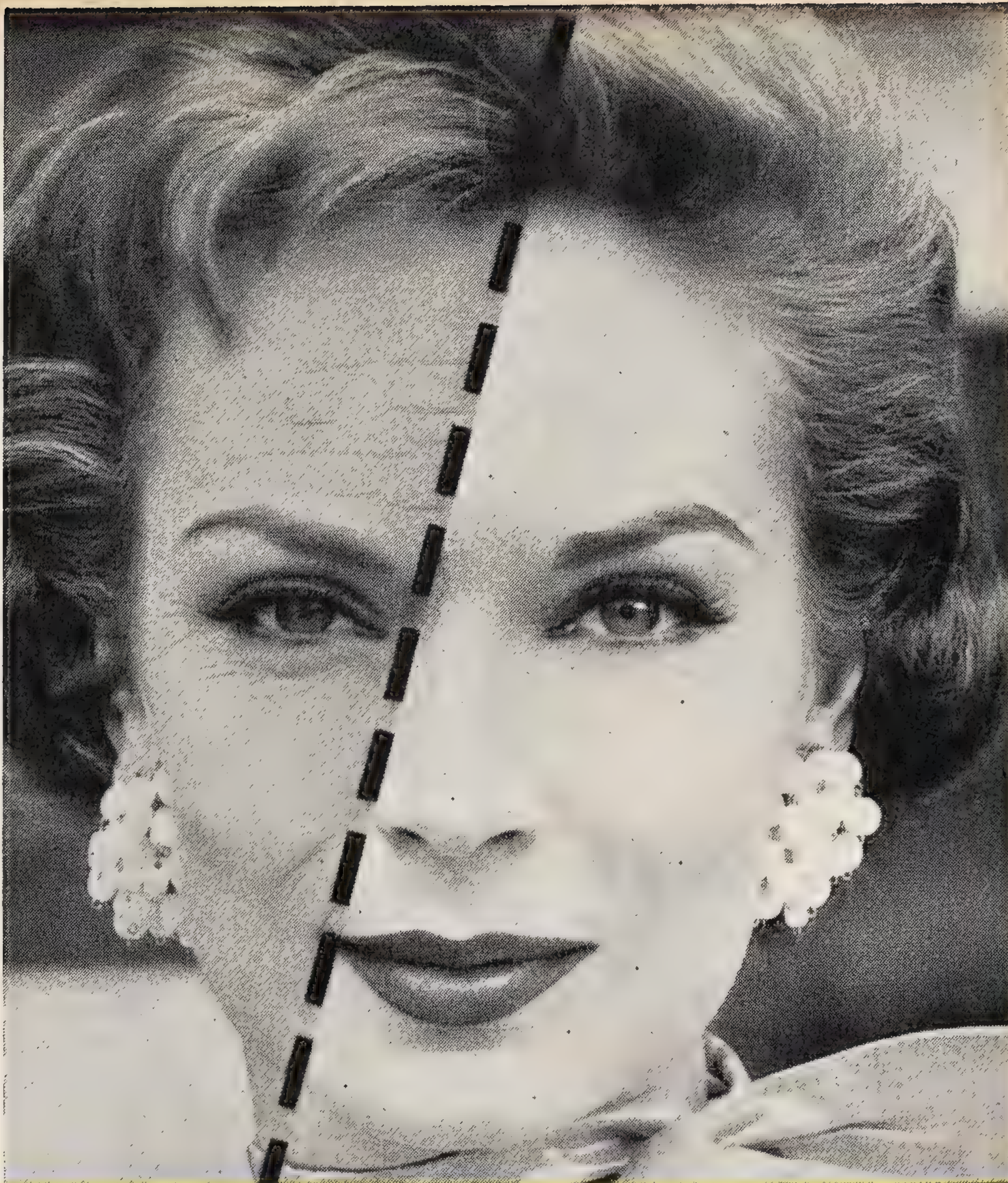
One result of this popularity was that it brought Oreste to the attention of a local tenor by the name of Balldachino, who tutored the boy free of charge for a year. After that, shortly before the end of the war, Oreste made his debut in "Cavalleria Rusticana" with the Malta Amateur Opera Company. "I didn't have enough sense to be nervous or have stage fright," he recalls. "I just stood on the stage and sang. It was wonderful. The applause was, too. I knew then that this was what I wanted to do."

Not long after, Oreste made his bow as a professional when he was invited by a visiting Italian opera company to repeat his performance in "Cavalleria." He sang several other leading parts during the company's stay in Malta and, at the end of their engagement, was asked to return to Italy with them.

Still far from being a finished performer, Oreste continued to study hard in Rome and Milan during the next few years, making his living from occasional opera and concert engagements in the Italian provinces. He'd left Malta with about three hundred dollars he'd managed to save and never took another cent from home. Frequently, however, his reserves dwindled to a dangerously low point. "I'd often pay for my room and board with very nearly the last of my money," he recalls, "telling my landlady to rent my room if I didn't find work before the date to which I was paid up. However, I was always lucky and got something at the last minute."

Although he never was well-heeled in those days, he had his moments of glory on evenings when his teacher, who was associated with the Rome Opera House, gave him free tickets. "They were usually the most expensive seats in the house," Oreste says. "The cheap ones were all sold out. Promenading among high society during intermissions, dressed in my tux, with a pretty girl on my arm, nursing an orangeade, I was really living it up."

But he also had frequent spells of homesickness, especially after his first season in Rome. He couldn't wait to get back to his family in Malta, wanting never to leave there again. After a while, however, ambition and restlessness got the better of him once more and he returned to Italy to continue his studies. But, since Malta is only sixty miles from the mainland, he always managed to return frequently for visits with his family. Oreste is deeply devoted to all of them. When his engage-



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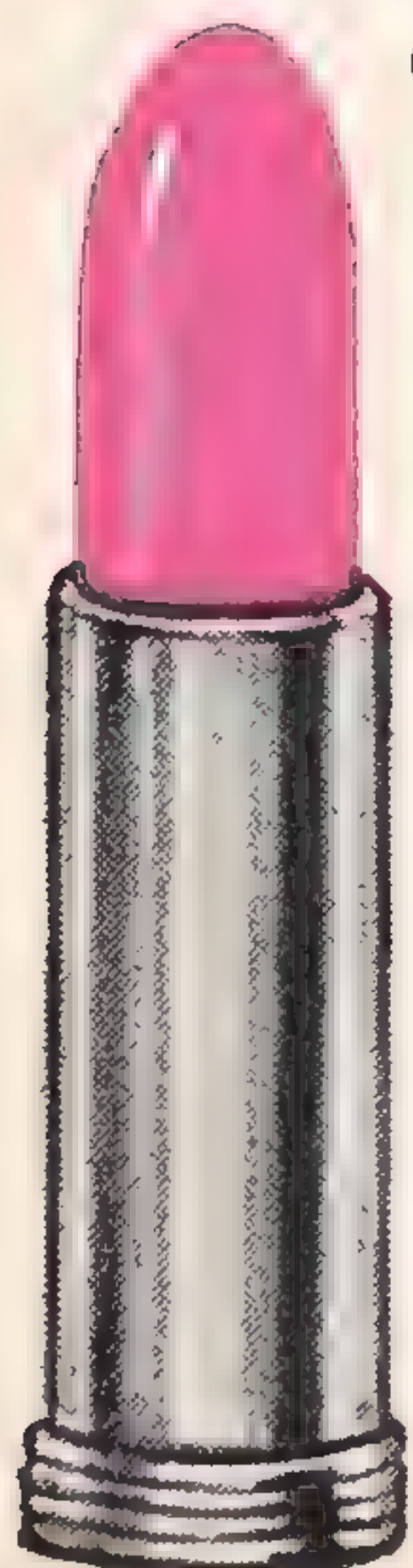


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ments took him, first to England and later to this country, he asked his unmarried sister, Melita, to come live with him. Both of them now dream of bringing the entire family over here. They keep in touch with each other by means of tape recordings, with the ones from Malta usually carrying the voices of all their dear ones, their mother, brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews. Christmas shopping for this clan of forty-odd is always a major production, beginning in October and ending with no bank balance.

It was, incidentally, during Oreste's Christmas visit to Malta in 1949 that he got his first big, professional break. "It's something I've rarely told anybody," he says, "because it just doesn't sound believable, though it actually happened." He was attending a performance of "Rigoletto" at the Malta Opera House when, during the first act, the leading tenor's voice cracked. It soon became obvious that the tenor wouldn't be able to go on after the intermission. Right after the first-act curtain, the company's manager, spotting Oreste in the audience, approached him and asked if he would and could go on in the star's place. Oreste hadn't looked at the score of "Rigoletto" in several months but, with characteristic self-confidence, was willing to take a chance on his memory. Moreover, it was a challenge which appealed to him. He quickly agreed, changed into his ailing colleague's costume, then retired to the back-stage restroom. (This came as a shock to the manager who thought Oreste was having a bad case of the jitters. He was reassured, however, when he heard Oreste practicing his scales in his retreat.)

With only this brief warm-up, Oreste then proceeded to sing the rest of "Rigoletto," including one long aria in the third act which is so difficult it is frequently omitted. Receiving stormy applause and glowing notices for his magnificent, impromptu performance, he was promptly signed to fill out the remainder of the engagement at considerably more money than he'd ever been paid before. More important, however, was the fact that this was the turning point of his career. It marked the end of his struggling years; he'd made a name for himself.

After some more engagements in Italy, Oreste came to the attention of the Carl Rose Opera, England's oldest company, and was signed for a season's engagement throughout Britain, opening at the Grand Theatre in Leeds with another brilliant performance of "Rigoletto," this time in English. The following season he made his big jump to the Sadlers Wells Company in London. Then, a year later, he rose to even greater heights when he joined the Royal Opera House of Covent Garden, one of the world's great musical shrines. In addition, he gave many successful recitals at such places as London's huge Albert Hall.

When Paramount began searching for a new personality for the title part in "The Vagabond King," Oreste—whose strong appeal to the ladies had been noticed by the studio's London representative, Richard Maeland—appeared to be a logical choice. He was given a screen test, with the full London Philharmonic Orchestra providing the musical background. It was one of the most impressive and expensive tests ever given. On the strength of it, Oreste was signed to a contract and arrived in Hollywood early in the spring of 1954.

Now comfortably settled in a rented Hollywood duplex, Oreste happily says, "I fell in love with America, and especially California, as soon as I arrived. I like it here. The American people are

warm, friendly and generous. It's so easy to make friends here. And I particularly like the sense of equality every American seems to share with everyone else. Back in Malta, it took a war, bombings, and living together in crowded caves for people to forget their class differences. It's probably the one good thing that came out of all the fighting."

Something else that has impressed Oreste is—believe it or not—the high degree of discipline he finds among American automobile drivers. "At first I couldn't understand why people would patiently wait for a light to change, even when there was no car in sight. They wouldn't in France or Italy. I got the idea, though, after I got a ticket, and when my friends refused to go for a drive with me unless I changed my evil ways. I've become pretty good about it since," he grins.

Although when you meet him face to face, Oreste has the sparkle and vivacity of a true star, he is actually modest, unassuming and even retiring, and his style of living is far from glamorous or ostentatious. He is probably one of the least pretentious people you could meet anywhere. He lives with his sister Melita in a modest, furnished apartment three blocks from the Paramount studios—by no means a fashionable part of town—drives an Oldsmobile rather than a Cadillac, and so far hasn't shown any taste for the more glamorous aspects of life in Hollywood.

Oreste's winning friendliness probably had a lot to do with the unusually relaxed atmosphere on the set of "The Vagabond King." There was more laughter, banter and good-natured teasing among the cast and crew than is ordinarily found on a studio lot. "I think it was largely because of Oreste's personality," says director Mike Curtiz, a first-class veteran. "You never see any long faces when he's on the set. It's not that Oreste is a comedian, but he is so good-natured, friendly and willing to go along with a joke, everybody automatically responds to him. He was the star of the picture, but you'd never have known it from the humble, modest way he behaved."

In the Paramount commissary, for instance, Oreste never sat with the big shots or lunched by himself. He preferred eating with a crowd of extras, stagehands, his stand-in, and especially his two pals, Billy Vine and Harry McNaughton, who are also his boon companions in the film. Billy kept things lively by ribbing Oreste about his exalted stature as the star of the picture. The first time at lunch, he solemnly wrote "star" under Oreste's signature on the check, signing his own name with "almost star" and earnestly persuading Oreste that this was the thing to do in Hollywood. Another time, during the filming, when *Francois Villon* and his companions were making a triumphant entry into Paris, Billy complained in mock anger that Oreste was waving his hand to the crowd merely in order to block out his face and steal the scene from him. Oreste obligingly agreed to wave his hand in back of Billy's head instead.

That one scene, incidentally, turned out to be the only one featuring Oreste on horseback, despite the strenuous riding training he'd had to take for the picture. He took his riding lessons from a former cowboy, who made Oreste jump on a running horse and turn in his saddle at full gallop firing a gun at his pursuers. One day after a couple of weeks of this routine, the cowboy finally asked him, "What kind of stuff will you be doing?" "Opery," Oreste replied in his best Western manner, tactfully omitting that his specialty was grand rather than horse "opera."

At any rate the training gave Oreste a

feeling toward horses bordering on contempt. One time, when the script called for him to grab the reins of a bucking horse, he waded right in, his head erect and his shoulders squared. "Hey, Oreste," his double, an experienced stunt man, said to him after the take. "When I do that, I prefer to duck. Next time, I suggest you duck, too."

However, Oreste had the last laugh when he and Rita Moreno obligingly treated some prissy studio visitors to a sample of "Life in Hollywood." Staging a kissing scene which left the onlooking visitors gasping, he finally broke the clinch by throwing Rita over his shoulder and carrying her off the set cave-man style. Both of them were convulsed with laughter when he set her down again well out of sight and earshot.

Rita and Oreste got along famously while making "The Vagabond King"—except for one scene in which she had to slap his face, then he had to turn her over his knees and spank her. Quite a number of takes were required, partly because Oreste began to flinch as Rita hauled off and smacked him with increasing realism while he, in turn, paddled her with equal abandon. "I couldn't sit down that night," said Rita mournfully. In Oreste's case, the complaints came mainly from the makeup men who had to repaint, repowder and repair his face after each of Rita's hearty smacks.

One of Oreste's major annoyances was the beard he had to sport. Because he had to be comparatively smooth-shaven for part of the picture, he couldn't grow a beard, and putting on a false one, tuft by tuft, each morning took him the better part of an hour and a half—time he would have dearly loved to have spent sleeping.

Fatigue due to lack of sleep was one of Oreste's major occupational ailments while he was making "The Vagabond King." An extremely punctual person (when singing opera, he always arrived at the theatre two hours before curtain time, and he's never late for an appointment), he always got up at six or six-thirty for his nine A.M. call, even though he lives only five minutes away from the studio. On the other hand, having been accustomed to keeping late hours, he found it impossible to retire early. "I tried," he sighs, "but I found myself lying awake half the night thinking and worrying about having to get up so early." While he never objected to the early and long hours as concerned his acting chores, he drew a definite line when it came to recording his songs. "How can anyone sing at nine in the morning?" he asks in wonderment. "Noon is absolutely the earliest I can get into the proper frame of mind and limber up my vocal chords."

Oreste is addicted to watching late-hour TV film shows, likes to read in bed (Shakespeare is his favorite author), and rarely turns out the light before one or one-thirty. When he's not working, he usually gets up around nine. After a light breakfast (juice, cereal and a "flip"—a Maltese specialty consisting of two raw beaten eggs, some warm milk and a little brandy), he practices singing for about an hour, then usually goes for a drive, returning home for lunch. In the afternoon, he works with his diction teacher or singing coach and spends the evening with friends, going to the movies, plays, operas or concerts, or looking at television, reading, listening to records—in short, enjoying himself the same way most people do. In response to the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question about romantic involvements, Oreste shakes his head. "Nothing so far. And I'm not in any rush about it, either."

The comforts of home are amply provided for him by his sister Melita, who keeps house for him. "Melita is a wonderful cook," says Oreste. "Unfortunately, I have to watch my weight and eat mostly broiled steaks these days. Neither of us is very happy about it. But Melita always does herself proud when we have company for dinner, though she's never quite gotten over it that people here don't eat as much as they do in Malta. After minestrone, pasta and steak, a guest has usually reached his limit, but Melita isn't by any means through serving the food. She's always quite hurt when it remains untouched."

Although all the Kirkop boys are musical, none of the girls has shown a musical bent. "It's probably not so much a lack of talent as that being an 'entertainer' isn't considered quite proper in Malta, especially for girls," Oreste says. "Even in my own case, I tried to keep it a secret from my family at first that I was studying singing. When my mother finally heard about it, she said, 'Why don't you become a priest and do something for God with your gift instead?'"

No true-to-life priest, however, caught Oreste's imagination as much as Bing Crosby did in "Going My Way." "Bing is even more of an idol in Malta than he is in this country," Oreste says. "He was the first star I wanted to meet and asked to be introduced to when I arrived in Hollywood." Bing recently returned the compliment by introducing Oreste to the public in Paramount's musical short, "Bing Presents Oreste."

While Oreste is without a shred of conceit, he is, nevertheless, supremely confident of his own ability as a singer. "When I go to recitals or to the opera," he says, "I go for my own pleasure—never to check up on the competition. I honestly don't worry about it."

Among today's opera singers, Oreste admires most the great Italian tenor Benjamino Gigli. He is also without professional jealousy and unstinting in his praise of closer rivals such as Jussi Bjoerling and Mario Lanza. Of course, Caruso, whose range, voice and musicianship have never yet been equalled, gets Oreste's highest respect. "What a pity he died only a few years before modern recording techniques came into use," says Oreste.

Having tremendous volume, Oreste likes to sing above a full orchestra. After he made his first recording of one of Rudolf Friml's songs for "The Vagabond King," the director had to ask him to take it easy, hold back on the operatic verve, and remember that he was singing into a mike. "Holding back," says Oreste, "was one of the hardest things I had to learn about singing and acting in the movies."

While he probably wouldn't refuse an offer to sing at the Met, Oreste is currently looking forward to lots more work in movies. "Singing in opera is extremely hard work," he admits frankly. "I like making pictures. You reach a much larger audience, the pay is better, and it is much more satisfactory from the point of view of giving an even performance from start to finish. However, I would very much like to have a real operatic role some time in the future." And since, from a performer's standpoint, Puccini is his favorite composer, Oreste would no doubt be happiest performing in such classics as "La Boheme," "Madame Butterfly" and "Tosca."

When he does, chances are that jukeboxes all over the country will be well stocked with Puccini, as sung by Oreste, instead of "See You Later, Alligator."

THE END



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The Poison Gas of Gossip

(Continued from page 72)

home-made bread. She doesn't camouflage the silver in her hair. She tells the truth to anyone interested enough (or curious enough) to ask her age. "Too many women wear themselves out," she says, "trying to look like a young star, and for what? Every age has its appeal and its compensations." Barbara says what she has to say to your face, not to someone else. She is never catty. Her creed is, "Live and let live," or to put it bluntly (as she does), "Mind your own business." And she practices what she preaches. "What other people do," she says, "is none of my business. I have enough trouble living my own life."

To such a temperament, the constant fumes of gossip would naturally seem like a curse. It frequently is, and not without reason.

For example, one day, Barbara tried to open a casement window, the kind you have to push out. As she tells it: "The darn thing stuck. I gave it a hefty blow with the heel of my hand. It didn't budge but my hand went right on through the glass and the blood spurted from a deep and dandy gash on my wrist. When the doctor arrived he quickly hauled me off to the hospital. So that my friends wouldn't worry, I gave orders to everyone in the house to say nothing about the accident. That did it. A reporter saw 'cut wrist' on the hospital register and by midnight it was all over town that I'd tried to commit suicide!

"Then there was the night," Barbara continues, "when Bob Taylor and I were having dinner at La Rue. We were discussing something we didn't agree on, and after a while we were both arguing earnestly. Now, I love a good argument, so I was having a wonderful time. I pounded the table, waggled my forefinger a mile a minute, and couldn't have been happier—or more deaf to Bob's whispered warning to pipe down or 'They' would be saying. . . .

"Sure enough, at midnight, my agent Helen Ferguson's phone rang. One of the 'Little Pitchers That Have Big Ears' was calling to tell her that Bob and I had had 'a big rousing fight in public—and *what did it mean?*' What the 'Little Pitcher' took it to mean certainly was back-fence gossip come the next morning!

"And there are always the sly items," Barbara adds, "either in print or by word of mouth, such as 'What popular star, supposedly happily married, is secretly dating what noted director?' and so on.

"This sort of thing can sow seeds of suspicion, even in a good marriage. Actually, however, if gossip can break up a marriage, it is ready to break up. Although not, in some instances, perhaps, so soon. One of the most dangerous things about gossip," Barbara says emphatically, "is that 'They' can't wait! 'They' rush you. A boy and a girl start going together and 'They' want to know, *When are they going to get married?* 'They' can't wait to get you married; 'They' can't wait to get you divorced. This can be terribly embarrassing.

"And who are 'They' anyway? Where are 'They'?" Barbara challenges. "You don't know. You never know. They stay underground. You can't find them, can't grapple with them any more than you can with smog, or any poisons in the air.

"Gossip can play as much havoc in a small town as it does in Hollywood, or any other city. But if there is gossip about the banker's wife or the minister's son in a small town, you have a Chinaman's chance of tracking it down and, if you're mad enough, take care of the scandal-monger. But not in Hollywood. Personalities are Hollywood's business and personalities are news. So, what can you do about it? Besides, denial adds fuel to the fire. Here, your best bet is to ignore the gibble-gabble and the gibble-gabblers.

"Creating feuds," Barbara points out, "is another choice little pastime of the back-fence set. For example, when I was making 'Strange Love of Martha Ivers' at Paramount, I had just one scene to do, with Lizabeth Scott. The day it was scheduled I was ill, really ill, with a cold. I didn't feel well enough to work, but if I didn't, I suspected *something* would be made of it! So I went straight to Lizabeth's dressing room and explained to her that I'd caught a cold and didn't want her to get too close to me for fear she'd catch it. Strictly in the interest of avoiding contagion, we kept our distance from each other—and the gossips had their way with us anyhow!

"It is too ridiculous just to think that you can't have an ordinary household accident or a good argument without the

gossips making an 'attempted suicide' of the one and a Reno-bound battle out of the other. Or that a cold in the head, from which you try to protect a fellow-player, gives birth to a feud! But at least a cut wrist, a table-pounding argument and two actresses keeping at arm's length does give 'Them' ammunition, something specific to yak about. It is when gossip starts and spreads *for no reason* that it's the most deadly.

"There's a tragic story about a young actress I knew who was beautiful and really talented. She was a gentle girl, very modest, always well-behaved. You would have sworn she was destined to be a star soon. But the girl's career suddenly, and for no reason I have been able to learn, came to an end. I never heard anyone actually speak one bad word about her. Actually, what was done to her was more insidious than the spoken word: In small groups, most often hen groups, whenever this girl's name was mentioned, eyebrows raised, shoulders shrugged, women exchanged 'knowing glances' and the silence that ensued was violent—and vile—in its innuendo. Usually, I'm not curious about my neighbor (or his wife), but I was curious enough to try to solve this mystery. I never did. To this day I haven't the remotest idea why this girl was crucified. But that the cruelty behind it was successful in ending what could have been an important career, this is for sure!

"The fabrication of fantastic stories about married couples or engaged couples," says Barbara, "is another juicy pastime of the gossips, the vicious ones, who are, in actual practice, character assassins. Those of us who have been in Hollywood and in the business long enough can spot these tall tales for the fiction they are. But newcomers to our town, and gullible people outside the industry, really latch on to these fantasies, embroider them, spread them, and, in time, believe them.

"Take that tired old yarn about the frantic embarrassment of a married couple when guests walked in on them, unexpectedly, in the privacy of their home. This ludicrous but lewd yarn has been whispered about practically every important couple in Hollywood for the last twenty years. Only recently it went the rounds again as a factual story, without naming names, in a book purportedly dealing with 'The Truth about Hollywood.' Weird stories, which leave the people involved nameless, are one poisonous form of gossip. The nameless ones are so adroitly 'described' they could be any number of people, and so these wildcat rumors often inflict a blot on the record of entirely innocent people. And somehow these blots seem to be indelible!

"At its least deadly," says Barbara, "gossip can whittle down your phone calls and scare away your dates. A nice guy takes you out to dinner; the next day he learns the gossips have it that he is going to marry you!

"I speak," Barbara laughs, "with the Voice of Experience! Some time ago, I went out several times with Jean Pierre Aumont, widower of the beautiful Maria Montez, and who is now married to Marisa Pavan. Before we'd had two dates, 'They' had us married nine times! We were going to be married in Las Vegas. We were going to be married in Paris. We were going to live in Europe. Now Jean Pierre's a wonderful, sensitive, nice guy, but we didn't have any romance. I wasn't in the mood for romance and Jean Pierre certainly wasn't over his grief for Maria.

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'Let's not get embarrassed with each other,' I told him.

"But how could we help it?" Barbara asks indignantly. "Especially since every time our 'wedding plans' were mentioned, Maria was mentioned, too. Believe me, this man loved that woman and reminders of her death upset him dreadfully.

"I also went out a couple of times with producer Paul Gregory, a very fine and an exceptionally interesting young man. We had fun together, enjoyed each other's company, but it was not love, it was not romance. One night during dinner at La Rue, Paul, to emphasize a point he was making, took hold of and held my hand. The next day: 'New Romance, Wedding Bells Expected!'

"One night," Barbara continues, "I accepted a dinner invitation from long-time bachelor, long-time friend and my co-star in 'Titanic,' Clifton Webb. As we were finishing dinner, Bob Wagner, who was also in 'Titanic,' joined us. The next day I read and heard I was 'dating Wagner!' I did not go out, that night or any other, with Bob. Not that it matters. The photographer took several shots of the three of us at the table. And what did they do but cut Clifton out of the picture when it was printed!

"They've had Clifton and me getting married, too! Also Bob Stack and I, even George Nader. All rumor—big stuff!" Barbara says sarcastically.

"Just as the career of the girl I mentioned was ended, by a general freeze-out, for no known reason at all, so 'romance rumors' come right out of nothing.

"Here is one of the funnier fables about me," Barbara grins. "Nancy Sinatra called me one day to tell me she'd heard that Prince Something-Something of Saudi-Arabia had given me a diamond necklace 'as big' it says here, 'as Fort Knox,' said Nancy. I'd never heard of Prince Something-Something. I had barely heard of Saudi-Arabia! 'I resent that item' I said to Nancy, 'because, *where's my diamond necklace?*'

"I was kidding," Barbara adds, "when I said, 'I resent that item.' However, I do resent some items. It's a shame that you can't have any difference of opinion with a friend, or a husband, without the gossips predicting the end. It's healthy to argue; a polite relationship is a dead relationship. It's a shame you can't have dates without embarrassing the life out of them. Or a household accident, or a cold in the head without discovering, all of a sudden, that blood is running out of your back! 'For heaven's sake,' I feel like saying, 'we're human, aren't we?' Or are we? I sometimes wonder. I also feel like saying, 'Making pictures is a great big wonderful business. Why try to destroy it by nasty little cracks?' Gossip is a termite in my book.

"Then," Barbara sighs, "I tell myself that gossip is as old as man, and the first false rumor came from a snake in the Garden of Eden. It's a little late for it to be uprooted, so why try? So I don't try, other than by minding my own business. And even if I get big-eared about some intriguing information, I manage to keep my mouth shut. And, since I'm a TV fan and that makes me a stayer-at-home, there haven't been many rumors to deny, or ignore, lately.

"Actually, I feel sorry for those whose lives are so starved they must rely on gossip to feed their existence. So I guess I'm not too mad at them, after all. Just sorry.

"A friend of mine," Barbara concludes, "has two sayings that I should remember! One is: 'They say! What say they! Let them say!' The other is: 'Never complain. Never explain.'"

THE END

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(Continued from page 45)

an exceptional game of chess (trembling and incredulous, he once defeated the great Oscar Hammerstein in a chess game backstage during rehearsals for "South Pacific").

This battle of wits represented Perry's second ghastly attack of stage fright. The first occurred during his formative years when he was one of the most accomplished swimmers. (He also dabbled in hockey, basketball, football, baseball and boxing.) On one occasion he won a 150 meter race, but he insisted that his buddy march up to the judges' stand to accept the medal and have his picture taken.

But, to begin at the beginning: Mr. and Mrs. Lopez had no particular reason to regard the moment as rainbow-wrapped when their third son was born. The year was 1931, a sub-basement era of the Depression, and the day was a sweltering July 22, as noted on limp calendars on the walls of New York's Italian district.

Perry's father was a postman and a man who lived in accordance with the concepts of old Spanish culture and therefore believed in the power of maxims customarily taught to the young. One of his favorites was "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

This couplet impressed the Lopez brothers very little. Perry, especially, hated to come in from the street until he was reasonably certain nothing much was going to happen during the rest of the night. He soon discovered that if he came home before his father had gone to bed, but after the dinner hour, he was due for the snap of a strap. However, if Perry waited until after ten, at which hour Papa Lopez settled into the solid sleep of the pure in heart, punishment was avoided.

"Naturally, my hours grew later and later," Perry remembers.

And his mischievousness, quite as naturally, increased. Perry didn't belong to a gang, but he had a group of associates with fertile imaginations. Sometimes, their activities were confined to seeing movies at the Boys' Club, or at the Catholic Youth Center. Other times, mischief sent the boys out to perfect their pitching control—by rehearsing with rocks near a many-windowed building.

On one such occasion, the tinkle of

broken glass was quickly followed by the shriek of police whistles, and the boys found themselves facing a stern warning. Older hands at the disorderly conduct racket had cautioned newcomers like Perry that the thing to do, when caught, was to sob with great remorse. "Bust de cops hearts, see?" he was advised.

Although he was scared within an inch of drowning himself, Perry couldn't cry, but he was so ashamed, he wished he could dissolve in his own tears.

After that, Perry readily agreed to report to the Police Athletic League where officers gave (and still give) many of their free hours to the job of using up excess junior energy in acceptable pursuits such as boxing.

To his own pleased surprise, Perry discovered that his footwork was agile, his reactions swift, and his right fist a leather-encased load of dynamite. He began to knock out fellow PAL members and took an interest in the life story of Henry Armstrong. It was easy to think of himself as "Hammering Hank Lopez."

One day, Perry said to the police sergeant instructing him, "Get me some fights. I'm ready to move out of this division." He was twelve then.

Over on Manhattan's Lexington Avenue around 104th Street, there was another young pugilist who had let loose with his gloves on a list of hapless lads, and who believed himself ready to donate bigger and blacker eyes to anyone begging for trouble. He and Perry were matched.

At this point, there occurred one of the fortunate incidents mentioned earlier. On the night of the fight, Perry heeded the bell by charging his opponent like a bull after a red cape. The other boy stood his ground like a farmer armed with a pitchfork.

In brief, Perry's opponent hit him with everything except the floor, and Perry hit the floor. Yet, Hammering Hank Lopez lived. That was the vital fact to consider, Perry told himself, when at last he began to detect the sound of human voices amid the clanging of bells and the twittering of birds.

This is probably as sensible a place as any to give you the news that Perry was actually christened Julius Caesar Lopez. Wisely, his mother nick-named him Perry,

and it might be well for you to forget the label on Perry's birth certificate because although he may have lost all interest in boxing as a career, Perry still doesn't care much to be called—er, you-know-what.

Perry was educated in New York City, at PS 83, PS 172, Benjamin Franklin Junior High School, PS 43, George Washington High School, and—during one semester of night school—at New York University, where he intended to earn a law degree. Destiny, however, had no intention of turning him into a barrister.

One Friday morning, Perry was standing backstage at the Majestic Theatre, waiting to see a friend, when a stranger strode up to him and asked, "Are you an actor?"

Remembers Perry, "I asked him who he thought he was kidding."

The gentleman insisted that he wasn't kidding, and ventured another question: "Do you speak French?"

"Naw, I don't speak French," said Perry. "Will you," said the man, "repeat after me: 'Allez-vous-en, vite, dans la maison.'"

Perry figured he couldn't lose much, so he repeated the French sentence, copying the gentleman's inflection perfectly.

"You're sure you aren't an actor?" the man asked again.

"Aw, for—what's this all about anyhow? Who you kidding?"

The gentleman explained that if Perry was interested, he might report at the gentleman's office for further interviewing, and proffered a card. The gentleman was Joshua Logan. A Chicago company of "South Pacific" was in the assembly stage and Perry was tabbed for one of the Marine roles.

Nowadays, when Perry thinks back to that crucial afternoon, he develops a set of shakes that would shame an earthquake. By such a slim margin, he might have failed to be at that particular theatre that particular morning during those particular thirty minutes. By such a slim margin did he escape antagonizing the celebrated Josh Logan to the point of giving up his talent-scouting of Perry Lopez in favor of some other likely Latin lad.

Night after night, Perry watched "South Pacific" unfold. He studied technique without knowing its name; he studied voice control, pantomime, and timing without realizing how much he was absorbing. He became a friend of Ray Walston, who was doing the *Luther Billis* part, and from Ray he assimilated a world of dramatic know-how. Next, Perry enrolled as a student of David Itkin, who had taught the elements of dramatic art at St. Paul University and at Chicago's respected Goodman Theatre.

At about this time, "Cyrano de Bergerac" was playing in Chicago, so Perry undertook a weekly course of "study" under the tutelage of Jose Ferrer, the star of the picture. Every Sunday when the "South Pacific" company rested, Perry paid his tuition at the box office and spent most of the day observing the manner in which Mr. Ferrer fetched up a dramatic storm in "Cyrano."

After a year's run in Chicago, the "South Pacific" company took to the road, bringing three crucial experiences to Perry. The first occurred when he was in Denver and picked up a copy of *Battle Cry* and met *Spanish Joe*. "When they turn this book into a picture," he vowed, "I'm going to be *Spanish Joe*."

The second occurred while the company was in Los Angeles. Perry scrutinized Southern California and liked what he was able to see through the smog. After all, sound stages were air-conditioned, and

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that, he had decided, was where he wanted to be.

The third crucial experience happened on the return loop of the tour. The train on which the "South Pacific" company was traveling crashed into the rear of a freight train which had failed to clear a switch as quickly as scheduled. Perry was catapulted against the side of his berth, suffering a concussion and a slight skull fracture. Still, he was lucky. If he had been lying down rather than sitting up, his neck might well have been broken.

Possibly, Perry regarded this as an omen, indicating that the time had come for him to abandon the roving life of a road show. The more he thought about it, the more he was convinced that he had taken all the giant steps possible in the "South Pacific" situation, and that from then on, he would only be marking time without rolling up any dramatic mileage. So he left the cast in Detroit and hurried to New York, his family, and the pulsating activity of summer stock.

His first job (for \$35.00 per week) was in a "Stalag 17" production in which he had a few lines. His next job (for \$40.00 per week) was in "Mr. Roberts" in which he had a few more lines.

As soon as it was possible, Perry decided to move to California. Once there, and having heard that Warner Brothers was casting "Battle Cry," he called on Solly Bianco, who interviewed Perry, then took him to meet director Raoul Walsh, who was impressed. Walsh tested Perry and arranged for him to be placed under contract. Right from the start, says Perry, "I tried to persuade them I was a Tony Quinn type, since they wanted Tony for the picture. I persuaded and persuaded until I wore them out and got the part."

It took only one week of showing "Battle Cry" across the nation to prove that the

youngsters were set to dig Perry Lopez the most. The fan mail began to pour in.

One of Perry's most ardent fans, his mother, is now about to start a one-woman crusade against permitting actors to die in movies. Mrs. Lopez has seen "Hell on Frisco Bay" and "The Lone Ranger" many times, and each time she is crushed by the untimely cinema end of her son. In "Battle Cry," originally, *Spanish Joe* was set to perish, too, as he did in the book. But in the final screen version, he was spared. Mrs. Lopez reasons that if so sensible a script change could be made in one picture, it should be made in all.

Naturally, she has been spared the knowledge that there are times when, entirely aside from script demands, the life of an actor is a precarious one, indeed. And Perry is no exception. While "Drumbeat" was being filmed, Perry had a busy bit of business requiring him to ride a horse, bareback, down a rock-studded hill. Perry was asked to fire a rifle over the head of his horse. Apparently, when he did so, the blank wadding shot from the gun passed too close to his mount's ear. Panic-stricken, the horse reared and tried to climb the sky. Perry executed a brilliant one-and-a-half somersault into the Arizona desert. There was no explanation, other than the intervention of fate, how Perry managed to emerge in one piece from cactus, sand, volcanic rock, and an occasional rattlesnake refuge. For several weeks after, his torso was black and blue. However, no lasting damage was done.

"By that time," observes Perry, "you might say that I had bumped my head so many times I had developed a sort of built-in crash helmet—I hope."

Recently, Perry was signed for the *Prince Ahmed* role in "Omar Khayyam." This part will doubtless include riding horses,

climbing balconies, engaging in duels, enjoying a snack beneath a flowering bough—the latter of which is likely to prove the favorite of fans.

Currently, Perry has two secret ambitions: someday, he hopes to recreate on film the matchless daring, gallantry, deviltry, and larceny of Joaquin Murriata, California's answer to Robin Hood; and he hopes someday to explain Pancho Villa by portraying the Mexican bandit as a young man.

You have a question?

Oh . . . Perry's love life. He is unmarried, and his idea of a good date is an evening spent at a movie or the theatre, followed by a spirited discussion of the script and the manner in which the acting dramatized the story. Perry is a good ballroom dancer (he is also studying athletic ballet in the Gene Kelly manner and hopes to perfect a technique that will make it possible for him to do musical roles), he likes tennis, listening to recordings, sitting in front of blazing fires, and talking.

The future looks bright to Perry, bright and clear and the clearest area is the romance department. Perry doesn't intend to marry until he has acquired such prestige that his name on a theatre marquee will have the customers standing in long lines.

However, he has one modification about this: "Naturally, it would be nice to make the grade in a big way. But I want something more than *obvious* success in this world. I don't know quite how to explain it without sounding corny, so I'll go ahead and sound corny. I want to be a useful human being, serving a good purpose in the world. Okay, now grin."

It is likely that no one is going to grin, except in a nice way, while applauding this intriguing young man heartily.

THE END

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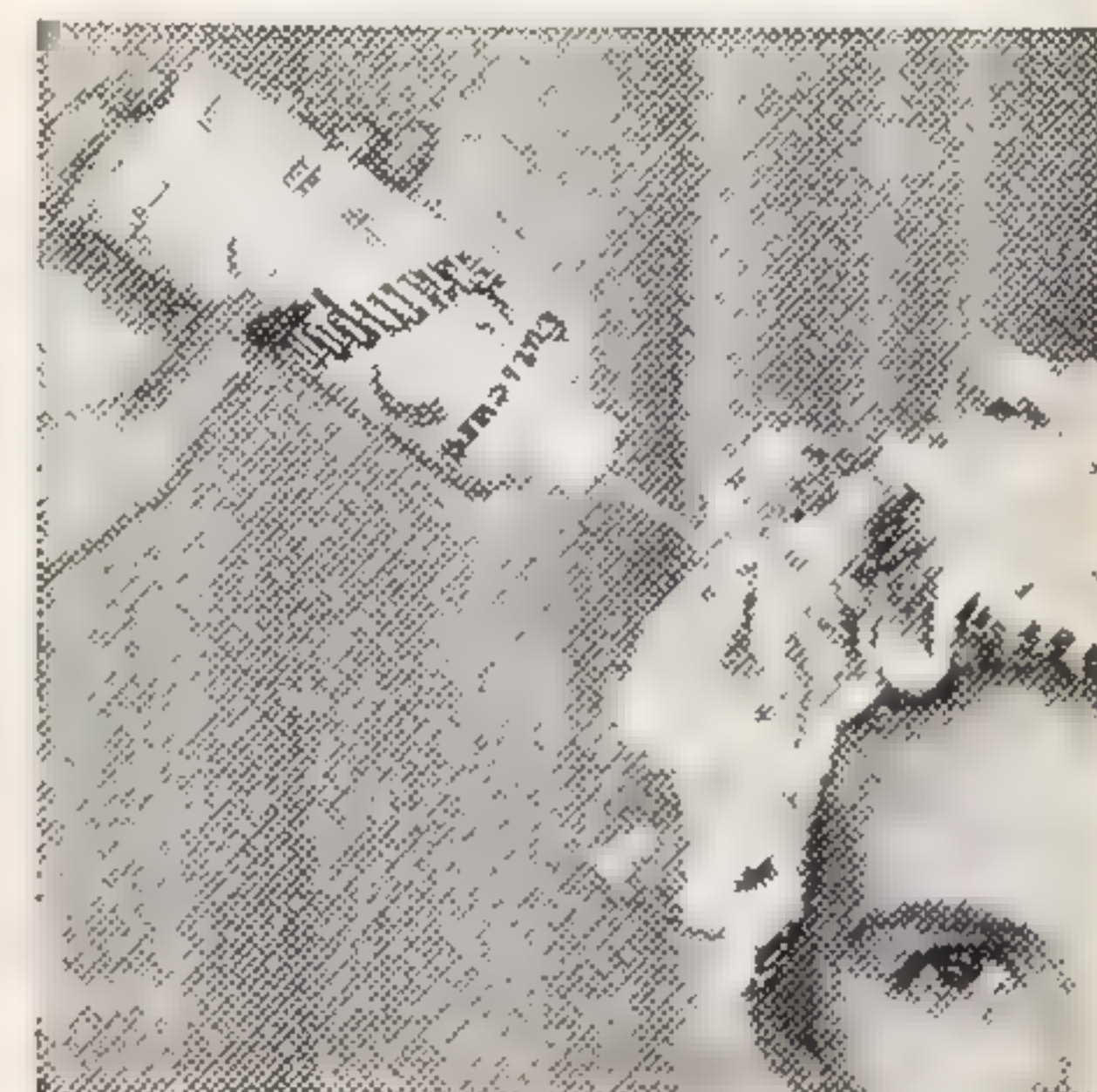
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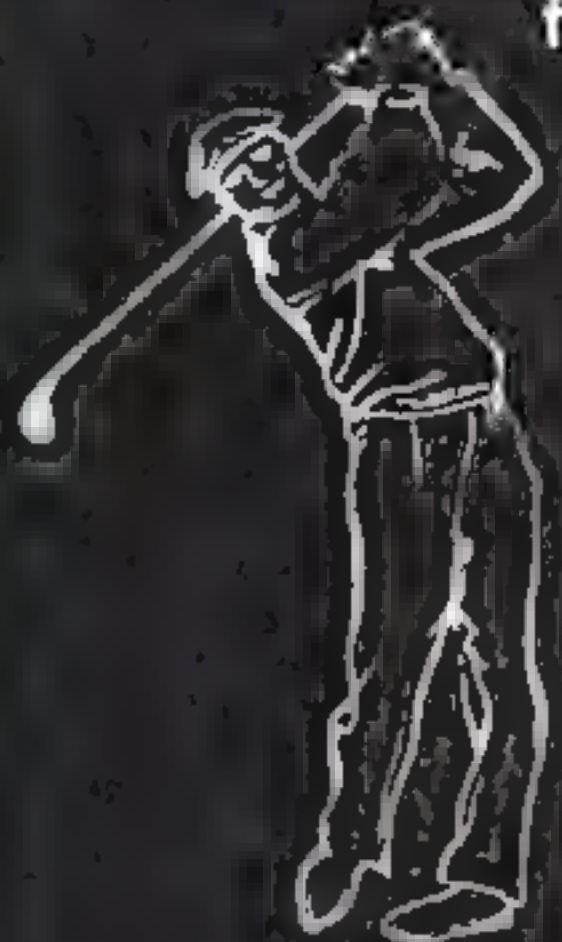
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Junior Femme Fatale

(Continued from page 37)

location for a week by the time Natalie had arrived. She'd climbed out of the car and had seemed glad to be there. And he figured that when a girl had joggled a hundred and eighty miles over the tired dirt roads that led to Monument Valley—well, she had a right to temporary sunstroke.

Granted, there was a plain and peaceful beauty about the desert. But there was entirely too much peace for a teenager. Company nearer his own age would help, Pat had felt.

On some nights at the lonely trading-post location—when the day had been extra hot and the work had been extra hard—Natalie, her sister Lana, and their mother retired early and fell into bed from exhaustion.

Other nights, however, Natalie and Pat took turns diving into the post dictionary and exchanging "I told you so's" and "I'm sorry's."

There was no place to go, no sights to see, nothing to do. When playing Scrabble grew boring, gin rummy set in. The two teenagers, missing their usual rounds of social activities, reached the mutual conclusion that things were pretty dead. "Another thing you get for being a movie star."

"If a good part goes with it, I'll take it." Natalie was putting it mildly. Come desert, sun and sandstorms, or the quiet of Monument Valley, she wouldn't give up her career for the world. She couldn't, because it is her world.

A comparative newcomer, Pat's a rising young star who is just beginning to learn the acting trade. Natalie has been concentrating upon her career since the time it was only a dream to her. Even as an infant her talents couldn't be checked. When she was a mere three months, she got into the habit of howling at night, and her mother and father took turns getting up and rocking her. Then, one early morn, her father hit upon the idea of humming to his wailing daughter. This proved successful—until Natalie was four months old and began humming back.

She was three when her dream of a career began. Each morning, she would borrow finery from her mother's wardrobe and totter toward the garage on high, reluctant heels. If asked, however, she would have told you that she was on her way to the world's largest motion picture studio, where the world's greatest pictures were being made.

Inside the garage was a desk, long banished from the house. Approaching it, little Miss Wood would stop for a moment to mull her daily problem. Then, having made her decision, she'd announce it to the desk. "This morning I'm Bette Davis." It was a difficult choice, but she was comforted by the fact that after lunch and a nap she could always return and be Lana Turner or Sonja Henie. And when she grew up. . . .

A year and approximately a half-inch later, Natalie, then Natasha Gurdin, was on her way. That was the year 20th Century-Fox made a picture called "Happy Land" and sent a location troupe to Santa Rosa, California, where the Gurdins were living.

Looking over the crowd of local sight-seers one morning, director Irving Pichel glanced down and discovered a pair of large brown eyes squarely meeting his own. On the pixie face was a button of a nose and a smile that was something to behold. "Hello there," he called. "Come talk to me."

Natalie came running, climbed onto his lap and immediately began the conversation. When she stopped to catch her

breath, Pichel inquired if she could also sing. "Oh, yes," she replied. "I listen to the radio and know a lot of songs." She was singing one of them for him when her mother found her.

Pichel gave Natalie a small part in the picture to see how she would react to the lights and cameras. Her chore, he explained, was to drop an ice cream cone and burst into tears. It was then that Natalie chose to be a realist in her make-believe world. "That's nothing to cry about," she told him. "Mother can always buy me another one."

Then she added helpfully, "But I'll cry if you want me to." After which she dropped the ice cream cone and wept her heart out.

When the picture ended, Pichel promised to send for her when the right part came along. For two years he wrote letters of encouragement while Natalie waited. She was six when he suggested that the family come to Hollywood, for their daughter surely had a future in movies.

The Gurdins debated the move. Could Natalie be an actress and still have a normal childhood? Could she, as an actress, grow up to lead a normal life as an adult?

The familiar image of a child star is a frightening one and, in some cases, rather accurate. The movie moppet, many claim, is a pint-sized princess in the lavish scheme of Hollywood royalty and comes to know it far too soon. She fights for good roles rather than toys and learns to steal scenes instead of cookies. She goes wading in her own private pool and when it rains she can always stay inside and walk barefoot over her little ermine jacket.

She grows up in a world of worshipping adults and grows too fast, yet somehow never quite enough. She forsakes her kiddie car for a Cadillac, and public school is the building where she drops by to pick up her high school diploma, after years of semi-private tutoring.

She's constantly surrounded but, nevertheless, in the midst of a crowd she's aware of being apart from it. A wage-earner since she recited her first lines, she longs to declare her independence, and an early marriage is the most logical means of breaking parental ties.

At an age where most young people are selecting vocations, hustling off for higher educations, or breathing the first whiff of orange blossoms, the former movie moppet may be stepping into a divorce court to tell a tale of marital failure. For the movie child, too often, life is just a bowl of mixed emotions.

Realizing all these things could happen to Natalie, the Gurdins faced a difficult decision. But if, by chance, this was the rule, they vowed that they would raise an exception. And so they went to Hollywood.

Natalie was given the role of a German girl in "Tomorrow Is Forever." She first signed a contract with Universal-International, then with 20th Century-Fox. Following this, she free-lanced. "Wherever she worked," says Mrs. Gurdin, "I made it a point to ask people not to praise her too much or treat her as a motion-picture star. And the same held true at home."

Today Natalie, herself, points out, "I was in the very fortunate position of being a child actress, not a child star. I had all of the benefits and none of the drawbacks."

There were lessons to be learned along the way. One of the most memorable was on temperament. In one of her pictures, Natalie was to make each of her appearances with a puppy in her arms. Now if there is anyone more adept at scene-steal-

ing than a child, it's a dog, and the leading lady was quick to recognize the double threat. "I will not have that child in a scene with me," she raged and promptly had Natalie and her canine friend written out of half the script.

Natalie took it philosophically. "When I grow up," she assured the puppy, "I'm always going to be kind to child actors and dogs."

When she was eleven, Natalie was signed for "The Star." "It was while working with Bette Davis that I realized there was more to acting than being in pictures and reading your lines," she says. "I discovered that the best way to learn was to study the people with whom I was working—the directors, the stars. It's not so much what they say as what they do."

"I learned that the main thing is truth. You have to ask yourself, 'Is what I'm doing real? Is it what the person I'm portraying would do?' If it isn't, it's superficial. You can be criticized for a lot of things, but not for giving an honest performance," she concludes.

"Natalie has always had a very professional attitude toward her career," says Nicholas Ray who directed her in "Rebel Without a Cause." "To keep a sense of balance and a sense of unity is difficult when you're alternating between the fantasy world of pictures and the realities of everyday living. Natalie has had to do this and she's done it well. Older and stronger and more experienced people have cracked from trying."

When she wasn't working, Natalie attended regular school, in addition to being tutored on the studio lot. "I missed out on many of the problems in school, where boys and girls are undecided as to what they want to do," she says. "I knew what I was going to do. It was a matter of studying and working toward that goal."

Natalie admits that, when she enrolled in Van Nuys Junior High, she got off to a grim public school beginning. Having previously skipped a grade, she was younger than the other students in her class, and she arrived bedecked in ruffles and pigtails. The girls looked down at her from their well-heeled heights, straightened their tight, tight skirts and applied another coat of lipstick. Obviously, said their manner, the newcomer was an infant.

Natalie rushed home sobbing. "Mother, we've got to go shopping. I just can't wear these clothes any more."

She convinced her parents that a tight skirt was a necessity, but her father was against any lipstick. After a lengthy discussion, they compromised on a pale pink shade which she faithfully wore at home. Occasionally, however, when she came from school, her mother would notice traces of bright red on her lips.

During those years, Natalie went to parties and dances, acquired new friends by the dozens and now and then allowed other members of the household the use of the family telephone. Every so often she'd announce that she was having a slumber party. Mrs. Gurdin will never forget the time Natalie forgot to pass along the information and twenty-five girls showed up with blankets and pillows. "They threw them on the floor and slept there," Mrs. Gurdin recalls. "I didn't mind. We had a larger house at the time, there was plenty of room, and we got used to the noise."

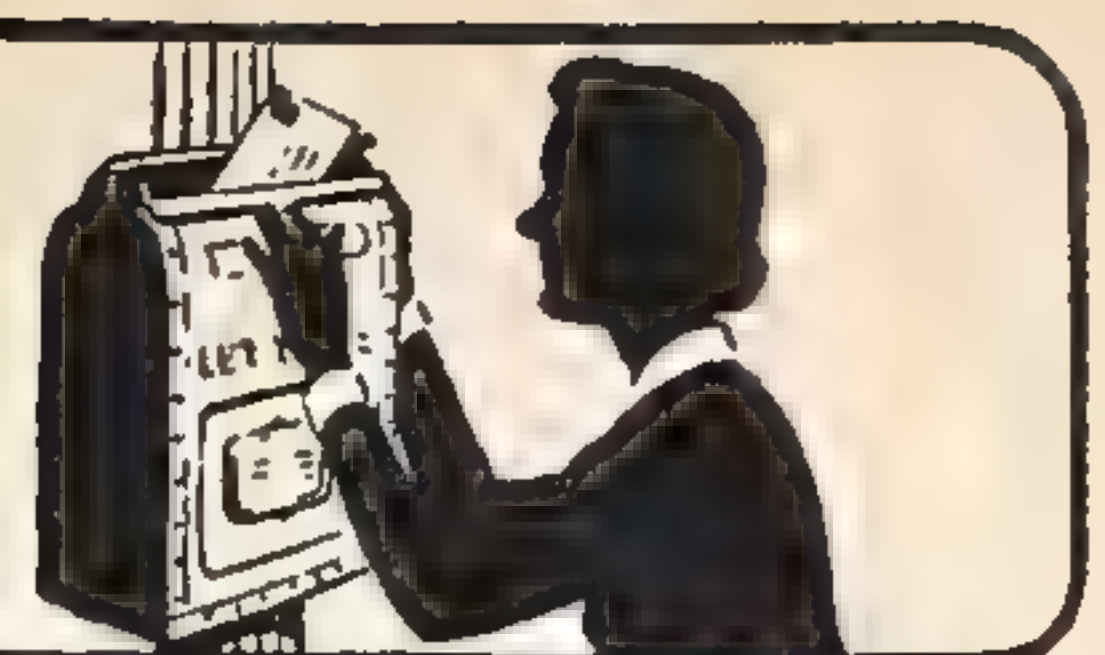
Although she has her share of girlfriends, Natalie has admittedly preferred the company of boys since an early age. This preference may stem from an unhappy experience at the age of five when she and another neighborhood siren vied for the affections of one Douglas Olsen, also age five.

Douglas was an obliging beau who willingly divided his time between Natalie



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and her rival, Renee. The girls, however, held a dim view of his impartiality. Whenever Douglas played with Renee, Natalie would swing into action. She'd call his mother. "Mrs. Olsen, will you please have Douglas come right home and then send him over to play with me?" she'd request.

Renee's campaign was somewhat less devious. One afternoon while Douglas was sharing the back-yard swing with Natalie, the lady being scorned picked up a stone and took aim. The next fellow Natalie saw was the doctor, who examined the lump on her aching head.

But all was forgiven when Douglas asked Natalie for an honest-to-goodness date. She demanded a formal gown for the occasion, got it, and accompanied Douglas and his mother to dinner and a show.

These days, Natalie prefers to go out with actors. Perry Lopez, Nick Adams, Raymond Burr, to name a few. And Tab Hunter is a favorite date, now that he's back in her good graces. It was when she was fifteen that she began to worship the ground Tab walked upon. He was her favorite star and she kept a scrapbook to prove it.

Natalie then decided that having the same agent should be of some advantage, and she hounded him to arrange a date with her idol. After a while, Tab consented with an unenthusiastic, "Okay, okay, I'll take the little girl to the benefit next week."

When he called for her, he offered his arm. Natalie almost refused it, since it happened that Lori Nelson was on his other arm. At the end of the evening, Miss Wood came storming through the front door. Her first words were, "Mother, take that scrapbook away! I'll never collect Tab Hunter's pictures again!"

Natalie frequently has crushes. "But I'm always conscious of the fact that I don't think it will get serious," she says. "I'm not thinking of marriage just now."

At the moment, she is not domestically inclined. When she was eight, she baked pies, made beds, helped clean house and thrilled to the sight of soapsuds in the dishpan. Recently, she attempted to broil a steak and nearly smoked the family out of the house. "Domestically, I must be going backwards instead of forwards," she observes with no trace of regret.

"When I do marry," she continues, "I don't want it to be on the spur of the moment. But right now, if I even started thinking of marriage, it wouldn't work. I don't want to get serious for three or four years. I'm too interested in my career and having a good time dating a lot of boys."

That she takes time out for serious thoughts is obvious to those who have encountered Natalie during such moments. After the making of "The Searchers," Pat Wayne had a hearty respect for her acting, Scrabble and gin rummy ability. He also made another observation with which Hollywood and the public agree. "Natalie strikes me as being older for her years than most teenagers," he says admiringly. "She acts older, thinks older. She's—well, she's so much more mature than other girls her age."

Natalie's opinions astound many who meet her for the first time. There was, for instance, the reporter who was rounding up star quotations. He wanted a teenage theory and approached Natalie with the query, "What custom would you do away with, if you had your choice?"

He waited, wondering if it would be parental supervision, curfew, homework?

"I'd abolish capital punishment," replied Natalie.

As one friend put it when he heard of her retort, "Natalie isn't one for picking up a paper and turning straight to the comic section."

"Most kids read the newspapers and know what's going on," says Natalie. "Teenagers have a lot more intelligence than they're given credit for. What they need is more understanding."

"Rebel Without a Cause," the picture which introduced her to the world as an ingenue, is a plea for that understanding. And careerwise, as well as otherwise, it was a turning point in her life. "I call it my first picture," she says, "because the rest don't really count."

"Rebel," with Natalie, Sal Mineo and the late James Dean, is a picture that touched not only the lives of those connected with the filming, but the lives of the millions who have seen it. Since its release, Natalie's fan mail count has soared to ten thousand letters per month, and among those letters are messages from mothers as well as teenagers. "My youngster has been to see the picture seven times," wrote one. "I've seen it eleven."

Parents write to say that they send their children to see "Rebel," children write to say that they send their parents. "I learned so much from the picture," says Natalie. "We all learned—about juvenile delinquency, parent-child relations, parent-teacher relations. That was something in itself."

The moment she heard that the picture was planned, Natalie went after the part. "She sensed the importance that it would have for her career," says director Nicholas Ray. "So did a lot of other girls who were trying to get the role. I must have interviewed at least a hundred actresses.

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Yet there was something about Natalie . . . a quality of reality.

"I tested around fourteen or fifteen girls. But in spite of the fact that the transition from child actress to ingenue is a very difficult step and the odds are usually against anyone being able to make it, it seemed to me that Natalie was the one who could do the part—and also show the most promise for the picture and the studio."

That Natalie was concentrating on the role soon became obvious. Several weeks before she was told that the part was hers, Ray received a telephone call from a young stranger. "Mr. Ray, we don't want you to be worried, but we've had a little accident."

"Who is *we*?" inquired the director.

"A friend of Natalie's and I—and Natalie. Well, sir, we were coming down Laurel Canyon and skidded. . . ."

"Where are you now?"

"I don't want to worry you, but we're at the emergency hospital in Hollywood . . . and Natalie may have a concussion."

"Have you called her doctor? Her parents?" asked Ray.

"No . . . we thought we'd better call you first."

Giving instructions to telephone Natalie's family, Ray then phoned his own doctor and headed for the hospital. He and the Gurdins and the physician arrived at the same time. Natalie was examined and it was found she didn't have a concussion.

The group went into the room where she was being treated. Natalie beckoned to Ray. "Do you know what the intern called me?" she whispered. "He called me a juvenile delinquent." She gave him a weak grin. "Now do I get the part?" she asked.

"This was no scatterbrain speaking," says Ray. "Just a very determined girl. And an intelligent girl. She's a student and a bright one."

"During production we had the problem of school—of being able to work with her only three-and-a-half or four hours a day," Ray continues. "It was Natalie's senior year and she graduated that June with a very high average. But, in the meantime, she was going straight from geometry and other studies into playing her role. That takes a lot of concentration, preparation and stamina."

During school, Natalie and Sal Mineo pulled a joke on their teacher. And, for a while, they thought it was a fine one. The instructor had to leave the classroom and, while he was gone, he received a phone call.

Whoever was on the other end of the line claimed to be the head of the Board of Education. However, pupils Wood and Mineo were certain it was their teacher, with voice disguised, checking up on them. Consequently, they began telling some pretty ridiculous tales about him. Then they began to worry.

"What if it *was* the head of the Board of Education?" asked Sal.

"Then we've done something awful," replied Natalie. They were both fond of the fellow.

They sweated it out for a week, then discovered that they had been right the first time. The teacher had placed the call to himself. Then Natalie went into her act. "This is terrible," she moaned. "We called the real Board of Education and told them we didn't mean all of those things we said about you."

Now it was the teacher's turn to worry.

On the whole, however, the set was a serious one. In "Rebel," Natalie found a new approach to acting. She went into more detail than she had ever done before—relating the part to herself, making

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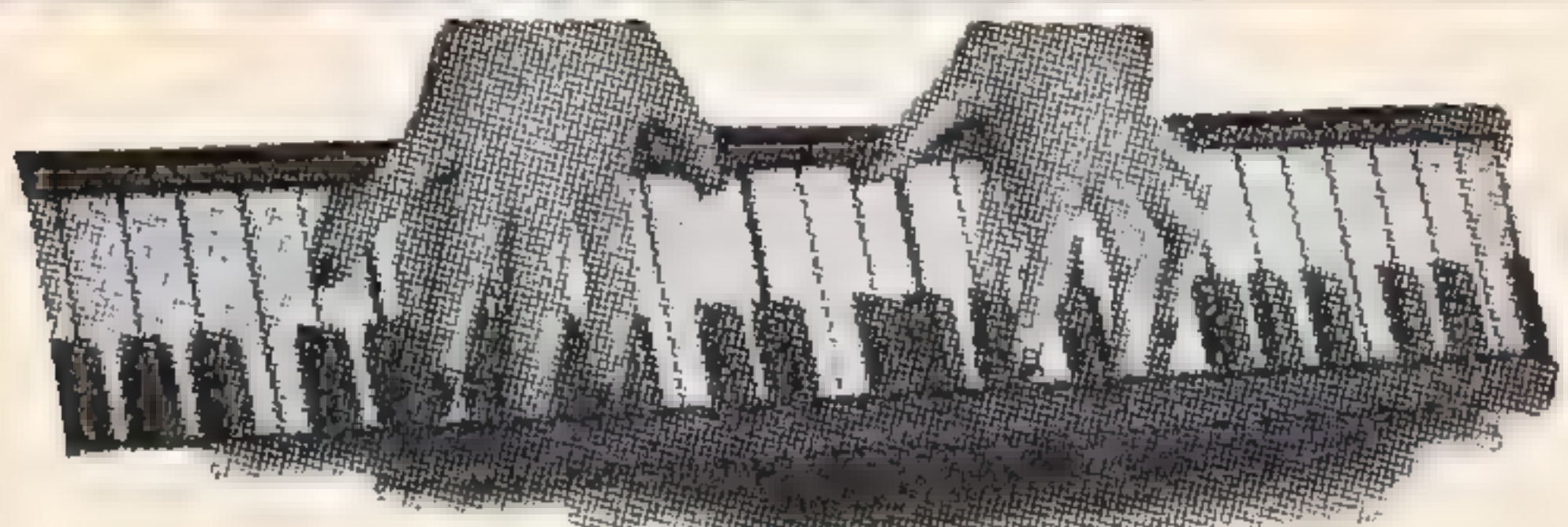
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it real to herself. "We covered as much of her personal history as possible, anything we could use to associate with her role," says Nicholas Ray. "The characters in 'Rebel' were made up, but we gave them backgrounds of familiar things.

"We discussed the character of her father—a man very different from Natalie's own father. She had no relationship to the character at all, but she had known fathers like the one in 'Rebel'—the kind who had to be a hero to his family and ridicule his daughter's friends.

"If a line of dialogue sounded wrong to any of the kids, we always made a change," Ray adds. "On the other hand, they had the kind of talent that could make what seemed like corny lines become a part of them, as if they'd always said them. They weren't playing effect or result. They were playing from the inside out.

"Natalie did some growing up during the movie. But she hasn't grown faster than the average child," says Ray. "By living so much of her adult life in an adult world, perhaps she does have a little more poise and self-assurance. But it comes from accomplishment. There's a stubbornness which results from accomplishment, and it says, 'I have the right to ask.' Everybody does, but so many are intimidated.

"What's so refreshing about Natalie is that her poise can break in a second. It can happen at any time. I was at her home the other night to watch a TV film Sal Mineo made recently. Sal was there, cracking jokes. Some of them were pretty corny. Natalie fell right into it and went

into hysterics. She was having a ball. "The playwright who was with me found it difficult to believe that she was a girl who could play mature parts."

Yet Natalie had proved it to the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. For, only a few nights before, she had received an Oscar nomination in the supporting actress classification.

She hadn't been nervous about the event—not at first. "Why should I have been?" she asks. "We went to watch the other people get the nominations. I never thought I had a chance.

"Jo Van Fleet is my favorite actress and I was clapping so hard when they read her name that I didn't hear them call my own. I still remember trying to get to the stage, climbing over so many people's feet. Then I wrote my name on the board and we had pictures taken. After that I was in such a trance, I didn't know what was going on for several days."

Natalie, now eighteen, is the youngest actress to be nominated for the supporting actress award since Bonita Granville got the nod for her performance in "These Three."

"What took you so long?" one of her friends teased. "Bonita was much younger."

"Bonita's nomination happened twenty years ago," grinned another real pal. "So you see it's taken a fairly long time for another kid to make the grade."

But that's what you get when you're a movie star—and your name is Natalie Wood.

THE END

Two on a Marry-Go-Round

(Continued from page 39)

The hectic wedding scene in "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers"—in which Russ played the lively youngest brother—was quiet in comparison with their real life experience, he intimated. "In the picture, they had only one chase. Venetia and I found ourselves involved in three."

Shy and lovely Venetia's gentle manner presents a direct contrast to Russ Tamblin's high-charged intensity. She smiled as she made a slight amendment to his statement. "It wasn't that crazy, really. But the things which happened were rather unexpected, and we had wanted it to be just perfect. We were trying to be dignified and—well, older."

Acting "older" had been their main objective ever since last summer when their engagement was announced and there was much frank comment about their extreme youth. People had wondered whether the two weren't much too young to marry.

Russ, who was often called "perpetual motion personified" wouldn't turn twenty-one until December 30, 1955. His boundless enthusiasm for everything from hot rods to catsup sundaes had made good copy for the columnists and had also caused people to lose sight of his very real accomplishments in a great number of pictures. He had become virtually a prototype of the effervescent adolescent.

Venetia, who looks delicate enough to blow away in a breath of perfumed air, seemed even more the child. She had to wait until March 10 of this year to celebrate her eighteenth birthday.

Cheerfully acknowledging that their extreme youth was their most oppressive problem, the two lovebirds had set out to convince their families and friends that they really were more responsible than they looked. Show business, they insisted, had given them a maturity beyond their years.

Russ had given his first impromptu

theatre performance at the age of six. He inherited his talent and his love of the entertainment world from his parents, Edward and Sally Tamblin, who were a vaudeville team before they settled down to give their three sons a secure and happy home in North Hollywood.

Venetia's parents, too, had trod the boards, first in England and then in the United States. Her mother is actress Anna Lee and her father, Robert Stevenson, is a motion picture and television director. They separated when Venetia was eight and each has since remarried.

Venetia, who has been a photographic and fashion model since childhood, won her first argument for independence at fifteen. She then convinced her father and mother that she was mature enough to have her own apartment. She chose one conveniently close to both her high school and the studios where she worked.

When Russ and Venetia fell in love, they carefully marshalled the arguments which might win their parents' approval for an early marriage.

Russ took the lead by stating he was ready to take on a husband's responsibility. He could finance a home, he pointed out. On his twenty-first birthday, he would be entitled to claim a nest egg of \$19,000 in bonds which had been set aside from his earlier motion picture earnings. His career, too, was going fine. As soon as one picture was finished, M-G-M was casting him in a better role in another. As a final clincher, he cited the fact that he already had shown an interest in having a place of his own. He had taken and decorated an apartment near his studio. "And I'm already a do-it-yourself fan," he had added. "I like to build my own furniture."

Venetia, too, had emphasized her domestic accomplishments. "I think a girl who has been on her own, who has had her own apartment comes to marriage better equipped," she had said. "I like

modeling, but I'm not fired by ambition. I want a home of my own, a husband and a family. I think that's the best thing a girl can hope for."

Both had wanted people to know they understood the sanctity of marriage. Venetia had said, "I want a real wedding, one we'll remember forever, not a slapdash elopement to Las Vegas."

Each marriage plan they made was aimed toward having a traditional, dignified wedding. They wanted to stay clear of the commotion which so often attends show-business marriages. In the end, however, Russ and Venetia found that their show-business training became their greatest personal resource, a resource on which they drew to take difficulties in their stride and carry out their plans despite all problems.

Their way had seemed clear enough at first. Having won their parents' approval, they selected Valentine's Day, February 14, as their wedding date. It fit both their romantic feeling and Russ's work schedule. At M-G-M, he was told that he would finish "The Fastest Gun Alive" in plenty of time for comfortable marriage preparations.

But then things began to happen. Russ ticked off the obstacles. "First it was the floods. They held up shooting, so Venetia and I agreed to a postponement. Then we made up some lost time, so we went back to our original date. Another delay came and we called off our own plans. Honestly," Russ laughed, "that wedding of ours was on and off so many times that I told Venetia it was beginning to look like a publicity stunt."

Many a bride-to-be of more than Venetia's tender seventeen years might well have flown into fidgets and hysterics. Instead, the little blond beauty proved that she, too, was a trouper. In such spare time as she and Russ could manage to spend together, they found an apartment. They also designed the gowns she and her bridesmaid were to wear. When the delays came, she regretfully but calmly instructed the dressmaker there was no need to hurry. She also solidified some career plans of her own and, during the first week in February, signed a contract with RKO.

The days were running out when suddenly their luck changed. On the Friday before Valentine's Day, a Tuesday, Russ learned that the shooting of "The Fastest Gun Alive" would wind up in time for them to marry.

"Right away I phoned Venetia," Russ says. "I told her to be ready. We had only a few remaining hours in which to get our license. I picked her up at her father's, and away we went, racing for the courthouse."

Venetia took up the story. "Then suddenly I remembered. I had left on the table the paper my father had prepared, testifying to his consent. So I shrieked and Russ turned the car around, right in the middle of traffic."



PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

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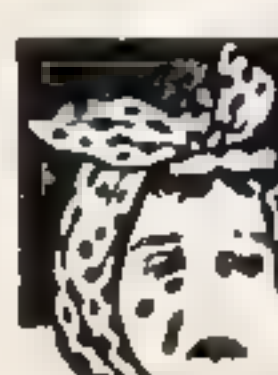
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Her stepmother rescued them. Just as they turned into the family's street, they saw her car speeding toward them. "Neither of us came to a complete stop," Russ says. "It looked like a scene from a Western. We passed that paper between the two cars as though it were the mail pouch carried by the riders of the Pony Express. Venetia and I got into the marriage license office with just minutes to spare before their closing."

Into the next few days they crammed all the once-careful arrangements which had been made and unmade so many times. They notified the minister and reserved the church. They invited their friends. The gowns were rushed to completion and, on the evening before the wedding, they transferred their personal belongings from their two old apartments to their new apartment. They were at Venetia's place, picking up the last box of records, when the phone rang.

"It was my folks," says Russ. "They were calling from the hospital. My kid brother had been shot in the eye with a BB gun—a gun I had persuaded the folks to let him have."

Frantic, Russ and Venetia took off for the hospital. There is a close bond of affection between the three Tamblyn brothers, and Russ was sick with worry. "It looked awful at first. Fortunately, however, the doctors soon found that the pellet had just glanced off. It was a painful, awful mess, but his eye will be all right."

Having spent a large part of the night at the hospital, it was no wonder Russ was far from being at his best when he went to pick up the wedding flowers the next morning. Venetia's bouquet, her bridesmaid's bouquet, and their mothers' corsages were ready. "But the florist must have thought I was an awful dope. When he said, 'That will be one-fifty,' I pulled out a dollar and a half. He informed me he meant one hundred and fifty. I had only forty dollars on me. I had the needed money, but it sure was hard to take time to go get it."

Breathless, as if he had just completed a dance on film, Russ finally arrived at the Wayfarers' Chapel at Palos Verdes. Their families and a group of forty close friends were present. Fred Fraley and Robert Six were the ushers. Loren Kopp was Russ's best man.

Through one of those miracles made for young lovers, flustered Russ suddenly was calm. "It's a beautiful chapel," he says, "all glass. Frank Lloyd Wright designed it, and you feel good as soon as you walk in."

Venetia's maid of honor was Marlene Pomerantz, and when Venetia entered on the arm of her father, she was serene and lovely in her gown of pale blue peau de soie. It was ballerina length, with a full skirt and a short bolero. Her finger-tip length veil floated from her chignon cap. The Rev. Mr. Kenneth Knox pronounced them man and wife.

At the wedding reception at the Stevenson home, there was wedding cake and champagne toasts and all the happy excitement of good friends to congratulate

them. "We thought sure we were ready to start living happily ever after," Russ says. "But—"

They were headed for the bridal suite which M-G-M's Dore Schary had engaged for them at the Bel Air hotel when Russ suddenly groaned, "Oh, my overcoat."

The overcoat, as he well knew, was a matter of utmost importance, for young Mr. and Mrs. Tamblyn had consented to combine their honeymoon trip with a personal appearance promotion for the studio. Early the next morning they were to catch a plane for Sioux Falls, South Dakota, for the premiere of Russ's picture, "The Last Hunt." And the temperature at Sioux Falls, they had been warned, was sixteen below.

The recollection of the ensuing hours is still painful to Russ. "It was like a bad dream," Venetia explains. "We had left Russ's coat in our new apartment, had given the keys to his parents and they were away out at the hospital. The manager of the apartment house also was gone and there we were, in our wedding clothes, locked out. Finally, we hunted up a tiny little key place and the man came over and let us in. It wasn't quite the romantic situation one would choose on one's wedding night."

After such a hectic day, the personal appearance trip seemed almost an anticlimax. Russ and Venetia basked in the acclaim of the crowds at Sioux Falls and also in Boston. In New York, between sightseeing and theatre-going, they were full of plans for their new apartment.

"We're starting with what we consider the bare essentials," Venetia said. "We both wanted wall-to-wall carpeting. We chose a gray, for that will go with everything. We have a bed and the dishes and books and such things from our former apartments. And then we have Russ's coffee table."

Proudly she described it. "It's a beautiful long piece of mahogany, cut in a free-form design. Russ did a wonderful job making it. We'll suit our future furnishings to that."

The next Tamblyn do-it-yourself project is also under way. "Russ is making me a sewing cabinet," Venetia added.

It was Russ's turn to point with pride. "Venetia sews beautifully. She makes many of her dresses, and she is going to make all our drapes and things like that."

Young Mr. and Mrs. Tamblyn happily show every sign that they are going to enjoy being domestic. They also say that for all its hectic turmoil, they found in their wedding day that one moment of exquisite beauty which they will remember forever.

"The day had started out dark and cloudy," Russ relates. "I was particularly conscious of the weather, for when you are in what we call 'the glass church,' it is almost like being outdoors. Then, just as Venetia reached the altar, the sun broke through the clouds and the shaft of light touched her. It seemed almost as though it began shining just for us."

THE END

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Portrait of the Man I Love

(Continued from page 52)

and embarrassed but would recover enough, because of their genuine joy at seeing him, to smile, wave and sign autographs.

There are times when I feel like shaking Van for this continuous lack of ego. Just once I'd like to hear him crow. But he won't; he's just not built that way. Even when he has done a great job on a film, he'll come home after viewing it with a heavy heart, berating himself for not getting more out of a scene. When I can say in all honesty that I felt he did a brilliant job—and this is becoming very easy to say with the recent roles he's been doing—he respects my judgment and it eases the pain a little. But Van is never so satisfied with a performance that he doesn't think he could have done it better.

I know that humility and modesty are highly regarded in the Proverbs and that Van lives by his faith. But I have a friend who says, "The meek shall inherit the earth—six feet of it square in the face," and sometimes I agree with her. I know that in this profession, as in most, being sweet, gentle and understanding invites others to take advantage. It has happened so many times to Van. Stars who blow their own horns and "carry a big stick" are never in danger of being overlooked for Oscars, of having their pictures released without proper exploitation and advertising. When I speak of Oscars, I am thinking of Van's performance in "The Last Time I Saw Paris." Some of his scenes in that picture reached out and tore the heart of everyone who saw it. So many people thought it was a cinch for an Academy Award nomination that, when we returned home the evening of the nominations, without receiving any mention, the phone started ringing, telegrams poured in, and the next day there were all the letters. From people in the industry, from all walks of life, wanting to protest the oversight and tell Van how they felt.

When I mention pictures being released with little advance publicity, I'm thinking of "The Bottom of the Bottle." I'd like to go on record as a great believer in the adage that "Advertising Does Pay." I know and you know that proper exploitation of any product pays dividends. If you have a supply, you must create a demand for it. The motion picture business is no exception. As for "The Bottom of the Bottle," it was released too soon after completion and therefore had no build-up, no exploitation. Consequently, most people will be unaware that Van did a magnificent job of acting in it. However—and thank goodness—the critics saw it! A dear friend in New York sent me their reviews, which were excellent. One in particular capsuled Van's performance with, "In fact the picture may well be called a Johnson tour de force." This pleased me very much. I would love to get in and fight the good fight for Van, but as his wife my hands are tied. One does not have one's wife trotting about as a tub-thumper—and continue to maintain good relations with all and sundry. So I try to keep my urges to a minimum, to relieve myself by long mullings of the whys and wherefores of this business—and butt my head against a stone wall. However, I must add one last word and say that, without a doubt, Van's performance in "23 Paces to Baker Street" is one of his greatest.

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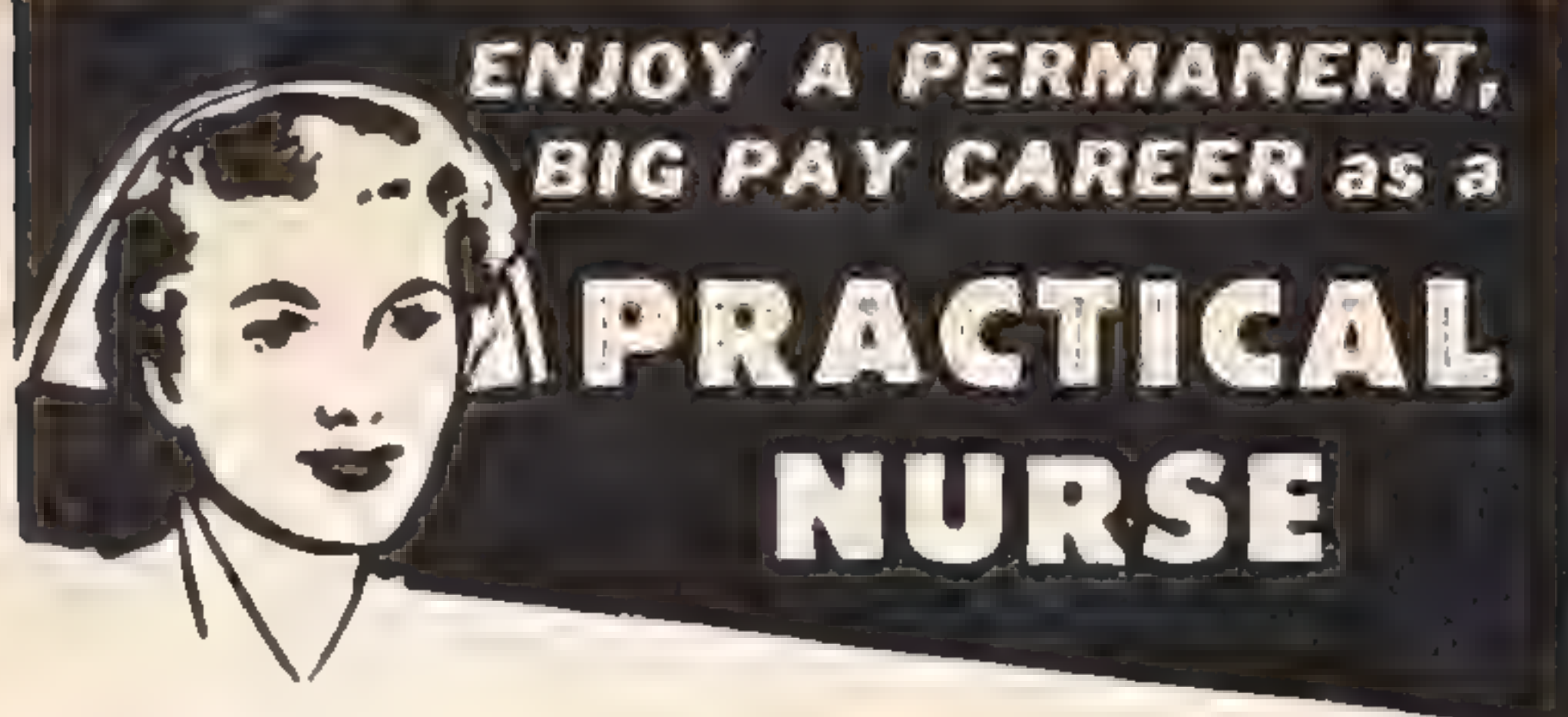
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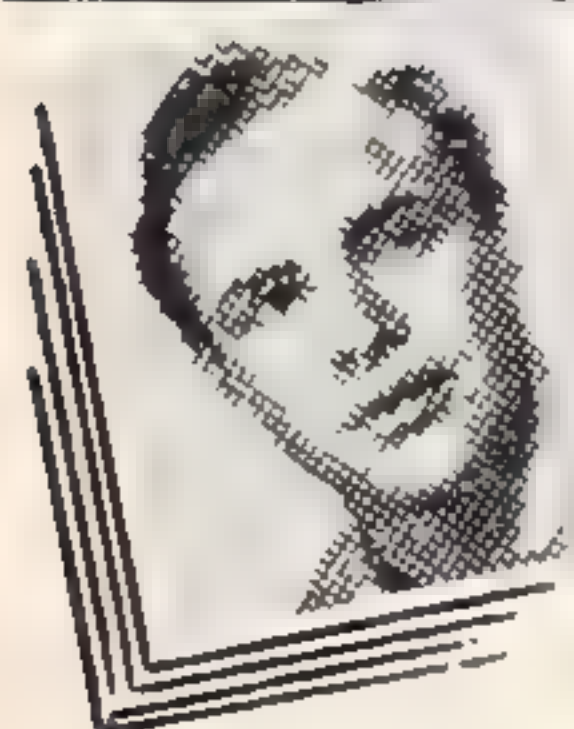
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going. Now I must reveal the side that is "monarch of all he surveys." Van is king in his castle and his castle is home; there is no laxity in his domination of it. He is the foremost ruler of all time—and I like it. He is so much stronger than I. I dither about in mad circles, clearing up my inevitable piles of letters, wires and what-have-you before he gets home. If I have opened a picture album, I am inclined to leave it there until a later date. But not when Van is around. I scurry to see that everything is in its place, shined up right and proper, before the master strides into his domicile. Van can be very demanding and most formidable at times, but the compensations are well worth the strain on my casual, rather lax attitude. Whether it is clothes, make-up, house, children or food, he makes the decisions. Fortunately, for me, I couldn't stand a weakling, so I secretly delight in his aggressive, "no-nonsense" approach.

As for the compensations, they are endless. Having established the balance of strength, Van can give me all the constant attentions and considerations a woman wants and needs. When we're alone, we never stop talking. We don't need people. After a good dinner, we can sit in front of the fire and talk, become stimulated, interrupt each other with thoughts, opinions and new ideas until the late hour precipitates contented yawns and we trundle off to bed, full of the richness of togetherness. There is nothing in the universe more important to a man and wife, I think, than being *simpatico*.

Van is also a non-conformist, in many ways. For example, the other day he came down dressed to go to the studio, handsomely attired in turtleneck sweater, suede jacket, and—tuxedo trousers! When I asked rather carefully why the tuxedo pants, his answer was very matter-of-fact. "They're old," he explained, "and I might as well wear them out."

I guess everyone knows by now about Van's partiality to red socks. He started wearing them years ago, when he was just starting in pictures, mainly as a conversation piece—a social crutch. Long after the need was past, Van still found the habit comfortable so, no matter what the rest of his outfit may be, invariably he wears a pair of bright red socks. He also combs his hair with his fingers. I think he would be happy to go through the rest of his life without a comb.

He also refuses to conform to the so-called "commercial holidays," such as Mother's Day, anniversaries and birthdays. Van likes to pick his own time for buying gifts and, happily, these times are impulsively often. If he passes a shop window and sees something he'd like for me, he goes in, asks for a size twelve, and comes home with a big grin and a box behind his back. It may be anything from a gold lamé bathing suit—which I need like another head (but love)—to an ermine muff. He is constantly bringing home flowers and/or candy—because he wants to. When he arrived home from London three days before Christmas, he then and there gave me a beautiful antique diamond pin he had bought for me. It was the first diamond he'd ever given me, my engagement ring being a sapphire, and it was so lovely I cried! Quite naturally, on Christmas Day I received nothing. Van simply refuses to conform, and for me his way is more fun.

Van has an intense dislike for cocktail parties. He feels they are so superficial that one can't even talk quietly and intelligently to a dear friend. He bemoans the lost art of conversation and the inability to reach people as people at these "glass-in-hand" conventions. Nowadays he picks

the parties. He asks who will be there and how big the party will be. If the guest list contains more than thirty names, he finds a good excuse for not attending.

Van's idea of a satisfying evening is a dinner party with ten or twelve close friends. On such an occasion, if he feels the urge, he will sing and dance for their entertainment for hours on end, because that's what he wants to do. At big parties, however, Van becomes very nervous and will go to one of two extremes. He will either decide abruptly to leave or, in a frenzy of nerves, he'll jump up and be "on stage" for a couple of hours. I never know which reaction is going to set in.

If and when I am ill, Van is so thoughtful and aware, there are times when I wish I were more helpless or had a tendency toward hypochondria. As it is, I'm healthy as a cow and seldom offer him an opportunity to take care of me completely. He's a living doll, running up and down stairs with trays of tea and cinnamon toast, rubbing my neck, and being such a superior jack-of-all-trades that I feel like the best cared-for woman in the world. This same awareness and sensitivity can, however, become very frustrating.

When Van is in a mood, it's easy to get him out of it by changing the subject (carefully) and tripping the light fantastic conversationally. But there are times, I must admit, when I am not in the mood to work on this project. If I happen to be in a snit of my own, I refuse to do my share of mood-changing—in which case, Van ignores my mental wall and immediately sets about to be divinely charming. He has learned that this is the surefire way of breaking down my defenses, because I have nothing against which to react. He's the perfect picture of a happy husband with nothing, but nothing, wrong. Eventually, I have to capitulate to that grin, and my snit is gone. But it can, believe me, be very frustrating!

Actually, this is a minor irritation, considering the ninety-nine percent pleasure we have together. We have two miniature fire chairs on which are inscribed respectively, "Remember Only The Sunny Hours" and "Treasure A Good Moment." These two little homilies accurately reflect the way we live.

Our children are the nucleus of our home, and in the capacity of father, Van is *par excellent*. Remembering his own disrupted childhood, he wants more than anything to raise Ned, Tracy and Schuyler as well-rounded citizens. There is always a lack—mental, emotional and economical—which comes from living with only one parent. Van wants the children to have everything he lacked, as well as the responsibility he did assume as a child. Fortunately, he is no extremist. He does not indulge them. In fact, if anything, he is stern in decisions. Van is deeply aware that they mustn't be spoiled, and if he goes overboard to avoid it, I understand. He has given, and continues to give them, roots—solid, unshakable foundations on which to live for the rest of their lives. And he has given them God. Every Sunday, no matter how hard he's been working, Van takes the children to church. His faith, a vital part of him since childhood, has given him strength when he needed it, and he wants our children to grow with the same sincere and instinctive acceptance of God as the center of the universe. For all of their healthy, purely physical activities they are all three spiritual children.

God is as much a comfortable part of their lives as the hobbies Van has encouraged them to develop. We have no whining brats in our house on rainy days. Ned, Tracy and Schuyler are all excellent ar-

tists, because Van has patiently taught them a real love of color and form. At ten, Tracy won the highest award given at the church hobby show—and a prouder family you never saw. As a matter of fact, Tracy has even sold a few of his paintings!

The children also excel in tennis. As a child, Van always wanted to play, but couldn't afford a racket. He explained to them that knowing how to play was a social asset and at the same time kept one physically fit. While all three play well, Ned has become terrific. Last year when he stayed at Coronado, he played magnificent tennis for a fourteen-year-old. This year he's on the tennis team at school and, to improve his footwork, has also gone out for track.

I remember when Van first took them skiing at Sun Valley. At the time, Schuyler was only two and didn't have very far to fall. Ned was nine, and under Van's tutelage he quickly became a beautiful skier. That first year, he won his silver star award for being the youngest child to ski down Dollar Mountain without a spill. The next year he won another award for conquering Old Baldy. Although Van skis beautifully, his student Ned has now surpassed him, and Van is the proudest of us all.

When Tracy was eight, he came home from the Catalina Island Boys' Camp with the medal for Best Camper. That meant he was best in every way: swimming, bed-making, campfire activities, personality-wise.

These are the joys that come from Van's constant wish and efforts to teach, love and give everything he knows to the children. As for discipline, he is a bug about their emptying waste baskets, keeping their own things neat and tidy. They must know the sharing of responsibility. At our home in Palm Springs, they really have their share of chores.

The Palm Springs house is, incidentally, a symbol in our lives. I went there looking for a place while Van was on location. It was about 120° in the shade, and after checking out about twenty-five houses I was a little discouraged. Finally, I was shown this enchanting place with a pool and a counter running from kitchen to patio (which meant that I could slap hamburgers out to the children and not have them dripping all over) and just enough room for the Johnsons—no more! The price was right, and it was even furnished, so I went racing home to our business manager.

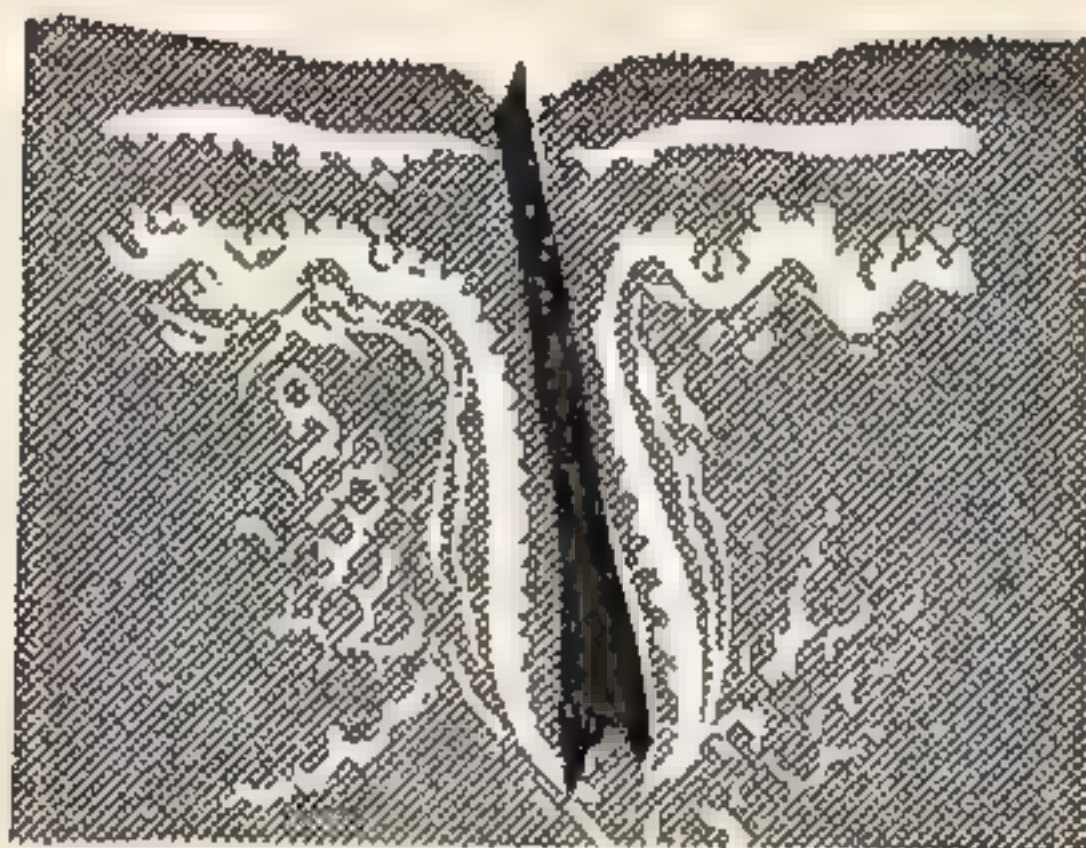
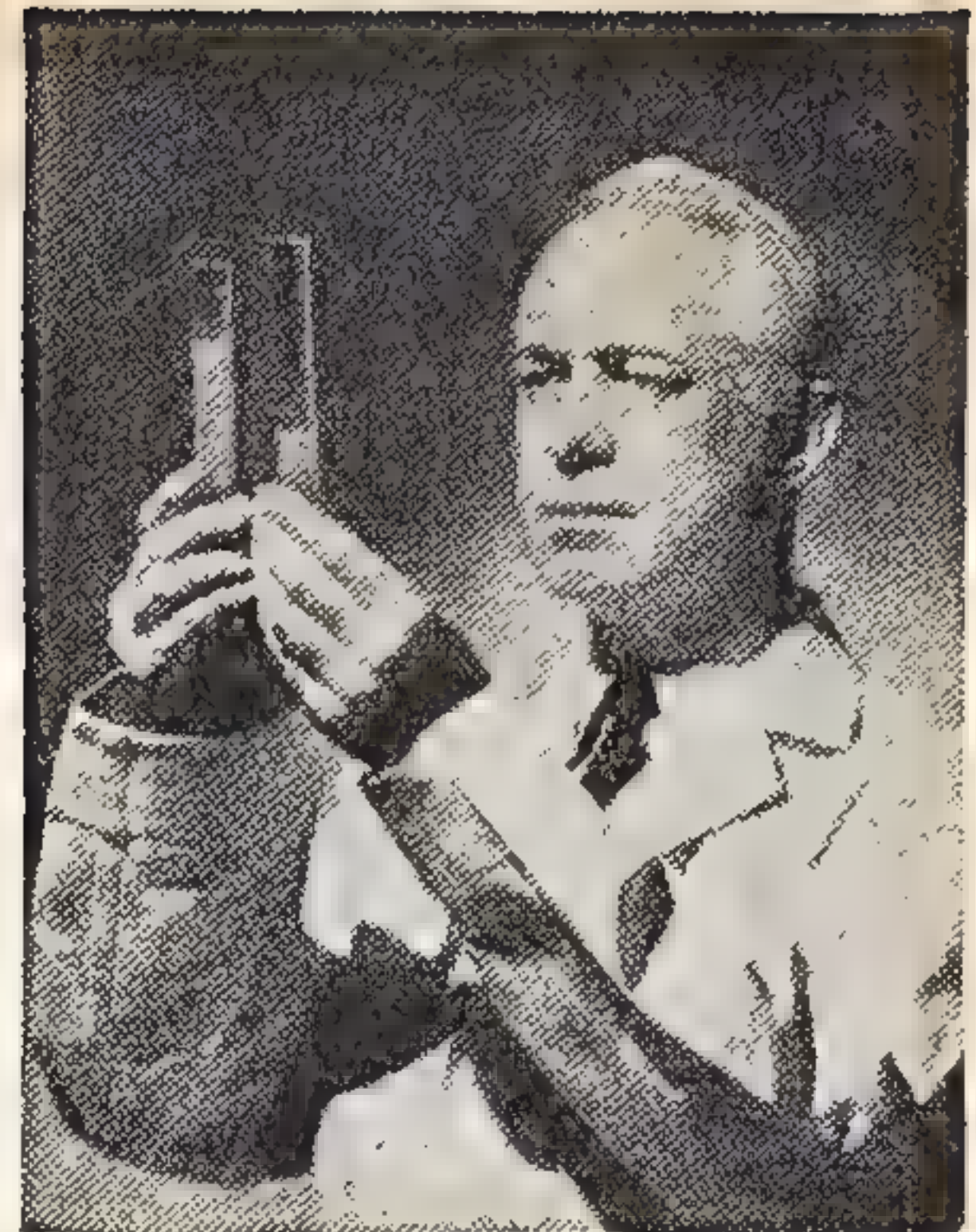
Now, this man is the type (thank heavens!) who will, upon being told that I want to buy a dress for \$1.98, automatically say, "Too much." He listened with typical caution to the glowing terms in which I described my find, and eventually agreed to go down and look it over. When he came back, he said with enthusiasm, "If you don't buy it, I will. And don't wait until Van gets back—it'll be off the market."

So, taking courage in hand, I bought the house. Then I started worrying. Van loves to travel; the more he goes, the more he wants to go. For instance, he's always on the lookout for a script with a European background. And here was I, arbitrarily buying a house in Palm Springs while his back was turned.

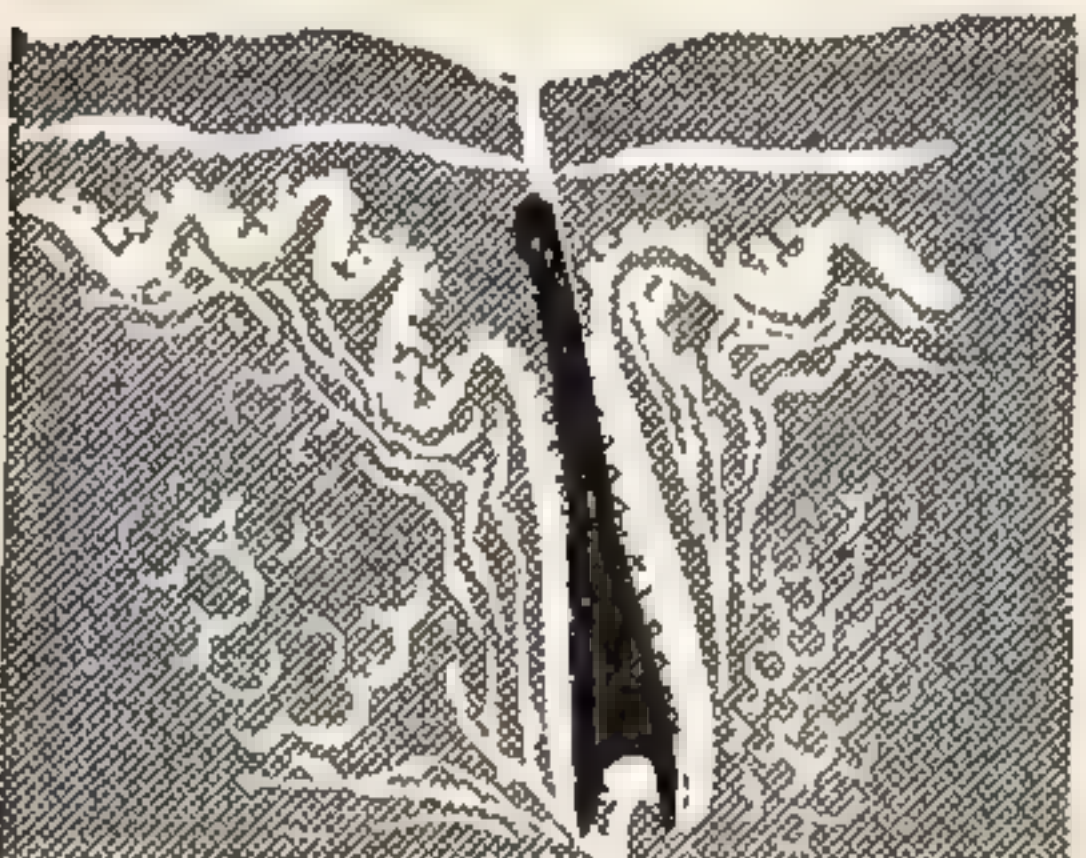
You can imagine my mixed emotions as we drove to the Springs, Van withholding judgment while I held my breath. As he walked through the house, his eyes lighted up, and his hands started combing his hair. He fell in love with it!

The furniture was rather prosaic, as was the upholstery. To help things along, Van went out and bought a rainbow of pillows

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and, merely by his banking them on the divan in blending colors, the living room came to life. Next, he began painting the rooms. One day when I came home from shopping, I found the old furniture painted white—and it was beautiful.

The kids are in heaven in this house, and it is the first time the Johnson family has ever been completely alone. Since we have no help there, everyone pitches in to get the work done. The youngsters hear "Help Mother" from Van until they actually enjoy doing their chores. We have a wonderful washing machine and the children hang the clothes out for me. I must also admit a justifiable pride in the fact that I have conquered the mangle and now do the ironing, as well as the cooking. Van is so completely happy in our Palm Springs home that he not only doesn't want to travel, I think he's even reluctant to go to work.

Roz and Freddie Brisson, who are always hankering to take off for Europe, have been coming down to see us. Slowly, the feeling of the place is getting a hold on Freddie; less and less does he yearn to visit the continent.

I haven't spoken of Schuyler, our only girl, because I think I must make mention of her individually. I'm sure Van and I are a bit prejudiced, but we think she is slightly out of this world. She's exactly like Van, with the same deep sensitivity, sense of humor, and sweetness. To prove that we are not alone in our feeling, I'd like to tell you about one of our proudest moments.

First, you should know that Van has idolized Greta Garbo for years, and so have I. He has scrapbooks two feet high on this magnificent actress. As for my part, let me say that while I was playing in "Romeo and Juliet" with Katharine Cornell at the Empire Theatre on Broadway, "Camille" was being shown at the Capitol almost twenty blocks away. Every night for three weeks, Miss Cornell, Guthrie McClintic, Ty Power, other members of the cast and I raced out of the stage door, still in make-up, took a cab to the Capitol, sat in the loge, and never stopped crying. So perhaps you can see that both Van and I feel that Greta Garbo is the greatest motion picture actress we will ever see in our time. That's for sure!

Getting back to my story, we were in New York to see Roz Russell in "Wonderful Town," and we had taken the whole family. One day, when Van and I were out walking near the Pierre Hotel, I recognized Garbo approaching. Taking a deep breath, I walked up to her. "Miss Brown," I said softly, "I'm Evie Johnson, and Van would never forgive me if I didn't say hello." Then I got Van into the conversation fast.

Garbo looked at me, and that beautiful voice whispered like a cello. "How very kind of you. Are you here for some time?"

"Yes," I answered. "We've brought the monsters with us."

"Monsters?" Her bewilderment was obvious.

"The children," I amended hurriedly.

"Oh. I hear your little girl is very beautiful. I would like to see her. Could you perhaps have tea with me tomorrow at Mr. Hauser's home?"

Could we? Could we! That was one date neither of us would've missed for an Academy Award. Getting ready the next day, I must have changed Schuyler's outfit 5,000 times. I don't remember what I looked like, but she was a beautiful blond Swedish doll.

After we arrived and had exchanged a few words of small talk, Schuyler—who had taken to "Mrs. Garbo," as she called her—wanted the two of them to "cray."

Taking crayons and paper, Miss Garbo retired to a corner with our child and "crayed" for more than an hour. When she returned, Miss Garbo said to me, "Mr. Johnson is so much more timid than I. How do you get him out so much when he is so much more Swedish? If I had ever known anyone to draw me out..." She paused and sighed, then continued, "But at least I will go for a walk in the park. . . . Yes, he's much more terrified than I." This insight and deep understanding, I think, are two of the qualities that have made Garbo's acting so magnificent.

As we were leaving, she smiled down at Schuyler and said to me, "I envy you this lovely thing."

"I'll give her to you for a quarter," I quipped.

And very seriously Greta Garbo said, "Ah, I'd give you so much more for her." As Van and I took our little prize possession back to the hotel, we were both ready to burst. Garbo does that to people.

I suppose it's obvious by now that I am full of pride and love for the life I lead. I count my blessings when I think of my husband's character. Van is completely honest; he can't say anything he doesn't mean. He only acts when he has to—he's for real, a human being without a facade. He won't compromise and, when forced, he will fight for his integrity. He is a man deeply rooted in home and family.

Movie reviewers are constantly being touched by Van's scenes with children. In "The Last Time I Saw Paris," his scene with his little daughter on the park bench brought tears to the eyes of men. In "The Bottom of the Bottle," the critics unanimously took the time to describe an entire scene in which Van talked with his wife and children over the phone. He can do this superb acting with children because he loves them and understands the pain of letting them down, or being let down.

As for Van's future, I'd like to see the fulfillment of this life of great energy and great heart. If possible, a lessening of his shyness and modesty. But most of all, I want Van to be able to fulfill his career as he sees it. To be able to turn his back on the whole thing if he wants, to travel, to go around the world, or paint the walls of our Palm Springs home. To come back to the screen if and when it pleases him—and them. "Them" is the public that he adores. His great love for the public is part of our life, too, and the reason why Van would never let them down.

I hope this portrait of the man I love that I have sketched is a clearer, deeper one than you had known before. That was my wish. And now, perhaps, you also understand why I say my life is Van . . . and our children.

THE END

Salvation Army Week

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The Terrible Tempered Temptriss

(Continued from page 63)

soap box in Little Rock. However, when she finished her speech, Edie found herself on the receiving end of an apology. "I'm awfully glad you told me," the woman concluded. "Isn't it a shame that everyone doesn't know these things about Jane Russell?"

If this were so, it might mean considerably less wear and tear on Edie's vocal chords. However, Jane's children—Tracy and Tommy Waterfield—are the ones who count the most, and there's no doubt in their minds that Mother Jane is a gem. Someday, when they grow up, they'll discover just how she got that way.

They'll understand why she takes them down the mountainside to Grandma Waterfield's as often as she does . . . why the frequent visits to Russellville—the 3½-acre property owned by Jane's family—where a dozen or so cousins appear to greet them with, "Come on, Tracy and Tommy, grab a stick and let's go!"

The Waterfield children are going to have the same kind of childhood Jane had. They'll be surrounded by grandparents, aunts, uncles and a flock of other assorted relatives. They'll laugh and play and fight with their dozen cousins and learn to hold their own. They'll know what Jane calls "the fabulous security" that comes with the give and take and all-encompassing love of a large family. And friends of the Russells will tell you that the results are worth the occasional bruised shins.

It's a fact that Mother is a top screen siren. It's also a fact that Mother is not impressed. Like many stars, Jane Russell asked for fame—though some who know her oftentimes sharp, impatient ways claim she probably even signed her contract with the back of her hand. Nevertheless, fame she got. Bowing, scraping, awed and curious stares she also got. Unlike many stars, Jane wasn't having any of that. She still isn't. "If I'm not impressed with what I am, why should anyone else be?"

It's been that way from the beginning—ever since a photographer sent her picture to Howard Hughes, who was searching for a girl to play the lead in "The Outlaw." Jane never actually thought she stood a chance. When the word came, it was Ma Russell who answered the phone. Ma Russell had never heard of Howard Hughes. Daughter Jane, she said, was at her cousin's house, helping gather eggs. "She'll be back Thursday," she told him. "Maybe."

The lead was Jane's. But there was no flag-waving, and nobody sent up rockets in the Russell front yard. "To Jane and Mother and all the rest of us," remembers her youngest brother, Wally, "it was just something the Lord sent along. And we wondered how long it was going to last."

Salary-wise, there was no fabulous deal. And it was almost like any other job—until the poster art began to flood the country and the public began to react. "I couldn't seem to go anywhere and be myself any more," Jane recalls. And she cordially despised the idea.

During those years, one oceanside ballroom was all the rage. The big-name bands played there and the young people turned out in droves. As a high-school girl, Jane had a ball there. As a movie star, she was either mobbed or stared into an early departure.

The ballroom was a large, loud place where you had to shout to be heard. And when you shouted, everybody heard. Came the evening everyone heard, "Hey, get a load of that blond over there. Isn't

she the most peculiar-looking sight?"

The peculiar-looking blond lifted a whitened eyebrow. Her partner glanced down at her. "You do look sort of like a creep tonight," he told her tenderly. Then they stood there and shook, not from dancing but from laughing.

When the blond reached home, she removed her wig and glared into the mirror. Glaring back at her was, you guessed it, brand-new movie star Jane Russell. "Maybe I should have my nose changed," she grinned at the reflection.

Eventually, as another sort of defense, Jane channeled her energies into what is known as the Russell type of terrible temper—reserved especially for those who, in one way or another, ask for it.

Carmen Nesbitt, who's been Jane's stand-in and close friend for eight years, got her first glimpse of it when they met on the set of "The Paleface." A star-conscious executive introduced them.

"Miss Russell, this is Carmen Nesbitt," he said.

"Jane," murmured Miss Russell.

"Carmen, this is Miss Russell," he went on.

"Jane," muttered Miss Russell more distinctly.

"And now Miss Russell, if you'll—"

He got no further. "My name is Jane!" the star of the show howled. "And I darned well want to be called Jane."

"The Paleface" was Jane's third picture. Since then she's made a lot of them. But she is still embarrassed by pomp and ceremony. She knows that the tricks of the trade made her a star, yet she dies a little at the thought of them. She realizes it's her job to be a glamour girl when "on stage." Still, when not making a personal appearance, she dresses casually and never fusses with make-up, except for lipstick and mascara. She wouldn't be caught dead without mascara.

Jane looks at other stars in amazement, when they're dressed to the teeth. She admires them for it, but she can't do it. It's like her Aunt Ernestine used to say when the Russell clan gathered to go someplace. "Why should we get all gussied up? They're lucky to know us!"

In effect, she was saying, "This is the way we are. You like us this way or you don't." The philosophy has followed Jane. She can't quite get over being amused by the glamour bit.

Hand her a compliment and she responds with a gracious, "Awwwww." Don't wait for her to arrive for an appearance in a long, black limousine and step out like a queen. When she's leaving town on business, she'll take a ride to the airport in a studio car. Otherwise, she wheels her own way through traffic, gets where she's going on time, does what she's supposed to do, and then gets out.

Tell a funny story about Jane and she loves it. Primarily because it lets people know that she doesn't take herself too seriously. And she surrounds herself with people who seem to take almost nothing seriously.

The Marx Brothers would find themselves completely at home in her dressing room. There, "Shotgun," Jane's make-up man, pauses with the powder puff to answer the phone: "Yellow Cab. Where are ya and whaddaya want?"

Or maybe the script girl walks in and says, "You have long lines in the next scene. You'd better concentrate and get them right."

"Yeah?" says Jane.

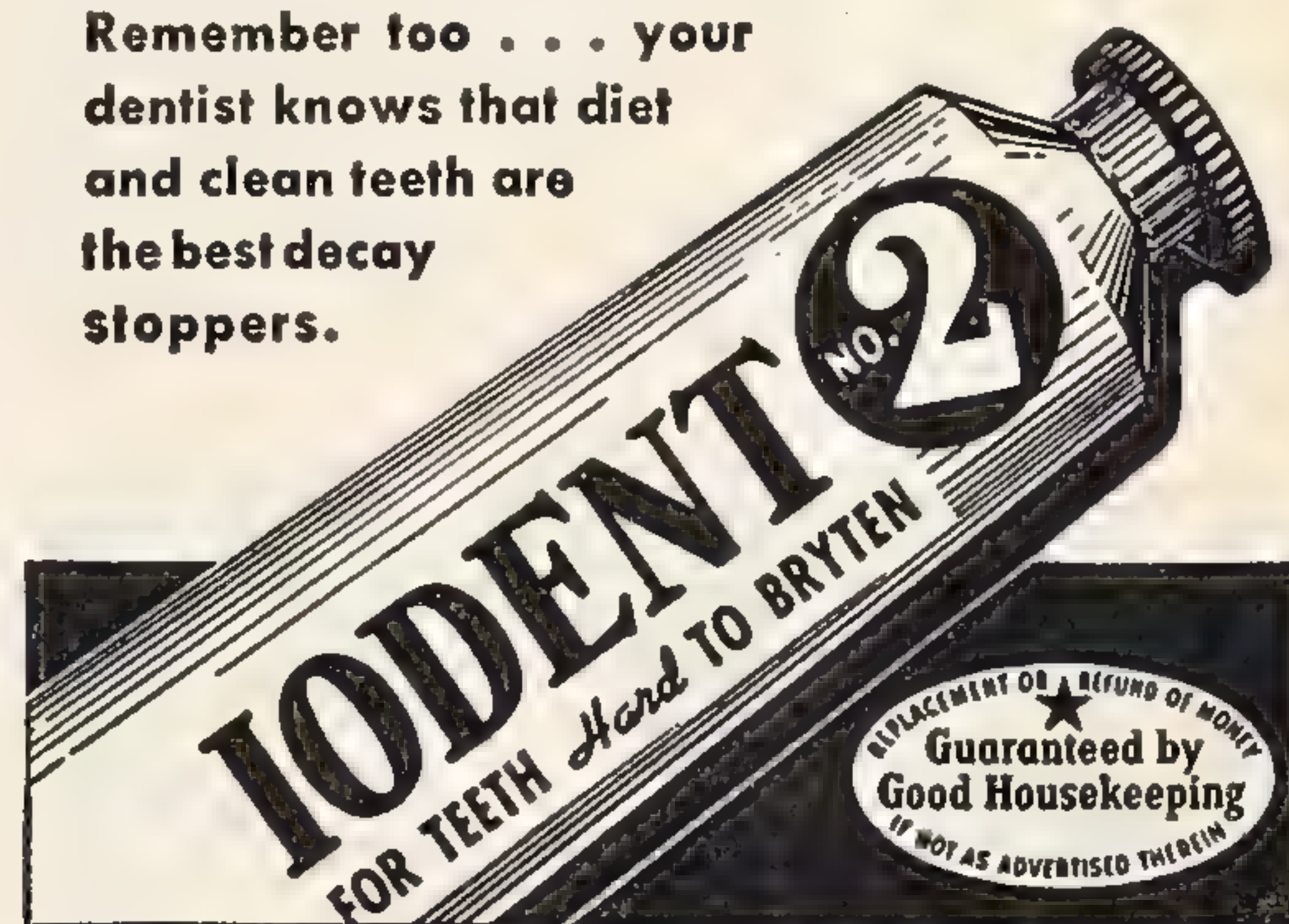
"Yeah," says the script girl. "The first line is 'Bah.' The other is, 'I said Bah!'"



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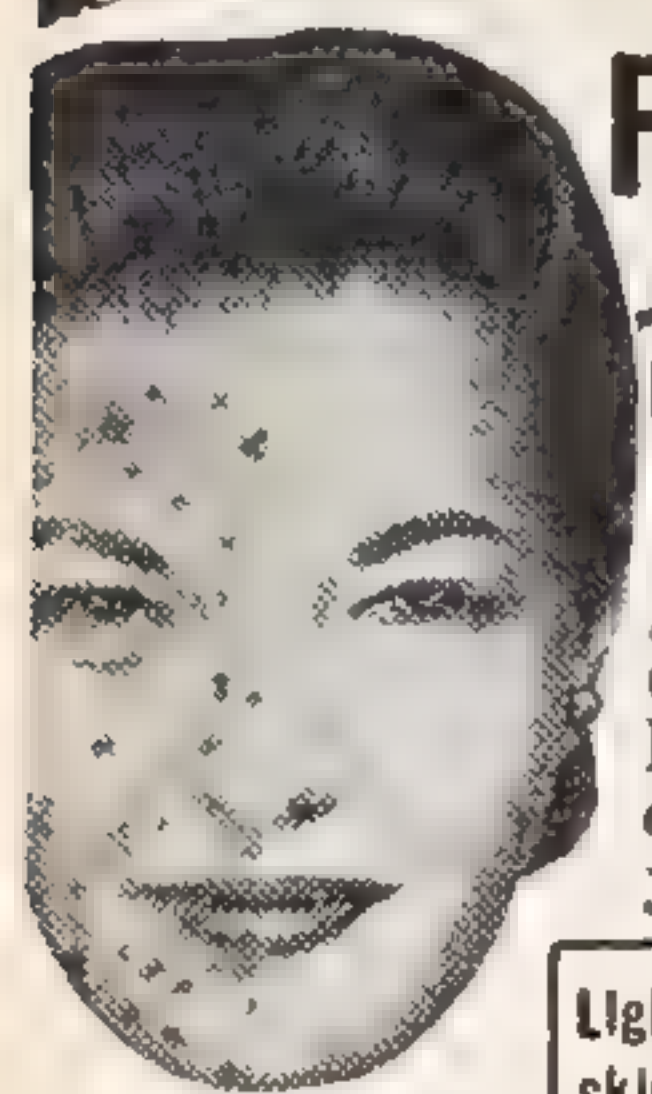
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On the set Jane goes along with a gag—often too readily. In 20th's "The Tall Men," there was a scene in which Clark Gable was supposed to pick her up and toss her lightly across his shoulder. Before the action began, someone figured a forty-pound weight wouldn't be noticed if hidden beneath Jane's cape, and it would be a dandy joke on her co-star. Jane heartily agreed.

When the time came, Gable managed to toss her across his shoulder, but with no great ease. He launched into his dialogue and, as he stood there, his face got red and he began to perspire. Everyone began to snicker at the sight. Except Gable—and conspirator Russell. Her face was getting red, too. From holding onto the weight for dear life.

Jane's informality isn't restricted to the set; she takes it home with her. And if you stand on ceremony around the lady, you'll be standing alone. As one friend puts it, "The first time you visit the Waterfields, you ring the doorbell. Seems logical enough. But after a while you realize you may be on the doorstep all day. Maybe somebody will come and maybe somebody won't. On the second visit, you know to walk right in. Sooner or later you'll see signs of life."

By the same token, once inside, if you want a cup of coffee, you go to the kitchen and put the water on. If you're hungry, you apply your arm to the icebox door.

Jane states her own case. "I'm the kind of a person who, if I know somebody well, will walk right up to the icebox and make myself at home."

Her chums are equally as casual, even if they haven't seen one another for years. They never write. When they meet again, they simply take up the friendship where it left off. "Why should anything be different?" asks Jane.

Once she was scheduled to make a personal appearance in Birmingham, Alabama. Before departing, she stopped by an office at RKO. "I've got some friends in Georgia, Doris and Charlie Taylor," she told them. "Let's send them a wire. Maybe they'll come over."

"How far is it?" she was asked.

"I dunno," replied Jane in her offhand way. "But if they can come they will."

The wire was sent. However, when Jane and Edie Lynch reached Birmingham, there was no word from the Taylors. Going down to the lobby, Edie passed a man standing in a doorway. "Hello there," he said amiably.

She glanced in his direction and saw a woman and a baby in the room behind him. "You wouldn't be Charlie Taylor, would you?" she asked.

"You must be Edie," he grinned. "Come in and sit down."

She did. They'd been talking like life-long buddies for an hour before Edie was struck by a sudden thought. "Good grief," she exclaimed. "Jane doesn't know you're here yet."

Jane was the last to know. She happened to find out when she strolled by on her way to the lobby to look for Edie.

Jane has a theory about friends. You have friends, you keep them. "Too many children go up the ladder pushing friends away, giving too much importance to fame and money," she says. "And when they get to the top what have they got? They've kicked aside everything that means anything. If they'd only realize..."

If anything, Jane's taken her friends with her. Her best chums of today are the ones she knew in high school. And the way she frets and worries about them, you'd think they'd never graduated.

When Jane goes out of town on business, there's always a friend in tow. A friend, Jane figures, who needs a vacation

with expenses paid by the studio. It's customary for a star to take along a secretary, however, Jane's never given the idea much thought. Consequently, her friends have enjoyed extensive vacations all over the United States and Europe.

The Russell attitude of today is nothing new. When Jane was in grammar school, her teacher paid a visit to Ma Russell. She wanted to know what Jane was like at home, how she occupied her time. "She helps me with the boys," said her mother.

"No wonder. . . ." the teacher mused, remembering how, in school, little Jane constantly ignored her own lessons to help some bewildered student.

As Jane grew older, she wanted nothing more than to study dramatics with the famed Madame Ouspenskaya, and she pleaded with her mother night and day to let her do it. Ouspenskaya it had to be; no one else would do.

Finally, because Ouspenskaya was the greatest, her mother consented and gave Jane the tuition to take to the Ouspenskaya studio.

It must be said in Jane's defense that she started on her way to enroll. But on the way, she remembered that a friend, Pat Dawson, was attending another school. Jane decided to stop by and see her. When she left, she still considered Ouspenskaya the greatest. However, Jane had enrolled at the other school—to be with her friend.

"When she came home that night, she laid the linen out in front of Ma," grins brother Wally. "There was quite a row!"

When Jane blows her top, there's usually a good reason, though often it's not terribly apparent. This leaves the cause to be traced—quite possibly on a map. "A friend calls her from Palo Alto," explains Edie Lynch. "She's got troubles and she's upset. So Jane gets upset in Hollywood."

"Jane goes completely overboard for everybody else, all the time," says Wally Russell. "I remember one day she blew the roof off the studio because a cameraman was pulled off a job for a silly reason, and he couldn't defend himself."

"Something like that hits her. She told them if they didn't have the man back on the set by morning, she wouldn't come either." And she meant it.

Although she works in movies because she likes to, Jane's pictures are sandwiched in between her other activities. And if she never made another film, she'd survive quite nicely.

Just as Jane's friends were (and are) a vital part of her life before pictures, the same may be said for her religion. "Only now," moans one friend, "the stories make her look like a junior Aimee Semple McPherson."

Jane is religious, but so are a lot of other people, she figures. And why the fuss? "I know I've been criticized for what seems to be a reversal of behavior," she says. "But has anyone stopped to realize that I might have always been this way?"

She's backed by brother Wally. "Mom started us off in church when we were still in our cribs," he says. "Jane was a baby in Mom's arms when she first started attending. When the next one of us came along, he went to church in Mom's arms and Jane was transferred to a clothes basket—and so on as the family increased, until we all graduated to the benches."

That's the way it started. And if you go back to Jane's childhood, you'll find a good many explanations for the movie star of today, also the mother of today.

The Russell kids—Jane, Tom, Kenny, Jamie, and Wally—grew up in the San Fernando Valley. For a time, the family had a ranch—a cow, four horses, a tractor

and an alfalfa field, among many other worldly possessions.

Their father was general manager of the Andrew Jergens Company for the entire West Coast. He did well. During the Depression, he bought a \$35,000 home—five bedrooms, a three-car garage and maid's quarters included. Today Ma Russell, the Russell boys, their wives and families live in what used to be the citrus grove of the estate. The rest of the property was sold because there was no money to keep it up after Mr. Russell's death.

It hasn't been so long ago that the valley was all farmland. The Russell kids went to grammar school barefoot and on horseback. Sometimes after school they'd stop off and slide down haystacks—until the owner came after them waving a shotgun. Other times, they'd ride through a melon patch and treat themselves to a snack out of the middle of the field. "We knew it wasn't right," says Jane. "And we'd get awfully sick."

They'd come home reeling and Ma Russell would know exactly what had happened. She'd stand and look at them and wait. They'd stand and look at her and plead, "Give us a licking, Ma. Then you go tell Mr. Gilbert and give him some money. Please, Ma, can't we have a licking?"

Ma Russell would remain firm. So off they'd troop to Mr. Gilbert's door. "We stole your melons," they'd confess. "The Lord made us sick and we want to get well. So we had to come back and tell you. We'll work until we can pay for them."

Today, if Jane does something wrong, intentionally or unintentionally, she still knows that she's got to go back and make it right. It may be, "I hurt you the other day. I was rude and I'm sorry." No matter what it is, for Jane, the balance has to be kept even.

If someone wrongs Jane, she proves more tolerant than anyone. In these days when exposé magazines are selling like hotcakes, she hasn't been ignored. Her friends have been aghast at her calm manner. "You ought to take that writer's head off," they've told her.

"Why?" asks Jane. "Poor guy. I feel sorry for him. Something must be the matter with someone who'd do a thing like that."

Jane was sixteen when her father died. She was the only daughter and they'd been particularly close. She was a long time getting over his death.

She was sixteen, an age at which both parents' wisdom is especially needed to cope with offspring who are no longer

children but are not yet adults. Jane had reached the age at which kids were beginning to smoke and drink and run wild.

Ma Russell prayed for the youngsters—her own and all the rest. She also took action. She kept Cokes on ice, coffee hot, sandwiches in the icebox. She offered food for thought as well—understanding that they seemed to be unable to find elsewhere. And they came to her.

That was the beginning of the now famed chapel. At first, the meetings were held in the Russell living room. At first, they weren't even considered meetings—just get-togethers for coffee and conversation and the hashing out of problems. And Ma Russell would slip in a prayer.

The crowd grew. And, as the youngsters grew, they found they still needed Ma's understanding and her prayers. Through high school, through the war years—for that matter, throughout their lives. It was after World War II that the "congregation" constructed the chapel.

As for the handling of her four younger brothers, Jane did the honors—quite often with her fists. For a time, every family argument would end in a front-yard fight, with sister the victor. But as does happen, the younger brothers eventually began to tower over big sister. "One day," Wally remembers, "there was a bigger row than usual on the lawn. And this was no verbal argument. That's when Jane found out she had to change her tactics. The time had passed when she could tell us to do something and if we didn't she would knock us down. Now she had to turn on the charm and make us feel very important—as if doing what she wanted us to do was our own idea.

"But the time to back away still is when she's coming at you like a dove," Wally adds, grinning. "You don't know whether she's going to pat you on the back or beat you over the head!"

The worst verbal lashing of all came after Jane had signed her contract with Hughes. She had to have a car to get to work and she bought a convertible.

At this particular time, brother Kenny was dating a girl in Riverside—the girl he later married. But this particular night was the one before he was due to report to the Navy. He wanted to see his girl. The problem was how to get to Riverside.

Two Russell heads got together on the matter. "Kenny and I set the alarm clock for 11 P.M.," says Wally. "Everyone was asleep by then and we slipped out to the garage."

Jane had obligingly left the keys in the car and the boys released the brake and pushed her beloved new possession out of

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the garage and about a half-mile down the road. Then they hopped in and roared away to Riverside.

Next morning, Jane went out to her car. It had rained the night before, and the convertible was spattered with mud from top to bottom. She checked the gas. The tank had been drained. "Did the fur ever fly that day," Wally shudders.

However, sister Jane was also capable of giving the boys invaluable advice. "We'd be all shook up over a girlfriend," says Wally. "A girl would give one of us the brush and he'd be miserable."

That's when Jane would sit the unhappy fellow down for a talk. "A girl will fight you every inch of the way until she can dominate you," she'd tell him. "And if she can—well, then she won't think much of you."

"When we got to high school," says Wally, "we found she'd given us a good head start on a lot of guys who had to find it out the hard way."

Yet there were times in "fighting Jane Russell's" life when she couldn't fight—and advice didn't help. She couldn't do battle with nature, and her first three years of high school were miserable ones. She was tall and thin as a board. She never wore sleeveless dresses because her arms were too skinny. And she took a terrible teasing. "They called me Bean Pole," she says. "And it hurt."

Jane has never forgotten those painful years. That is why when she sees someone in a turmoil—someone who can't do anything about it—she'll pull the head off the person responsible if he comes into sight. "Children who haven't had something to overcome when they're young—no matter how minor—are bound to be less tolerant of other people's problems when they grow up," she says. "When a person who's never been sick sees someone ill, they'll say, 'You're sick? That's too bad.' But they really don't know how it feels because they've never been that way." If Jane's been that way and found the going tough, she'll lose no time in smoothing the road for others.

For example, on a trip to Europe in 1951, Jane discovered the disappointment of being unable to adopt a child. She'd found a little boy in Germany who was eligible for adoption and she wanted to bring him home. But the red tape of immigration restrictions blocked her.

Then she got to thinking of the vast numbers of other couples whose names were on long waiting lists back in the States—and the many European orphans who were available for adoption but could find no homes in their own countries.

On her way back to Hollywood, Jane stopped in Washington, D.C., where she haunted Congressmen about the matter. When she left, they'd promised action. As a result, more children than ever before are now able to enter this country for adoption. Going a step further, Jane helped found WAIF (Women's Auxiliary International Fund), which has become a division of International Social Service, which helps place the children.

Jane also knows the rocky road of love, despite the fact that she has one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood. Her suffering occurred when she first fell in love with Bob Waterfield. They went to the same school and, whenever he'd walk by, her jaw would drop. But he always walked by, never stopped.

After Jane grew up a bit—a considerable bit—Bob noticed her, they began dating, and fighting. "He'd come over to the house to see her every evening or so," remembers Wally. "They'd roll back the rugs and put some records on."

"Being the youngest, I had to go to bed

early. But I used to be awakened by doors slamming and Bob's car charging off. He left in that fashion just as many times as he went out peacefully."

After "The Outlaw," Bob took a kidding from his friends at UCLA. "Jane's a movie star now," they'd hoot. "Gee, Waterfield, you'd better throw in the towel."

At first Bob paid little attention. "Just so we could go out on dates every evening," says Jane. "But the nonsense on the outside began to bother him, too."

"He likes to go along quietly and mind his own business. He used to take me to the beach all the time. We have a beach house now, but he still likes to go down to a public beach. Only he won't take me!"

They were married after Jane handed him an ultimatum. "We get married or we both start dating other people." Robert accepted her proposal.

A short time later, Bob went into the Army and Jane followed him to Georgia, going on suspension to make the trip. That meant no weekly check and since Bob's Army pay was meager, Jane went to work in a beauty parlor in Columbus.

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"You, Jane Russell, working in a beauty shop?" customers would gasp. "But why, honey?"

"But honey, why not?" was Jane's reply. "We need the money."

Back in Hollywood, after the war, times were better. Waterfield became an all-time great in professional football; Jane's career began to go great guns. First of all, however, she was Mrs. Waterfield, football wife.

Bob was most at ease around football players, so there were always football players and their spouses around the Waterfield home. They'd be sitting in the living room of an evening and Mrs. Waterfield might venture to remark that sometime she'd like to vacation in Minnesota, where she was born. "Minnesota?" Eyes lit up. "Say, remember the Minnesota-Illinois game?"

Mrs. Waterfield had prompted an evening-long conversation. Every quarter of the game was replayed while Jane's head went back and forth as if watching a tennis match. "They did? Really? They did?"

The Waterfield marriage is noted as an amazing one because they've always seemed to have had little in common. It's also been said that Bob and Jane's family don't get along at all.

Actually, the Russells and Bob Waterfield like one another tremendously, and also have great respect for one another. Bob doesn't like crowds; the Russells add up to a mob. A noisy group makes Bob nervous; the Russells can make more noise than a New Year's Eve crowd in Times Square. When he can take it no longer, Bob politely ducks out.

Jane doesn't mind. The Russells understand. "He's something like Dad used to be," says Wally. "He wants the peace kept." So it's live and let live, and everybody's happy.

The Russell clan goes on its hectic way and Jane remains close to the folks, who now total some twenty-two—"Russellville" being somewhat of a community in itself. Little Tracy's and Tommy's cousins now number thirteen.

One of the Waterfield kids' greatest treats is being allowed to stay overnight, or perhaps spend several days with their cousins. And Jane drops in, with or without her children as often as she can. Sometimes she stays only ten minutes, on her way home from the studio. And there's no telling what she'll be sending next. "She'll pose with something," says Wally. "And because it's a custom to give the star the product, she gets whatever it is. So she'll hand them a card with an address to send it to."

"One time she posed with a TV set, a real dandy. It arrived at Pam's and Jamie's house a few days later."

"She may mention something's coming," Wally adds, "but that's only because we might think there's a mixup in delivery and send it back. She hardly ever says what it's going to be. But you can bet your life she tells us where it will look best in the house."

Jane still gives her brothers advice. One night she visited Wally's new home. She walked into the living room and muttered, "It's all wrong."

Then she completely rearranged the room. When she'd finished she stood back and looked at it. "Yep, that's it," she said, and went away.

Wally wasn't sure he cared for the arrangement. He stared for a while then moved everything back.

Several nights later, Jane came to dinner. She stepped into the front room and stopped in her tracks. There was a long pause as she surveyed the changes that had been unmade. "Okay," she said. "I tried."

"But if she'd known I didn't like it and if I had left it that way anyway," says Wally, "she'd have really gotten mad."

The Russell brothers recently went into the contracting business, and Jane, as usual, is behind them one hundred percent. She is on hand to advise, of course, and to lend her talents to decorating the finished products. She knows her interior decorations, and the fact that she's a star has little to do with it.

Actually, the only person Jane has ever wanted to impress is named Waterfield. And with him, she tried not to be her usual modest self. During their courtship days, an engagement ring went back and forth between them. Bob would give it to her, she'd give it back. Came the time when she wanted it again. "I don't have it anymore," Bob told her.

Jane wanted to know where it was. "I hocked it to go fishing," he said.

"Have any luck?" she asked him.

"Nope," he said.

"Yes, you have," said the modest Miss Russell. "You still have me. Me, I'm a jewel."

The lady had something there. But if you try and tell her, it's likely you'll get the gracious, "Awww." That—or a belt in the head.

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